Memorial Letters

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Mr. Richardson at Forty.

MEMORIAL LETTERS

TO

MY GRANDCHILDREN

BY

MARY J. RICHARDSON

BOSTON
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K. F. Apr. 12-11

SHOULD any stranger or friend be interested to read these pages of loving tribute to a sainted husband and grandfather, he will kindly pardon the simple and tender allusions and personal expressions, remembering that they were not written for the public eye but especially for those whom he loved and who loved him with the love of kinship.

By his bereaved companion,

The Fond Grandmother,

MARY J. RICHARDSON.

To You,

My Beloved Grandchildren,

I dedicate this simple Memorial of your honored and lamented Grandpapa, hoping that you will see in his character, as it is developed here, a stimulus to a noble and Christian life. I trust that you will learn from it that first of all you should seek to know Christ and to serve him, and thus establish your hope, your faith, your all, for time and for eternity, upon this Everlasting Rock. If this shall be accomplished I shall be more than satisfied with my labor of love for you.

Grandmamma.

The Grandchildren at the Age of about Three.

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MEMORIAL LETTERS.

LETTER No. 1.

My Dear Grandchildren :

I am made very happy in the thought that you all were old enough to know and remember your grandpapa. It is a pleasure to think that he was near and with you during the last summer of his life ; that you saw him every day and that you learned, at least the older ones among you, to know his pleasant smile and to feel that he loved you. I think, too, that you will remember the last time you looked upon his kindly face when he lay peacefully at rest, and you placed your hand upon his cold forehead, and he did not open his eyes to greet you or move his lips for the usual kiss. And perhaps you will never forget the sweet and tender services in my sick room, where you all came to comfort me before the dear form was carried from my sight to the church, where you listened to the solemn services, and where you saw the many friends who had gathered to pay their last loving tribute of respect to him. I hope it will not prove to be so sad a lesson as it seemed at the time, but that its memory will be such a help and blessing to you in your future life that the sadness will no longer overshadow it.

Though you may remember all these things about your grandpapa, you will still know but little about his life that I think you would like to know, unless some one, who was familiar with him, is able and willing to tell you ; so I have determined to write you a series of letters, beginning with his infancy, which shall give you a brief sketch of his early home, his life, and his character ; and this shall be my labor of love for him and for you.

You have all been to the pleasant old homestead where his baby eyes first opened to the light of this beautiful world ; you know the charming views from every point of the hill on which the house stands, just in the edge of Franklin, Massachusetts, and very near the Charles River, which runs at the foot of the hill and divides Franklin from Medway.

Your great-grandfather's farm extended through the broad pasture and down the hill to the river, along whose bank and far up the hillside were clusters of oaks and evergreens and various other kinds of trees which ornamented the tiny capes or points of land jutting out into the stream. Along at the foot of this hill the river was quite deep, because of a dam just below that had been built for the use of a mill a little farther on. The beautiful trees that fringed the bank, with the old mill and the picturesque bridge below, made as pretty a scene in the landscape as one will often find.

The house stood in a sightly place, "beautiful for situation," on the summit of the hill; your grandpapa has told me that not less than twenty spires could be seen from different parts of the farm. I do not remember in what towns the churches all belonged, but I do remember how pleased he was the first time he took me over the farm to point them out to me with the many other views and places which interested him so much, and which he held so dear until the very close of his life.

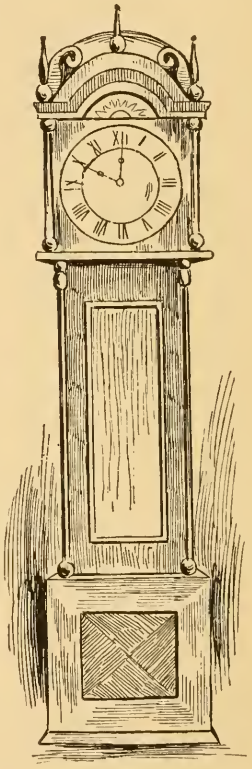
One lovely ramble was down through the lane where he used to drive the cattle to pasture, and which led to the river.

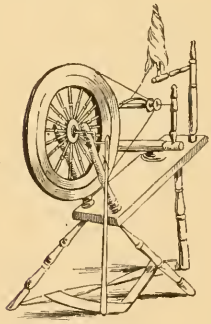
After I went there we used sometimes to take this walk down to the river, where we could find pleasant seats and stay for a quiet hour talking over the happy experiences of your grandpapa's boyhood. Another interesting spot was the "Boiling Spring" down in the meadow, whose water was always pure and cool and so clear that the constant bubbling at the bottom could be plainly seen, and for which reason it got its name from the boys; it was of this spring that your Uncle Albert wrote during one of his early separations from home, when some of the pains of homesickness got hold upon him, "and how dear the memory of 'the old, time-haunted spring, up-bubbling midst a world of greenery.'" How pleased your grandpapa used to be to dip the little tin cup into its clear waters and hand to me the refreshing drink, saying, "Isn't that fine water?" A young orchard had just been planted near the house, in which he felt great pride because the trees were all so shapely and regular; then there was an ancient oak, nearly one hundred and fifty years old, of fine proportions, a short distance off in the pasture, for which he had great admiration and

under whose shade he spent many hours in play and study. How much this dear old tree could tell you of his life if it could talk! I would like to write you of the charming grove just below the house, over the other side of the hill toward the south, which was a halfway rendezvous for the young people of the neighborhood; of the delightful woods but a few rods away on the farm, as a resort for picking young wintergreens and for decoying rabbits and partridges into warily set snares. In these woods, too, were found a greater variety of orchids and wild flowers than anywhere else around, and they brought many a merry company from the Medway High School in after years to search among the tangled underbrush for the varied specimens to pick to pieces and study in the botany classes. The farm also included fine whortleberry pastures and vines laden with delicious blackberries. Do you not see that there was very much on the dear old homestead to make a boy contented and happy?

But the treasures were not all outside. The rainy days had their charms in no less a storehouse than the big garret, where the children held grand "receptions" and played games and "kept school" with amazingly ill-behaved children. If you could have found your way into that great-grandmother's garret you would have seen some things that would have made you laugh. Let me tell you a bit about it, because I am sure you will never see another like it and you cannot fail to be interested. The garret extended the width of the house from end to end, and had steep, narrow stairs leading to it which opened into the center of the room like a big hole, for the door of entrance was at the foot of the stairs. Half the length of the garret, from the stairs to the window, a line was suspended, which in summer held the heavy bed clothing of winter and in winter accommodated the summer clothing. Among the winter things were elaborately quilted covers; white and blue checked woolen covers, also, with blue striped borders; these last had been woven in the house years before. There was also great-grandfather's big overcoat and great-grandmother's fine Camlet cloak of red and white plaid, which was a grand affair when she was married. Near the head of the stairs stood great-grandmother's wedding trunk — a small box about twenty-seven inches long and from twelve to fourteen inches wide and deep. This was covered

with the skin of some animal, the brown and white hair remaining on it as in life, and was studded thickly around the edges with brass-headed nails. Then there was a famous old sea chest which had belonged to a captain uncle. This contained curiosities of numerous kinds, beside ancient books having odd stories in them which the children used in their school keeping, with a score or more of ancient almanacs. The herb chest, too, which all good housewives kept freshly replenished every year, stood just under the eaves, filled with sage, summer savory, thyme, camomile, balm, saffron, sweet marjoram, peppers, pennyroyal, sunflower seed, etc., giving out their pungent odors whenever the lid was raised.

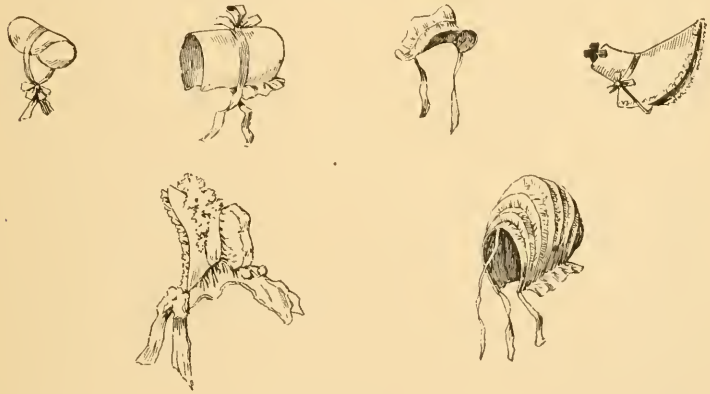




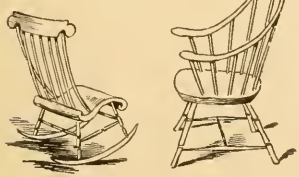
Two spinning wheels, now set aside, had a dignified place among the honored things, and stood as sure witnesses of the labors of past years. Towering above all other occupants of the garret was the stately old clock, still pointing with the finger of time not to life, but to age and decay. Its wooden wheels were motionless, for its life had run out in daily efforts to keep the family on time at the rising hour, at their meals, and to bed. Its machinery was worn out, and the heavy weights, pulled up by the cord opposite, would no more keep the pendulum swinging by their own weight slowly moving down. It was dismantled, useless. No, not useless, for years later it found a place in which it came to be of great service to the children of generations unborn when

its life began. Do you remember the pretty cupboard, with its glass door and tiny shelves, in which the dollies' china was kept that used to be your mamma's when a child, and which afterward gave you so much pleasure when you came to visit grandma? That was the top of this same old clock, trimmed and garnished. It is now in use for a company of children in a Children's Home.

But I must hasten or I shall make my letter too long. There were odd-shaped old bonnets, some older and some more modern.

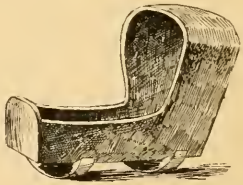


All these your great-grandmother or her mother had worn. And there were queer-looking garments which helped greatly in the sport of their grand "reception" days; and many a time the old spectacles added dignity to the *petite* figure of the adopted little girl of the family. To be sure one eye-glass was gone, but what of that when she could see far better without it! These were made in 1749, and had been in possession of your great-grandmother's grandmother; that is, they had been worn by your great-great-great-grandmother, and were kept in a neat, wooden box made for them with a jackknife by her uncle, a sea captain. These were some of the stately chairs stored away in the attic, used by the "grandees"



at the receptions, and also on school days to seat unruly pupils with their roguish faces turned toward the beam under the eaves, on which side by side were ranged several wooden shoe lasts, for use when a new pair of shoes was wanted, for in those days each person must have his own last to take to the shoe-maker. On the great beam beside the lasts was placed the tiny Japan tin "petticoat lamp," which had served for many years in the honored position of sewing lamp for the women folks on the little pine stand in the sitting room. It was only about four and a half inches high, had but a single wick, and gave but little more light than a candle, being filled with whale oil; this was superseded at length by lard oil and finally by burning fluid, which could not be used in it, and so the petticoat lamp was forever relegated to its place in the attic.

The parlor lamps were of glass and about as high as a goblet; these were used only on state occasions, as the whale oil was quite expensive and could not be afforded. When your great-grandmother was a young lady she wore a high-backed shell comb which stood four or five inches above her head, and which she could easily cover with her heavy, curly hair so as to be entirely out of sight. This, too, was among the curiosities to help on the fun. I think it was the same comb that you see in the silhouette taken when she was eighteen years old, and which adds something to her height. There was yet one thing more of which I must speak, because it was your grandpapa's comfort when a babe; that was the old wooden cradle in which he was rocked, and in which he spent many hours with his playthings before he could walk. My next letter will introduce the baby to you.



LETTER No. 2.

I KNOW you are all eagerly waiting to learn of the dear little babe that came into the homestead described to you in my last letter. The children, of whom there were five, all loved the new stepmother, and were pleased that this wee babe was hers and had come to stay; especially so was the twelve-year-old sister. She imagined all sorts of nice times in store for her when he should be old enough to be her special charge. Already she began to feel the care of a little mother. And this bit of humanity with a red face and blue eyes and tiny clenched fists was to be your grandpapa. Can you imagine that he whom you remember with silver locks and smooth head and pale cheeks could ever have been so small? He was, however, and he was just as sweet and lovely to his mamma as you were when you were a babe, and was just as helpless, too. I cannot tell you much of his tiny infancy, but I remember one incident that occurred when he was but a few weeks old which gave his mother great solicitude. She has told me of it with many a laugh.

During the winter season when farmers visited a great deal, thus taking their needed vacations in social improvement, they often drove long distances to see a friend or relative and so exchange hospitalities. It occurred that your great-grandfather and great-grandmother went on one of these annual visits one beautiful day, taking the new baby with them. They congratulated themselves on the mildness of the weather, and had a fine, comfortable drive in going. But about three o'clock in the afternoon a change came and the weather grew intensely cold. They decided that it would not answer for them to stay as late in the evening as they had anticipated, so prepared to return immediately after supper. When the little one went to sleep, about four o'clock, his mother wrapped his blankets carefully about him and laid him upon the bed all ready for a start. When the time came he was tenderly taken up and other wraps were brought into use, for that precious babe must not be allowed to take cold. The mother then took him snugly under her own warm Camlet cloak, and got into the comfortable, high-

backed sleigh and was tucked in with blanket and robe so that no air could find its way to the child. After being some time on the road your great-grandmother remembered that she had read, only a few days before, of a dear little babe being smothered and taken dead from its mother's arms after just such a ride as this. She wondered that she had not thought of this sooner, and became very anxious. The child was so still that she feared the worst. She tried to loosen the wraps, to move him about, to arouse him to life if possible. Nothing availed, there was neither sound nor motion; he lay like a dead weight in her lap. She was afraid to remove the coverings lest he take cold if he were still alive, so in terror and with great mental suffering she made the remainder of her journey. The sleigh had scarcely stopped at the home door ere the wrappings were torn away, and she bounded into the house trembling with fear and scarcely daring to look at the baby. She quickly uncovered the little face, however, to see the blue eyes open and look at her very peacefully, then close again with undisturbed serenity.

I suppose, like all babies, he had many tumbles and mishaps, with bruises to be kissed well and a soiled face to be made clean. Like all little ones, too, he did not keep his babyhood a great while. It seemed but a few months before he was carrying a long stick in his childish fist and pointing to a large card of letters which hung on the wall in the sitting room, asking of every one who passed what each letter was, and not being satisfied until he was told.

When he was two years old he had learned all his letters — a great feat in those days, as that was the first thing to be learned on beginning to go to school. I remember well when the change was introduced into the schools of teaching to read by sounds what anxious fears were expressed by many mothers lest their children would never learn to read properly, because they did not learn their letters first.

When two and a half years old his sister took him to school one day. He was so quiet and well behaved that at the close of

the session the teacher asked him if he would not like to come to school all the time. Turning to his sister she said, "I wish you would bring him every day, he is such a good boy." Just here I am reminded of a question which one of you asked me when you were about four years old. I was telling you about your grandpapa's going to school when so small, and you quickly asked, "Did he keep it up, grandma?" Yes, he kept it up, and went to school regularly ever after. I presume that your grandpapa was the originator of many amusing and funny speeches in his childhood, which would be very pleasant for us to read today if they had been preserved. But in those days children were not allowed to appear forward, nor were their bright sayings registered for the public. We know, however, that he was quite observing from an incident which happened when he was between three and four years old.

One day he sat listening to his father's conversation with a neighbor about some person in whom they were both interested, when he heard his father say, "I fear he is not a man of much principle." Your grandpapa caught the word, and immediately called out, "Father, father, what is principle?" He persisted in his inquiry until a satisfactory answer was given him. Whether principle began to develop in him at so early an age I cannot say. A little later on, when his father rebuked him for talking too much, he replied, with some degree of satisfaction in his tone, "Well, if I can't talk I can think, can't I?" This rebuke was probably given at a time when company was present or the family was gathered and the younger ones were made to understand that "children should be seen and not heard." What a silence there would be in your family if the children were held to so strict a reverence for older people as that! What a rule for such wide-awake boys and girls as my grandchildren are! Where would be the laughter and the merriment around your family table? In my next letter I shall recount a few things relating to your grandpapa's character as a boy in school and out.

LETTER No. 3.

Doubtless you are anticipating a very entertaining letter this time — something that will amuse you greatly about a boy full of pranks and misdemeanors, a boy who made no end of trouble, who was wild and careless, or bubbling over with fun and laughter, perhaps unmindful, even, of the pain he caused other people to suffer. If such is the kind of boy you are looking for you will be greatly disappointed, though I hope not uninterested.

No, your grandpapa was not that kind of boy at all. One of his schoolmates said of him, "He was too grave and correct in his behavior to make an entertaining subject for a story." None of those naughty mischiefs that read so marvelously afterward, when one does not tell of the pain they brought to others, were ever woven into his boyhood life. He handled no sharp-edged tools that cut and tear and wound, leaving their ugly scars all through after life. From very early years he showed that the principle which had been explained to him by his father on that memorable night had been implanted in his own soul, for nothing could tempt him to deceive, or play dishonest tricks, or do mean things for the sake of fun or to annoy another if it were possible to avoid it. Life took on a sober coloring to him when his boyhood had only just begun. By this I do not mean that he had no enjoyment for real wholesome sport, for indeed he had. His pleasure was as earnest as his more serious pursuits, but nothing that was accompanied with wrong, however slight its appearance, ever entered into his pastimes.

When he was about five years old he went with his half-brother to visit the city of Boston for the first time and to make some purchases for use on the farm. It was a long ride for a little boy. He was obliged to start at four o'clock in the morning in order to get back the same day and see many sights while there. That was a great day, you may be sure, and any boy who is well and strong is ready for such a journey. He visited the State House, Quincy Market, the Common, and several other interesting places, which he never forgot.

In his boyhood days working upon straw in some form was

the chief industry by which the farmers' wives and children could earn money, not only in Franklin, but in all the region for miles around. The straw was usually raised on the place, and after being cut was split and trimmed carefully by the women, while all the best pieces were culled out and prepared for the braiding. A small machine with a sharp iron point was used to run through the straw to open it. On the edge of the machine was a brass bar with fine or coarse teeth, as was required, which was drawn through the piece to split it into strands for braiding. Most of the boys and girls learned to braid straw of a particular kind called "seven-braid." This was afterwards made into bonnets or hats. They had their daily stints of one or more yards, as the age and ability might warrant. Often several of the neighboring children would meet for an afternoon at the home of one of their number, or in the grove, or under some tree, and have a jolly time chatting and laughing and having their trials of speed to see who could get a yard done first. Sometimes there would be a little cheating by braiding loosely, or on the sly stretching the braid for the coveted measure that brought triumph to the nimblest fingers. Your grandpapa enjoyed these good times with all the rest, but on no condition could he be tempted to slight his work or tighten the measuring. Every straw was laid with exactness so that the work should be even and smooth.

When he was ten years old his half-sister, who was his loving guardian, taught the school in the home district, where he was one of her pupils. Though they held such near relationship he never thought that he could take advantage of it in any way, or that he could be favored because of it. She says, "He was as decorous, studious, and faithful in all his studies as if I were a stranger."

During all his schoolboy days he was as tried and trusted a friend as a man of mature years. A lady of the same age of your grandpapa, and who attended school with him, bears this testimony: "He was always so true and so in earnest that we were never afraid to trust him with any secret, however sacred; in any differences which came up among us, whether in play or in study,

he was our judge because he was so just. I remember, too, that if ever any advantage was to be gained wherein he himself was concerned he invariably yielded it to another, though the opportunity was as much for him as for any one else. His love of order, too, was just as marked; there was system and method in everything he did, and I believe he exhibited this characteristic from his earliest childhood." She adds, also: "We had a glorious place for coasting down the long hill on the Franklin side of Mr. Richardson's home. At every opportunity the scholars would gather at the hill for this most exhilarating sport, and I remember well the rule that we must start for the schoolroom the instant the bell rang, that we might be in our seats at the ringing of the order bell for exercises. We girls had no sleds in those days, but depended upon the gallantry of the boys for our part of the fun. I was always glad when Charles Richardson asked me to ride on his sled, because he steered so true and straight; then, too, I was sure to be on time in the schoolroom, for somehow he seemed to have the faculty of measuring the minutes. He would never go far up the hill at the near approach of the striking of the bell, was prompt to leave the playground just in season to hang his hat and coat upon their accustomed nail and enter the school on the first stroke of the order bell. He was a minute early rather than a minute late."

I heard some one remark not long ago, "When I think of the boys of that age I feel a great pity for them, they had to be men so young." I trust my grandchildren will never waste any pity in that direction. I think if you should ask any one of the grandpapas now living if he had a sorry time in his boyhood he would be surprised at such a question, and immediately answer, "Why, no! those were some of my best days. We boys had lots of fun." I believe that half the secret of the good times they had arose from the fact that they learned to depend upon themselves for their entertainment. They also had regular habits of industry, and when their playtime came there was a relish for it and a freshness about it which no boy or girl can feel who does nothing but play. More than that there was a consciousness of having earned in a noble way time that they felt was theirs. What a gladness such a feeling brings!

What did they have for sport? Why just what you have, and more than boys who live in cities. They played ball; they went fishing, rowing, skating, coasting, berrying; they had candy pulls in the evening, or cracked nuts and popped corn. Sometimes their work was as good as play, especially when there came a husking bee and the neighbors were invited in and the piles of corn were portioned off to the different parties, for in these good times you may be sure that the children had their share. How merry the scene was, all lighted up with lanterns hanging about in the barn! Then came the after part, with refreshments of pie, cake, apples, etc. Beside this, were evenings for shelling the corn, and it was pleasant to see the children each with a portion to shell, and the father sitting astride a low chair beside his tub, on which rested a broad shovel on the sharp edge of which he shelled his corn into the tub. You see that work was so woven into the life as to be really a part of its mirth and happiness. To be sure they had neither tennis nor croquet, and perhaps their ball games were not quite as scientific as they are now; but they were fine games nevertheless, and your grandpapa was quick and ready at them. I don't believe either of you boys can skate as well, at least no better than he could, marking all sorts of figures on the ice, sweeping graceful curves, cutting acute angles, and lining off parallelograms with a beauty and ease that might astonish you should you see the clumsy skates of that time. His first skates, and the ones on which he learned, were called Club skates, and were rightly named. They were a long block of wood attached to a deep steel or iron bottom. A few years later an improvement came in the Acorn skate, and though it was nothing to be compared with the fine steel-finished skates of today, its iron runner, broad as it was, was a great improvement. He was also a good swimmer, and had many a fine swim in the Charles River running below the farm. Beside all

these delights much enjoyment was found in setting snares for game in the woods. O, life was full of gladness even in your grandpapa's day, when tasks began as a general thing at the mature age of eight years, and sometimes at six. But you will forgive my writing so long a letter this time, for I wanted to tell you enough to insure your belief that your grandpapa had a happy childhood; though he had a sensitive nature and a tender conscience, I expect that he also had a pretty strong will, and that sometimes, perhaps, he lost his patience if things didn't go to suit him. In fact, I believe he was like other boys in most respects.

Once when he went to sleep in church a most amusing incident occurred, of which I must tell you, for it proved to be a profitable lesson to him through the rest of his life. One rather warm, oppressive Sunday, when he was feeling unusually tired, he fell asleep during sermon time. Dreaming, he suddenly shouted in his sleep, and with a quick start struck his heavy shoes hard against the pew, making a loud, resounding noise through the church. Opening his eyes quickly he saw the attention of many of the congregation fastened upon him with smiles of considerable meaning upon their faces, which revealed to him the situation of things. He has often told me, laughing, that he had never for an instant since that experience felt any inclination to go to sleep in church. The mortification of it sunk too deeply. In my next letter I shall tell you a bit of his life as a pupil.

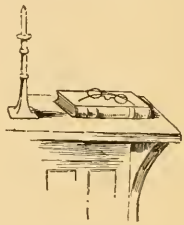
The Old Homestead. (Page 7)

LETTER No. 4.

In my last letter I told you something of your grandpapa's boyhood, though not much of his school life and work. I wish I knew more about them, but my personal knowledge of his habits did not come until later; however, I can tell you briefly of some of the influences he had about him, and your bright minds will quickly see that if boys and girls are brought up to industrious habits, trained to be thoughtful and to believe that life means something more than play and pleasure, they will be manly boys and womanly girls. They will be children of right impulses, and will make men and women of the finest stamp.

In the neighborhood where your grandpapa lived and went to school most of his mates were the sons of farmers, who were well read, thoughtful men and ambitious for their children to become good and honored citizens, so they looked after their training in what you might call a rather rigid manner. Your great-grandfather was one of those sterling men who were the bone and sinew of our country, ready to go to the stake, if need be, for principle. At that time it was a custom, brought over by the early settlers of the country, to use alcoholic drinks with freedom; but he became strictly temperate in 1830, the date of his becoming a Christian. He realized that the two things were not consistent, and said, "I stopped supplying liquor to my help. Men didn't want to work for me, but I said I would let my hay stand if I couldn't cut it without rum." He was just as firm in discontinuing the use of tobacco. When a young man he had learned to chew the weed, but when Christ came into his heart and awakened the desire for perfect purity of life this led him to abhor tobacco and never another bite did he take, though the abstinence cost him much suffering at first. He also thought that as a child of God he ought to let his choice to serve him be known and felt in his own family; and though he was a diffident man and knew what a cross it would be he determined to have family prayers at his own fireside. I am sorry that I have not the full and comprehensive prayer which he committed to memory, and used as long as he lived every morning of his life with the same solemn reverence, standing back

of his chair, his arms resting across the top. Here is a picture of the chair which your great-grandfather always used after I knew him. He sat in it at table and stood behind it to pray, and as soon as prayers were over he would lay the large Bible on the corner of the mantel, and place his spectacles on the top of it, always in the same spot. Perhaps on account of this home training your grandpapa had less temptations to go astray than do many boys in these days.



As he grew older he became still more persistent and determined in his studies, and though never a brilliant scholar he was a real worker and bound to secure all he could by close application. There are some boys, you know, who think if they can only get through a recitation and not fail that is all that is necessary. It was not so with your grandpapa; he coveted all that he could learn for his own real benefit through life. It was knowledge that he was seeking, and to gain this he was compelled to hard study; he understood that he could not have it without labor of his own. He entered with zest into all exhibitions and monthly lyceums, and was ready and eager to do his part in the best way. When he was fourteen he went to the high school in Franklin Center, a distance of four miles. Quite a number of the Latic boys went with him the same year. "Latic" was the name given to the district where your grandpapa lived, because of a fine pond in that vicinity called Popolatic.

The boys and girls usually walked to and from the school, and there were good walkers in those times, though they did not walk for prizes. They often tried to outstrip each other in speed, and reasonably prided themselves upon their success. So when Dr. Williams, a rather eccentric divine living in a town not far distant, declared that he could walk four miles in half an hour, the boys could hardly reconcile the statement with the possibilities, and

decided among themselves that, minister though he was, it could not be true.

Among the pupils was one Whitaker, a trifle younger than the others, who sometimes complained of the hardship of the long pulls up the hills and seemed to dread them considerably. They had just formed a class in physics in the high school, and your grandpapa suggested that now was the time to make a test of the principle of obtaining the greatest momentum possible by going down one hill so fast that the force should carry him up the other, thus making his walk easy and at the same time putting study into practice. As was often customary in schools of that kind there were weekly declamations and writing of compositions, and the scholars were allowed to take their choice of these exercises. Why your grandpapa usually chose writing I do not know; I am inclined to think, however, that it was because of a natural diffidence to appear before others, a feeling which followed him all his life. Still he might have considered it would be of greater advantage to him in the future. That he had some good and carefully studied reason you may be certain, for even then he did not settle a question without giving it a thorough examination.

I have a letter lying before me which came from one of the members of that same class, and she writes: "There is no one of the old schoolmates of whom I have a more distinct recollection than of Charles A. Richardson. There was an uncommon amount of rivalry between the members of our class — a large one — and C. A. R. was a conspicuous figure among us. There was never anything proposed for the intellectual improvement that he was not heart and soul in. He was noted for his strict integrity and devotion to principle, and ever acted on the motto, 'Be sure you are right, then push ahead.' Were there debating clubs, he took a part. Were there exhibitions to be held, he gave his attention in earnest and helped to make them a success. Our spelling classes, in which he became proficient and was most frequently the winner, were full of interest. And never was he found to take part in any of the petty quarrels that often occurred among the scholars; indeed, I am sure it would be more truthfully said of him that he was a peacemaker among them. I never shall forget the page after page of history which he committed to memory in the Franklin High

School, and would repeat without one mistake. I think he was one of the most conscientious boys I ever knew."

And this is the testimony of all those who knew him in his early years: that he was hopeful, helpful, trustful, faithful; that he was earnest, thoughtful, true; that he was generous, high-minded, pure. Is not such a record the standard for a good man? Yet something else was needed to perfect his character, and that something your grandpapa secured.

LETTER No. 5.

I HAVE now come to a time when, by his own free and thoughtful choice, your grandpapa laid the foundations for a noble and useful life, one that should honor God and which is now an honor to you — a life that was full of all the qualities of heart and mind which enriched himself and helped to lead those with whom he associated to a better life. As you grow older you will understand the force and beauty of this choice on which all true character is built.

There were two great advantages which he had in aiding him to become what he was. First, he was a farmer's boy; and secondly, he was a poor boy. These two things have oftener proved to be more of a help than a hindrance to a boy. As a farmer's son, he had many hours in which to be alone with his own undisturbed thought, and the great questions of life, which every one of us sooner or later must settle for ourselves, came to him during these solitary hours in the fields with only God and nature around him. He often wondered what he should do or be when he became a man. He tried to answer to himself what he desired most to be like, and then, when he reached his conclusion, he asked how he could best gain that end.

As a poor boy, he found one fact established. He must work for whatever he wished to attain. In work he was saved from thousands of temptations that surround the boy of wealth and luxury. There was certainly one special aim before him — work! He learned to honor work for work's sake and for the good it brought him in every condition of life.

With these two advantages your grandpapa was taught to reverence the Sabbath and his Creator. Up earlier on Sunday morning than on other days, he hastened to be ready in good season for his walk of four miles to church. He was a constant attendant and an earnest listener. His habit of thinking while at his daily toil was of great service to him during the week, in recalling the various heads of the sermons and applying the texts with their solutions to his own improvement.

When he was between fourteen and fifteen years old he

seriously asked himself what bearing religion would have upon his future course as a man. Would life be more to him and to others through him should he avow himself as one among the followers of Christ? The more he thought on the subject the more he felt convinced of his need of just the help the gospel brings in order to overcome an evil nature, to stimulate to the highest possible standard of living, and enable him ever to strive for the best in character and influence. How keenly he realized that he had faults to overcome and an ambition to gratify that should be made holy instead of selfish! And how much there was for him to learn before manhood would be reached! He resolved then that he would cast in his lot with those who loved God. He now turned all his thought and energies to that purpose, and determined to be a Christian. After a few months of this state of mind he sadly recognized a growing faintness in the resolutions he had so recently made. His zeal appeared to be waning, and he was quite convinced that he was not all right in his understanding of what a Christian should be. He thought he had done all on his part to meet God's requirements, and if he was not a Christian it must be because of God's unwillingness to accept him. He was sore distressed over his condition. He was fully aware that he had not the real essence of the spirit of Christ in his soul. This mental suffering increased to a great degree, and he feared that God was so angry with him for his long neglect of him that he would cast him off forever. During this period of his soul's agitation quite a number of deaths occurred in the neighborhood, and the pastor was led to preach upon the seriousness of life, its uncertainty and failure to satisfy the soul. He dwelt upon the importance of committing our way unto the Lord while young, and of rejoicing in early years in that wisdom which leads to everlasting life.

This sermon deeply interested your grandpapa, and made a strong impression on his mind. He saw and felt how hard it was for any one to do right without the help of God. Though he had no glaring faults he knew that he was a sinner and that there was no salvation for him save through the merits of a crucified Redeemer. His guilt in refusing to accept him for so long a time increased to a painful degree; his sense of sinfulness daily grew in magnitude until he almost felt that for him there was no ray of

hope. For several days this horror of great darkness brooded over him until at last, after strong crying and appeals for mercy, he cast himself helpless upon Almighty grace. It was near the close of day and he was alone in the field, when a new and amazing light dawned in his soul. Christ appeared with tender and forgiving love. All the gentleness of his being, his readiness to forgive and receive him just as he was, flooded his soul with an unspeakable peace. God the Father seemed so great and so holy; Christ was so near and so precious. He could not understand the strange peace within him. He says: "It seemed as if a great light shone round about me, on the fields, the woods, the sky, everything, and I was so full of praise that I could not speak. Everything had a brightness such as I had never seen before. The place was filled with God's presence, and all things looked as if they had felt his touch anew. I did not understand the meaning of this sensation that had taken possession of me. An indescribable something that I could not explain filled my soul; Christ seemed strangely near and precious; nothing was now too great for me to undertake in his behalf. This state of ecstasy remained with me for several days, until I felt sure that I had been accepted of God, my sins had been forgiven, and he had vouchsafed to me the Holy Spirit. Henceforth I was ready to live or die even as he should will."

My dear grandchildren, was not this a glorious experience such as would be likely to influence one's whole life? He was fifteen years old at this time, and life thereafter wore a grander and nobler aspect because Christ was in it all. Now his purpose was to glorify God, his aim to do the most he could for himself, for the world, and for Christ's kingdom. He would never be an eyeservant for his Master. God should have his faithful service and his best alway.

The next spring, while he was at work for his half-brother in his nursery near by, a stranger came to buy trees. He was so interested in your grandpapa that he watched him narrowly while engaged in his labors. The man liked his way of doing things, and when leaving he asked the brother if he couldn't get that boy to work for him. "I will pay him fifteen dollars a month," said he. This was a great compliment at the time, that being the highest wages paid to a man for such work. The stranger urged

his case, and asked the brother to lay the matter before his father and let him know very soon. The suggestion was not received very favorably, however, by his father, and the subject was dropped. A short time after, his brother was at the nursery of Hon. Marshall P. Wilder in Dorchester, where he was engaged for a time, when he met the stranger again. He immediately inquired about "that boy" and the prospect there might be of securing his services. When he found that his case had not been urged very much he pressed it with new vigor. The result was more favorable the second time, and some pains were taken to inquire about the man, whose home was in Worcester. Your grandpapa's brother was sent to see him in his home, to ask about the work, and learn what the surroundings were. When it was found that Mr. Hartwell was a Christian man, disposed to make fair and honorable dealings, a written agreement was drawn up and proper negotiations were made between his father and the man in Worcester for the summer months. This was your grandpapa's first experience in going away from home to live among strangers.

While he was absent at this time the subject of his uniting with the church came before the officers, and the pastor being desirous that he should join at the next communion, his mother wrote him the following impressive letter:

My Dear Son:

. . . We called upon the pastor yesterday and conversed with him about your making a profession of religion at the next communion, four weeks from next Sunday. Your sister will unite then, and it seems desirable that you should both join at the same time. The pastor thinks it is a bad thing to put off such a duty when one feels ready for it. But, my son, it is a most solemn transaction, while it is also an important duty, if a person has evidence to believe that the heart has been renewed by the Holy Spirit. My dear son, remember that you cannot perform this duty in an acceptable manner without divine aid. Cease not, therefore, to look to God in constant, humble, and sincere prayer, for his assistance in the examination of your heart to ascertain the motives which influence you to profess Christ before the world. Let it not be the applause of men, not even of Christians, that influences you; but the glory of your God and Saviour, whose you are and to whom you owe your supreme love and affection. It will be necessary for you to come home on Friday, the fifteenth, to prepare your "Relation" and to see the pastor. . . .

Your affectionate mother.

It was the custom in those days for each person who wished to unite with the church to write out his experience and show why he wished to take this step, and also express in this way the evidence he had of being a Christian, in order that others might judge if he was a proper candidate. I will inclose the "Relation" written by your grandpapa, then fifteen years old, in this same letter:

CHARLES A. RICHARDSON'S EXPERIENCE.

I have at times from my earliest recollection been the subject of serious impression, but was particularly so in the summer of 1843. My attention was then called up by no particular event, but it seemed to me as though the Spirit of God was striving in my heart, though at first unknown to myself. I was deeply impressed with a sense of my guilt before God, and felt that then was the time to make my peace with him. I felt so for several days, and then for a time hoped I had given my heart to God, but it proved like the morning and early dew, which soon passeth away. I then thought I had done all in my power to secure an interest in Christ, and if I should be forever cast from his presence it would not be my fault.

But in the month of December last God was pleased again to arouse me from my sinful slumber to attend to the great and important concerns of my soul. My attention was particularly arrested then by hearing a very solemn discourse by our pastor, occasioned by the number of deaths about that time, and by the conversation of my parents, calculated to impress the subject upon my mind. I at first thought I would put off repentance till a more convenient time should come, but upon reflection thought, should I neglect the present opportunity the day of grace might be passed with me forever, and finally resolved that I would improve the present opportunity, or perish in the attempt.

I felt myself to be one of the greatest of sinners, and that if justice was done me I should be cast off forever. My greatest guilt appeared to be in rejecting the Saviour so long. I saw that I had lived in continual rebellion against God, and it seemed strange to me that he had not cut me off in my sins. I continued in this state of mind for awhile, when being alone, reflecting on my ruined condition, I thought I saw the willingness of God to save all who came to him through the merits of Christ. I thought I felt willing to be in his hand, and felt that he would do right with me. It seemed to me that nothing could be too much to suffer for him. The Bible appeared a different book to me from what it ever had before — a revelation from heaven, the precious word of life.

The Saviour appeared precious to my soul, and I hope I was enabled to put my trust in him alone for salvation. Prayer appears not only a duty but a privilege, the society of Christians desirable. Though I at times have many doubts and can see much that is sinful in my own heart, yet I feel it an important duty to profess Christ before the world and unite with his friends in celebrating his dying love. I now offer myself to this church, asking your acceptance of me, your prayers for me, and watchfulness over me, that I may live agreeable to the precepts and commands of Christ.

C. A. Richardson.

LETTER No. 6.

THE experience in Worcester won for your grandpapa the esteem of his employer and a desire for him to return; and, as was frequently the custom, he wished to have the boy bound out to him for a series of years. He therefore wrote the accompanying letter to his father, proposing terms and showing his appreciation of him:

September 2, 1845.

MR. RICHARDSON, SIR:

. . . In reference to Charles, I will give him seventy-five dollars the first year, and three months' time to attend school in; one hundred dollars and three months the second year, and one hundred and seventy-five dollars for the nine months of the third year. I can find good boys of his age on better terms, but we are pleased with Charles; find he has a taste for the business, will be trusty, and make a good nurseryman. Should you think it best to have him come on these conditions I would like to have him return as early as convenient, and I will give him his board and furnish him with what books he may need this autumn for his services night and morning. The Worcester High School is a good one, and his advantages will be better than at Franklin. He can come at any time. Yours truly,

C. W. HARTWELL.

As a more favorable opportunity came to him to work with his brother at the nursery of Hon. Marshall P. Wilder in Dorchester, he accepted the latter position. Among the letters which he received from his mother while in Dorchester was the following:

SABBATH MORNING, July 26.

MY DEAR SON:

. . . I have nothing in particular to say except to remind you that although you are absent in person you are not absent from the mind; that there is a cord connecting you to the hearts of your parents, tender and strong, which will be durable as life itself. Very much of our comfort and enjoyment must depend upon the character and virtuous conduct of our children. Have you not then a double motive to influence you to pursue the path of virtue and wisdom? You will do it I hope for the promotion of your own happiness and that of your nearest earthly friends. Our family has been the smallest for some weeks past

that it has ever been; but if we should all live for some years to come we shall not probably all live together as in years past, but shall undoubtedly be separated many miles apart. Yet there is a consolation in the idea that our Heavenly Father will guide and protect us when separated as well as when together. How grateful should we be that he is ever ready to hear and answer in his own best way all our reasonable, submissive petitions. O Charles, neglect not the throne of grace and your own heart! Ruin of soul and body often begin there. I would write more, but it is almost dark and you will see that my pen is too poor.

From your affectionate mother,

H. B. Richardson.

The following autumn and winter he spent at home in study. A fine teacher had been secured for the Franklin School in Mr. William Peck, afterward a lawyer of some prominence and later an officer in the War of the Rebellion. Your grandpapa accomplished much during this season in his intellectual improvement, and I find stored away among his keepsakes a valedictory, which I have no doubt was written for the close of this term of school. It is written on a huge sheet of paper, measuring seventeen and one half inches in length and fourteen inches in width, almost large enough to serve as a drop curtain with which to shield the modest reader. The subject, "Education," is abundant in solid thought, in wise and practical reflections, and in serious remarks to teachers and scholars. That it was a decidedly grave document for a youth of sixteen may be seen from this selection: "There are none so highly favored that the cause of Education is of no value to them, and there are none whose lot on earth has been cast so low as to place them beneath its influence. The mind of man when he first enters the world is like a rude block of shapeless marble which has never come in contact with the sculptor's chisel. But when some master hand has perseveringly labored on it, and exhausted all the effects of his talents and skill, it is reduced to a refined and beautiful statue, and remains a monument of the untiring application of the sculptor. Thus it is with the human mind. Every influence with which it comes in contact, every example which is set before it, and every mind with which it holds intercourse — each one of these is a blow which assists in maturing it either for good or evil."

Again the next year he went to assist his half-brother in Mr. Wilder's nursery. As the two wrought together they had many conversations concerning your grandpapa's future prospects. He had often expressed a desire for a college education, and his brother, anxious to learn his reasons, plied him with varied questions on the matter. He wanted to study for a profession, but seemed to feel that it was out of the question entirely, and that he ought not to think of it.

"Why is it out of the question?" asked his brother.

"Because I have neither money nor a father to help me, nor friends to give me aid," he replied.

"For what profession would you study, the ministry?"

"I don't know as I am fitted to be a minister; but is it necessary for every educated man to be a minister in order to do Christian work? What do you want me to be?"

"O, I should like to have you become a good nurseryman, but I think if you have a great desire to do something else you ought to make the effort for it," replied his brother; "I've no doubt you would succeed. I will talk with father about it and see what he thinks, but I believe that if you are really in earnest you could work your way through college. Why, some of our most prominent men are those who have made their own way without any help; but if you really needed it I think I could help you some."

This conversation encouraged him so much that he began at once to plan his course for the future, and made up his mind that this was the thing he would do if it were possible. It was at the end of this season that the great temptation of his life came in his path. Mr. Wilder, for whom he worked, had great interest and confidence in him. Perhaps he was more particularly drawn to him because he was the son of a beloved uncle of his wife; be that as it may he saw that he was a responsible young man, one whom he would like to train for his business, and he offered him great inducements. He assured him of a future partnership with himself, and laid before him the probable chances of soon accumulating a competence. The opportunity was a rare one, and for so young a person a very tempting one. Your grandpapa avoided any hasty decision. Though his heart was firmly set in another direction, yet he stopped to think over the matter, to com-

pare the greatest advantages on both sides, and after deliberate and careful consideration he still remained in favor of his first decision. Mr. Wilder was disappointed, and urged more thought about it, disclosing to him the satisfaction of entering at once upon his life's work, setting before him the pleasure and comfort of being independent and his own master, and also showing him how great a strain he would constantly be subject to, for a series of years, as a poor student, if he still resolved to go through college. He begged him for his own best good not to make the decision final then, as he would like to keep the position open for him in case there was any prospect of changing his mind. But the spirit so determined to do God's work was unmoved, and in this calm retrospect he wrote to his mother, for whom he always had the profound respect and reverence of a dutiful son. My next to you will contain the correspondence with his parents upon this subject now under such anxious consideration. I know the letters will be of more interest to you than any that I could write.

The Old Oak Tree. (Page 8.)

LETTER No. 7.

In reading your grandpapa's letter I trust you will observe how cautiously he weighed the entire subject before him, and then sacredly and reverently remember that this was a trait in his character which helped him to stick to a decision once made. He took his position with a candid assurance of its merits.

Dorchester, August 23, 1847.

My Dear Mother:

I have long been waiting for a good opportunity to write home, but my time has been so taken up evenings in accounting buds, answering orders for scions, and so forth, that I have perhaps neglected it longer than I ought. . . . I turn now to a subject of much importance which is constantly upon my mind. It is my own prospects, my situation in life, should God be pleased to spare it. When I look to the future and consider my hopes and expectations I feel sometimes encouraged, sometimes discouraged. I see before me on one hand long years of toiling study, of labor which cannot be compared to bodily toil. I see my health at stake, to be no doubt severely tried, perhaps severely injured or partially lost in the effort. I also see my situation here with regard to a prospect of future success as to the accumulation of wealth should I continue with Mr. Wilder as he would like. It seems to me that I could wish for no better prospects of worldly success than are here presented and for which I am wholly indebted to my brother. But what of this? What though the wealth of India and the fame of Napoleon, what though supplied with every luxury which art and vegetation can afford, would that make me happy? Would that secure life everlasting and the approbation of conscience and of God? No! but just the reverse. All might serve to make me live farther from God, to make me worldly minded, and to wrest from me the desire to live to the glory of God and the good of my fellow beings. True, it might not do all this, but what would be the consequence should I become deeply engaged in the worldly pursuits of life no one can tell. I hope that whatever might be my situation in life I should never forget its great end and my own duty to God. I think I now feel a desire to engage in such pursuits in life as will afford the greatest opportunity for usefulness, and such as will be least likely to set my mind on things below rather than on life everlasting in the world which is to come. I am constantly reminded of the rapidity of time and the shortness of life. I am aston-

ished when I think how swiftly this summer is passing. In a few days it will be fall, while it seems but a very short time since I first left home in the spring. Indeed, it sometimes seems that life at longest must be very short. It was not so when I was four or five years younger, but the longer I live the more clearly do I perceive the swiftness of time.

With regard to the adaptedness of my constitution for study, I have some fear, but hope for the best. But much as I fear from that and other sources, tedious as the path of study looks, it is my greatest desire, and I believe duty, to commence the great work. With regard to the motives which actuate me I can sincerely say it is not any wish for fame or honor or a life of ease. O, no! how can one expect a life of ease with such a work staring him in the face? It is because it seems impressed upon my mind that I am to do it, that it is a duty and a privilege, and because in that way to all human appearance I may be the instrument of greater good. I feel almost discouraged at times when I think how prone my heart is even now to do evil and cling to this world's alluring charms. It is my great desire and constant prayer to God that my thoughts and affections may be set more exclusively on the things which concern my everlasting welfare, and that I may be fitted for the great work to which I am now looking forward with trembling yet strong hope. Should I succeed in acquiring an education perhaps it is unnecessary for me to say that I have not the least desire for any profession but the ministry, and I think were that a blank I would not stake my health and tax my energies (much as I love study) for the sake of acquiring any other.

I heard an interesting sermon from the agent of the Education Society not long since. Should it be necessary and judged best, I see no reason why aid might not be expected from that, as the great object is to educate indigent young men for the ministry. With regard to that, however, you have spoken before. When you write again will you not say something with regard to father and your discernment upon this subject which I have good reason to believe occupies some small share of your thoughts? I have written much more than I meant to, and perhaps the postage is ten cents. I will be careful as to this another time. Please excuse all mistakes. I have been in a great hurry writing.

From your dutiful son,

C. A. RICHARDSON.

You will remember that I have told you in what a dignified manner the children were trained in the neighborhood where your grandfather lived, so you are not surprised at the staid

expressions of this letter. I will give you some extracts from the response which he received to this letter from his parents:

FRANKLIN, September 12, 1847.

MY DEAR SON:

. . . The subject of your letter is one of great importance, one which will most deeply affect your future life. I have ever felt that it would be a great blessing and privilege to have a son that was qualified and disposed to make the sacrifice of leaving friends and home, going to some destitute part of our own country to preach the gospel of Christ to our dying fellow men. When we had reason to hope that God in infinite mercy had renewed your heart I began to hope that he would one day prepare you for that important station, but thought it not best for me to suggest the idea, feeling that if God designed it he would impress it upon your mind. The cry of "come over and help us" is urgent. The call for preachers of the true gospel is very great, and no doubt will increase for many years to come, while very few at the present time are preparing for the ministry. If you have weighed this matter thoroughly and feel that you can make the necessary sacrifices, which must be great, and can be satisfied that your motives are right, it appears to me that you ought not to relinquish all your plans for an education. I can see the prospect of worldly prosperity and popularity which might be within your reach should you pursue them, but what are they? Should I undertake to show you the danger of thus seeking and obtaining riches and popularity, I should quote from your own letter. You seem to realize the effect it might have; give that its due weight. . . .

From your affectionate mother,

H. B. RICHARDSON.

His father's letter read as follows:

MY DEAR C.:

As you wish to hear something from your parents with regard to your future course in life, and as I never said but little on that subject, I will write a few thoughts. It is a subject which has caused me many anxious thoughts, which nothing but a parent's experience can truly describe. I see on the one hand all the allurements of wealth and honor and flattery held up to your view; on the other, the silent monitor within saying you ought to do what will be most for the glory of God and of your fellow men. When I think of the great responsibility of a minister of Christ, and how many seem to fall short of preaching the

whole gospel, I cannot but look at it as a work of fearful magnitude. But when I think of the promotion of the glory of God and the everlasting salvation of the never-dying soul, it seems to be of infinite importance that young men should be raised up who will preach the whole gospel. I learn that it is a mournful fact that there is at the present time, in proportion to the population, the smallest number of young men almost ever known fitting for the ministry.

I hope you will weigh well both sides of this subject as your future destiny seems to hang upon it. As you look forward you see on the one hand wearisome days and years of toil and study, of which you must meet a good portion of the expense, and on the other you might hope to get a celebrated name and lay up much goods for many years. I heard the remark sometime since that our best men in the ministry were men who in a measure had educated themselves. Are not such men laying up a treasure far more valuable than all earthly treasures? In making up your mind may you be led to watch carefully the providence of God and act from nothing but a sense of duty. This is the sincere desire and fervent prayer of your father.

E. RICHARDSON.

LETTER No. 8.

THE letters that I sent you last showed you how thoroughly your grandpapa's mind was settled as to his future work. Now he immediately turned his attention to the means by which the end could be accomplished. Before leaving Dorchester he wrote to his father to secure for him a school, if possible, in the town of Franklin for the coming winter. In this he succeeded. In the early autumn of this year he began his journey through college by attending the Holliston Academy, where he found a life-long friend in Rev. Amos H. Coolidge, now of Leicester, a fellow student, whose account of those days will tell you what I could not. He says: "Mr. Richardson and I were members, in 1847, of the Holliston Academy, under the charge of Mr. Henry L. Bullen; we soon became acquainted, and the acquaintance ripened into an intimate friendship. Out of study hours we were inseparable companions. I well remember our gymnastic contests with improvised apparatus in a grove back of my boarding place. Although sober and earnest in aspect, there was another side to his character, and he entered into these sports with all the zest which marked his devotion to more serious pursuits. Which excelled, or how our records would compare with those of the present day, in which athletic exercises have become so prominent in the schools, I cannot now say.

"Mr. Richardson's purpose, like my own, was to pursue a course of liberal study with reference to the ministry. His life was characterized by strict consistency and earnest and devout piety, and by the single desire to serve Christ's kingdom and win souls. His heart was set on the Christian ministry, to which we had both given our lives.

"He entered the school in apparently robust health, coming from active outdoor work in nurseries. He devoted himself with great ardor to the study of Latin and Greek, studying fifteen and sixteen hours a day. It soon became evident that the change in his mode of life was telling upon his health. After struggling for a time he was forced to suspend his studies, and at length,

after repeated trials, to abandon the plan of his life. I knew him well in those days, and I know that this was the greatest disappointment he ever met. But though baffled and at last defeated he did not murmur or lose heart. When one course was shut against him he accepted others that opened successively, and thus he found at last his place.

"It seemed to him, as it did to me, a dark Providence that prevented him from entering the ministry when men of such caliber and piety and consecration were so much needed. But I can see now, and I have no doubt that he came to see, how over that dark path God was leading him to the mission of his life, was reserving for him the work for which he was so well fitted, and opening to him a sphere of Christian influence far wider than that of any pulpit.

"I have been touched in perusing some old letters from him that I had laid aside for more than forty years, and which I did not know were in existence, not only by their expressions of personal friendship, but by the Christian spirit they breathe and by their unconsciously pathetic references to his early trials, baffled as he was in his high aims by recurring failures of health, as well as by the calm and courageous determination they reveal to serve in other ways the cause to which he had consecrated his life. It has been a pleasure to me to renew these recollections."

He had begun his work too eagerly, though this eagerness arose from a desire to shorten his preparatory course as much as possible. Being obliged to leave the school and go home he still hoped that a temporary rest would restore him. A long rest, however, was absolutely necessary, and though he attempted to teach school he broke down, thus adding another bitter drop to his cup of trial. With all these failures I find he still had some hope that he might yet overcome and be able to enter college the next year with his friend. He made the attempt, the result of which appears in the following letter:

"School is now about half done; I am sorry to leave, of course, but 'nature must obey necessity,' you know. . . . My health was not very good any of the time, and therefore I did not go very steady nor press onward. I have learned something, however. . . .

"Friend Coolidge, the prospect for my obtaining a collegiate education looks more and more desponding. I hope that I myself may never be left to faint and despond. As the Lord shall favor me I still hope and intend to pursue my studies with the confidence that I may be able to occupy the position of a teacher, if it be his will that as a minister of Christ I preach not the gospel."

I suppose no words can express the grief and disappointment that overwhelmed for a time your grandpapa when he came at last to the consciousness that there was no longer hope for him to succeed in his desired purpose. I am sure that no sorer distress of mind ever came to him. Though in after years he suffered sorrows of affliction and mourned the loss of children, these bereavements scarcely brought to him the terrible weight of disappointment occasioned by the giving up of this cherished hope of his heart. From this time on he saw that whatever education he obtained must be secured by a slow and careful process. When only seventeen he taught his first school with marked success, and afterward found no difficulty in obtaining a situation whenever he sought one; therefore he was led to attend some State normal school, with hopes of fitting himself more thoroughly for the profession of teaching. In the year 1848 he entered the normal school at Westfield, where I was then a pupil. I shall never forget how we, the old pupils of one term, secured our seats early that we might watch the new class as it came in and pass our judgment upon each one as he entered and took his seat. I can see so well today that array of twenty as fine-looking young men as ever formed a class in any school. My eyes selected and rested upon your grandpapa's frank, ingenuous face, and turning to my seat mate I whispered, "That young man is my choice; I shall win him."

She laughingly replied, "Dearie me, I had chosen him, but if you say he is your choice then I will take the one who wears glasses and has such a heavenly countenance; I think he must be the one whom they say was studying for the ministry and broke down; he looks decidedly ministerial." She was joking, but I was in earnest, though she little dreamed it.

LETTER No. 9.

I REMAINED out of school for several days the first week, and it was not strange that when I returned the next Monday your grandpapa's attention was drawn to me as a newcomer, or that he was interested to know who I was. Perhaps it *was* a bit singular that my eyes should go roaming about to find the face which had so impressed me on the opening day of school. We were in the same classes and necessarily interested in the same studies, but we did not become acquainted until near the middle of the term. Then, shall I confess it? I sought his aid in my algebra lesson, though I did not need it. From that time on we were good friends, yet, singularly enough, we were very careful not to manifest any warmth of feeling toward each other until after a certain communion Sunday when each, unknown to the other, had watched to see if the other was a guest at the table of our Lord. From that time onward we knew and felt that there was a link between us to justify a closer friendship. I find another letter written to his friend Coolidge telling him somewhat of his expectations and hopes in attending this school. I will give you an extract from it:

WESTFIELD NORMAL SCHOOL, April 24, 1849.

MY DEAR FRIEND COOLIDGE:

. . . Feeling confident that I should not be able to resume classical studies, I at length concluded to come here hoping that I might be able to take up the common branches, though my advancement be not rapid. It will be three weeks tomorrow since school commenced, and I rejoice to say that I feel quite as well as for several weeks before. I have taken no studies except the three common branches, and have not studied much upon those. I anticipate much enjoyment here, as all who attend have the same motive in view and wish to coöperate in the common cause. Suppose you are expecting to come up this way the coming fall [meaning to college in Amherst]. I wonder if you are 'lotting upon it much? O that I enjoyed the same anticipation! But I am thankful that I am able to pursue study with the idea of qualifying myself as an English teacher. It seems but a very short time since we were associated together as classmates; indeed, I can hardly realize that it is so long. Time will

soon bear us away into the limits of eternity, and what a work we have to perform here in order that we may answer the great end of life! If we are faithful and work while it is day we have the sacred promise of that rest which remaineth for the people of God. When I consider how little I am accomplishing for the cause of Christ and how much engaged in the employments of the world, sometimes the thought rushes upon me, What evidence have I of being a child of God? What a solemn question it is; what solemn future realities rest upon it! Still do I hope that Christ is formed in me "the hope of glory," and it is my fervent prayer that I may so live as to honor that blessed cause for which my Saviour died. If we are only faithful here what a joyful meeting shall we and all the people of God experience in that world of bliss which is to come.

Tuus amicus, C. A. R.

During the winter a powerful revival was in progress in Westfield. We were both deeply interested and took an active part in the meetings. Your grandpapa's earnest life was reflected, in great measure, on his schoolmates, as many of them assured him in subsequent correspondence. Unfortunately, most of those letters, with scores of others, I destroyed after your grandpapa went to his long home. This seemed wise at the time, as I expected soon to follow him, not once supposing that I could ever recover strength enough to do what I am now doing for you. I find this one letter which probably escaped my notice, but it breathes the spirit of many:

BLANDFORD, December, 1849.

DEAR FRIEND:

. . . During the first of the term I hardly became acquainted with you, but I marked you as one who does not live altogether in the scenes of this world; whenever I think of our past in school you are before my eyes. I cannot forget you. I remember the last time we met together for social prayer. You sat in the corner by the stove, I sat opposite. You addressed us, and as you stood before me I recollect your form, your voice, your countenance as if it were yesterday. Your words sank deep into my heart. . . .

Accept my thanks for your interest in my welfare and know that you are not forgotten by YOUR SCHOOLMATE.

In this deeply interesting religious work your grandpapa and I were thrown more or less together. Our sympathies being enlisted in the same cause our friendship grew apace, and on my

twentieth birthday he became my accepted and acknowledged lover. Near the end of the term he was obliged to go home on account of ill health, and I find another of his characteristic letters a few weeks later to his friend Coolidge:

MEDWAY, July 24, 1849.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

It is indeed discouraging to have one's ambition so hemmed in and cramped by sickness, still I hope that I am in some degree thankful for the blessings I enjoy. When I went to Westfield it was doubtful whether I could stay a fortnight, but I did stay more than twelve weeks. My advantages were good, and had I been able to make close application to study I might have improved much.

Friend Coolidge, I wish you much success in your studies, and hope that, your labors being at length accomplished, you may be permitted to proclaim the gospel of peace. You have a glorious prospect before you. Do not our own souls and those of our dying fellow men present unparalleled inducements for labor? O how valuable is a Christian's hope! What could we do without it! 'Tis, indeed, an anchor to the soul. My own feelings accord with yours, while I join with you in saying that it seems to me I am doing but little indeed for the souls of sinners, though I think I do take a great interest in their welfare. Sometimes feelings arise in my mind which lead me almost to feel that one so unworthy cannot be a Christian. Yet I think I have faith in Christ, and I look forward with joyous anticipations to the time when I shall be delivered from the power of sin and all its alluring charms.

The religious advantages at Westfield were very good. I enjoyed my mind most of the time while there. I shall depend upon you to write me a good long letter, filled not with the anticipations but realities of college life.

Your sincere friend, C. A. R.

Charles River Bridge between Franklin and Medway. (Page 7.)

LETTER No. 10.

In the autumn of 1849 he attended the normal school in Bridgewater, and thence went to Montague to teach a district school which had been offered him for that winter. He was unusually successful in this school, and before leaving made preparation to open a select school in the autumn before the annual town school for winter should begin, which he had been asked to take again. The summer before the opening of his select school I went with him to make my first visit to the old homestead. We were having a joyous vacation when your grandpapa was taken very ill with typhoid dysentery, and was confined to his bed for weeks, his life hanging in the balance for days while his mind was wandering in the mazes of delirium. God mercifully spared him, however, to give happiness to many years of my life.

Though scarcely able to do so, he went to open the select school at the date specified in the autumn, which, greatly to his surprise, he found was to be quite large, and he sent for me to come to his assistance. He continued this school for two years. While in Montague his religious influence was as strong and persuasive as everywhere else. As soon as he was established in his school his next step was to identify himself with the church and give to it his best efforts. Always at the prayer meeting, regularly at Sabbath service and at Sunday school, the pastor found in him a help and a comfort. Ever putting foremost his labors for the Master, his life was an example of living faith. I want to send you a letter which he received the next year after he left Montague to take charge of a school in the vicinity of Boston. It was from this same pastor, who became a warm and lifelong friend. The letter manifests the high esteem in which he was held by this faithful minister. To me it is an evidence of the brotherly love existing between them:

Montague, February 9, 1852.

My Dear Mr. Richardson:

Would a short Monday morning's letter from me be better than none? Surely you will not get any this week unless I take this time when I'm hardly competent to the task of playing with a dry quill,

much less to that of composing a letter. I think I must give all my strength to my people. What! have you a prospect of a revival? O, no; not as we commonly count prospects! Sinners are full of play or business, the youth whisper as boldly on the Sabbath as ever, the church is no means alive, our last Thursday's meeting was thin. But I look up and it looks bright and promising; it shines on high. The love of God in sending his Son shines; the cross of Christ shines; the promises shine — especially the promise of the Holy Ghost; and it seems to me sometimes as though I saw Satan falling like lightning to the ground and the kingdom of Christ coming with power. And when the infinite grace of God in Jesus Christ gives me to see such shinings above, I surely ought to employ all my little strength in using means toward bringing in Christ's kingdom. . . . Now, my dear friend, give me liberty to urge you to one thing. You know we are bid to exhort one another daily. Be sure you please Christ. Do not consult the wishes of men; that is, do not aim as your end after the honor that cometh from men or their good will even, except so far as they will the same that Christ does. Look up to the eye of Christ, and aim only, only in all things to see that beam with smiles. Then if I do the same — and I beg your prayers that I may — then you and I will meet one day on those glorious heights above and look back even on our sins and mistakes and triumphs and bless the Lord forever and ever.

I remain very affectionately yours, J. H. MERRILL.

Be sure, my dear brother, you do not fail to pray most earnestly for the conversion of our youth. I cannot be denied this.

J. H. M.

In many ways this good man proved to him a friend indeed. I think you will like to read this extract also, which I find in a Report of the Board of Education, on normal schools, several years later. It was from the same kind hand:

. . . To this I may add a word from my individual experience. Upon being appointed, several years since, prudential committee of the center district in Montague, where I then resided, I repaired at once in person to the normal school in Westfield and selected and engaged a teacher. That gentleman taught two winters and two select schools in Montague, and in my opinion, by the improvements he introduced in discipline and instruction, he was instrumental of incalculable good to the whole town. Also quite a number of youths, attending school and learning his methods he introduced, afterwards taught school in Mon-

tague and elsewhere greatly to the acceptance of school committees. The introduction of normal school improvements brought on a new era in the district schools in one town in the State to my personal knowledge. Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant, J. H. MERRILL.

Perhaps you would like to see, too, the notice of the select school as it appeared in the papers:

SELECT SCHOOL IN MONTAGUE.

The subscriber will open a select school on Monday, April 7, 1851. The term is to continue eleven weeks — no school on Saturday. As usual we shall aim to be thorough. As the school will probably be small, patrons may rest assured that the advancement and general deportment of the pupils will be well cared for. Tuition as last fall — $3.00 and $3.50, depending upon the branches pursued.

C. A. RICHARDSON.

In 1851 he was elected to a grammar school in South Malden (now Everett), where he was to have an increase of salary and a larger school. He knew that it had the reputation of being a rather hard one, but had no idea of the trial in store for him in making this change.

In the following extract from a letter by one of the committee you will notice an allusion to the doubt in your grandpapa's mind as to whether he had better leave the school in Montague without having given some notice of an intention to do so:

MALDEN, December 29, 1851.

MR. CHARLES A. RICHARDSON:

. . . I cannot, in the compass of a letter, give you much definite information concerning the character of this district. It is inhabited by sons of Adam, who are very much like their brethren in these parts of New England. I know not that you will meet with any encouragements or discouragements except such as commonly fall to the lot of gentlemen of your profession. There is no insubordination in the school, though it is and long has been at a low stage of improvement. This gives you, if you should undertake it, the better chance to show what you can do. If you should succeed in raising the school to life you will at once secure the confidence and affection of a thriving community where you may, if God please, spend many pleasant and profitable years. If you

should distinguish yourself you will have a prominent place in the line of promotion. . . .

You need not feel any scruples about leaving your present situation. Your post is like any other public office, which the incumbent is always at liberty to resign for reasons satisfactory to himself. Your school committee would not hesitate to discharge you or any other teacher at a day's notice if they saw cause to avail themselves of the express provisions of the law in that respect. You have the same moral and legal right to discharge them if you can better yourself by so doing. I hope that you will feel this a call in divine Providence to change your location. . . .

Yours very respectfully, A. W. McClure.

At this time I was teaching a select school in Plymouth Hollow, Connecticut. Your grandpapa thought it would be quite as pleasant for me to assist him in school as to be teaching elsewhere, so it was decided that we be married the coming spring and I take the place of his present assistant. Accordingly I sent in my resignation and left my pleasant situation in April. We were married the third day of May, 1852. In my next I will tell you of a trying experience in connection with his teaching the school in Malden.

LETTER No. 11.

THE school in Everett proved to be a hard one, though it increased in numbers and in popularity under the new instructor. The parents appeared to be pleased and the children to enjoy their studies. But there was one boy, about sixteen years old, who had made no end of trouble in previous terms, and whose father called to see the teacher to talk over with him the conduct of his son. He was rather a rough man, but evidently wished his boy to do well.

"If Fred don't do right," said he, "I want you to lick him; and if I know when he's been licked at school I'll lick him agin when he gits home. I want you to make a good boy of him."

Your grandpapa thanked him for his interest, and assured him that he should try to do his best for the boy.

A number of weeks later your grandpapa came home one night looking much disturbed, and when I asked the cause he said "I am in great perplexity over Fred ——; he has done something that I hardly know how to deal with. School was just out this noon and most of the pupils gone when H ——, a rather troublesome girl, who was talking with him, said something to anger him, then ran to the platform where I was sitting. Fred seized one of those solid glass inkwells and deliberately aiming at her threw it across the room with all the strength he could command, accompanied with some profane and angry exclamation. Fortunately the bottle just failed of its mark, otherwise it must have killed her. I jumped to my feet frightened and called him to me.

"'Do you know,' said I, 'that if that missile had hit H —— it would probably have killed her?'

"'I wish it had. That's what I meant to do,' he replied."

For an instant your grandpapa could make no reply, then in substance he said: "Such a high-handed act as this, Fred, deserves more than ordinary treatment; you can go now. I will think the matter over and attend to the punishment at another time."

He visited his committee one by one; he consulted with his pastor; he thought over it, prayed over it, and passed two restless nights over it. All his advisers agreed that a severe punishment

was necessary, but left to the discretion of the teacher what the nature of that punishment should be. In those days the pupils were not suspended from school for misbehavior. Corporal punishment was resorted to and approved everywhere.

When three and a half days had passed Fred was told to remain after school, and two of the older pupils were detained as witnesses to the punishment. Fred confessed to his wrong, acknowledged his deserts, took off his coat at the request of the teacher, and received several blows across the back from the master's switch without flinching or uttering a sound. The next morning he was in his accustomed seat at school a well-behaved boy, and nothing was heard from the punishment except a satisfactory approval from many of the parents.

A few days later, however, the girl who had been the cause of the trouble disobeyed some rule of the school — the same for which she had been reprimanded several times before, and had been assured that if the offense was repeated she would be feruled. The teacher kept his word, and she was given three blows on her hand. This angered her so, that on going home she greatly exaggerated the story to her mother, who also made much ado about it. She made complaint to the committee, taking the aggrieved child with her, her hand snugly bandaged so as to induce pity. The removal of the bandage was demanded, and finding no occasion for sympathy the committee decidedly upheld the teacher in his discipline. Incensed at her failure she resolved on some other course for redress; she went to Fred's father, who had not been told of the punishment, and asked if his boy had recovered from his terrible whipping.

"What whipping?" asked the father.

"Why, the whipping that he got at school on such a day," mentioning the day.

"I didn't know that he had one. I hain't heard about it," he replied.

"Didn't hear anything about it? Why, it was terrible!"

"I guess it didn't hurt him much, for he didn't say nothing about it himself. Shouldn't wonder 'f he deserved it," and the father paid but little heed to her. The cunning woman knew with whom she had to deal, and was not easily turned aside from her

purpose. She now put the subject in a new light before him — magnified the disgrace to himself, the insult to his honor, the position it gave him before others if he let it pass without protest. She worked her card well until she was sure she had stirred up the lion in him and then left. That evening he came to see your grandpapa and demanded of him some apology. No explanation of the matter or reference to his former desire to make a good boy of his son had any effect; he talked in a very abusive manner, and finally when he left he vowed "he'd have the law" on him. This threat he carried out, and your grandpapa was summoned to appear before the justice of the peace and answer to a charge of "assault and battery." The trial justice was unsatisfactory, and the case was put over to the supreme court. The committee was unanimous in grandpapa's favor, and the many friends of the school rallied around him; but it made no difference, the trial must go on.

Meantime he had been asked to take a school in Dedham. This was an agreeable change, though the cloud of that expensive trial was weighing heavily upon him. At length the case was tried, and the jury stood six to six. This unsatisfactory result angered the father still more, and again he appealed to the superior court. This was indeed discouraging to your grandpapa, especially so when he knew that it was urged simply from a sense of injured pride and unwillingness to be defeated. We were constantly hearing remarks to the effect that the father regretted having meddled with the case — "His boy had never learned so much nor behaved so well. The whole thing was a mistake." While your grandpapa's case was up, we were told of several similar cases that were being tried. A change was evidently working in the minds of people as to the methods of managing the public schools. A letter from grandpapa's lawyer reads:

. . . Since you left me Mr. C.'s case has been tried and resulted in a disagreement the same as yours, with a difference that the majority was against him; and yet the case was a better case than yours, and more ingeniously and forcibly put to the jury. . . . It was the first jury; yours was the second. Upon the return of the jury in your case the judge admonished the district attorney that in his opinion the interests of the Commonwealth did not require another trial of your case, and advised that you be allowed to go upon your own recognizance at present, and ultimately the indictment be *nolle pros'd*, if in the meantime no new complaints were made against you. . . . C.

But relief was coming to your grandpapa sooner than he knew through the father himself. A letter came, just before the public examination of his school in Dedham, telling him to go at once to Mr. ——, for he was all ready to sign a paper which should *nolle pros* the suit. Here was a quandary. He could not adjourn the examination, neither could he leave it in other hands. I suggested that I go and obtain the paper from his counsel and take it over to Mr. ——; he could sign it for me perhaps as well as for him. Grandpapa looked at me with amazement. I had been quite an invalid for months, and such a proposition seemed almost wild; he would not listen to it. I entreated, however, that he could not go, neither could I care for his school. It was necessary to attend to the matter then. God would give me strength if that was the thing to be done. After long entreaty I prevailed. I must start early in the morning for Charlestown, find the lawyer, get the papers, then go to South Malden via Chelsea, taking an omnibus there which would leave me at the house of a friend, who would take me to Mr. ——'s and witness with me the signing of the document.

Early next morning I was sped on my way through a thick, falling snow by the tender prayers of an anxious husband that I might be kept in the hollow of God's hand whatever the success of my errand. Can you imagine what a day of suspense that must have been? I was very early at the lawyer's office, and while I stood shivering in the hall another door opened, and I was invited in to sit by the stove until Mr. C. should arrive. I had not long to wait. I asked with trembling if I could do the work as well as your grandpapa, and was answered with an encouraging smile and the words, "Yes; and better, far better, for he'll have more sympathy for you." You may be sure that I was comforted.

When the paper was put into my hand I started with considerable lightness of heart for Chelsea. I reached there to learn that the omnibus had just left and that there would not be another until the middle of the afternoon. It was nearly a mile and a half to my friend's house. The storm had increased in fury, and the wind was blowing a gale. My strength was exceeding small to battle with such odds across that open marsh. Nevertheless, I thought I must go, so I ventured. How many times I stopped on that jour-

ney, thinking I might never breathe again, I cannot say. But after repeated rests with my back to the wind I at last reached the friendly shelter. I have often called to mind the exclamation of Mrs. G. when I was ushered into her sitting room, and my speechless exhaustion as I almost fell upon the couch. She gave me warm drinks, chafed my hands, warmed my feet, put comfortable wraps about me, and bade me lie still until I was recovered. I had just begun to tell her my errand when her husband entered, and I delivered up my paper to him with the lawyer's message.

"Ah," said he, "this is just what I have been wanting to see; my horse is harnessed and I'll drive over at once. He is at home now, for I saw him but a few minutes ago, and he spoke on this very matter and said he wished the thing was done with. He'll sign it gladly enough, though he may want to make a little show about it." Then turning to me he added, "Mrs. Richardson, you remain just where you are; it is quite unnecessary for you to go; in fact, I think I can do better alone. I'll be back shortly with papers signed and everything all right." And so he was, and laughingly shook the paper in my face, saying such kind and pleasant things that the nervous tension was relieved, and I — well, I was overjoyed, and quite broke down.

"I never saw a man more pleased than he was to put his name to those papers," said he, "though he was a little afraid what his friends might say, and exclaimed: 'I never should have gone into this if I hadn't been driven to it. Why, I would hold up both hands to have that man come back into the school again.'" My kind friend then took me in his carriage to the station, and I returned with inexpressible gladness to a waiting and anxious husband, carrying the good news.

LETTER No. 12.

We spent two happy years in Millvillage, Dedham, but I will not write you of your grandpapa's labors there, for they are better told by another. When he entered the school he issued this circular to the parents, showing what he wanted to do:

To the Patrons of the Grove Grammar School:

My object in addressing you is to seek your hearty coöperation in carrying out my plans for the improvement of those committed to my care.

The interests of your children are as dear to you as life itself, and next to yourselves he who occupies the position of their teacher, if he is of the right spirit, can do most toward advancing their interests.

The earnest desire which I feel for their advancement and the reputation of the School induces me to call your attention to the *absolute importance* of *regular* and *punctual* attendance.

Those who are absent must *lose* the instruction imparted to the others, or else the classes must be retarded while the teacher goes over the same ground again as a special favor to the absentee; hence the absence of a child for a *single half-day* is a matter of *no little consequence*.

Every tardy scholar must disturb the School in entering, and call their attention from study nearly a moment, making in the aggregate nearly *half an hour*.

It is estimated that the time of children ten or twelve years old in school is worth *one dollar per day*, and out of school only *ninepence!*

In view, then, of the good of the School, and the importance of training your children to correct and steady habits, will you not determine that they shall be sent *regularly;* and will you not encourage the learning of at least one lesson *at home;* and, moreover, will you not encourage all our hearts and cheer us in our arduous toils in pursuit of knowledge by your *frequent visits* to the Schoolroom.

Hoping that these few suggestions may be of use in securing unity of action in our efforts to promote the true interests of the School,

I remain your and your children's friend,

C. A. Richardson.

Millvillage, Dedham, April 28, 1853.

This proved a stimulus not only to the pupils, but to the parents as well. The following report witnesses for his school:

No. Three, Millvillage.

It is perhaps the Ajax of the schools. It has more vitality and muscle and nerve than we ever witnessed there before — the first division particularly. Hesitancy was ruled out of the schoolroom; every scholar was up to time; exercises were conducted right merrily; it was as dangerous for a scholar to stumble as for an engineer to fall in running to a fire — the rest were sure to run over him; hence very few stumbled. It was an excellent school. Other districts must be on the alert or number three will pass them out of sight.

April 5, 1854.

At the close of your grandpapa's labors in Dedham as a teacher, his school gave an exhibition, which was held three evenings, the hall being found insufficient to accommodate the crowds who wished to attend. It may amuse you to read one of the notices that were issued, also the programme of exercises:

AN EXHIBITION,

— CONSISTING OF —

DECLAMATIONS, DIALOGUES, AND MUSIC,

Will be given on Monday Evening, March 20th, and repeated on Tuesday Evening, March 21st, 1854, by the Grove Grammar School, at

DR. BURGESS CHAPEL,

IN MILLVILLAGE, DEDHAM,

Commencing at 7 o'clock precisely,— FIVE DIALOGUES, three of which are original, have been prepared for the occasion, namely: —

RAILROADS; humorous, by ten lads.

THE BLOOMERS; by eight Misses, some of whom appear in that costume.

THE SEWING CIRCLE; by twelve young Ladies,— two scenes,— occupying one hour.

ALL FOR GOOD ORDER; scene, a school in session.

JONATHAN IN THE CITY; a comedy in four scenes.

It is confidently hoped that the exercises will not fail to meet the expectation of all present.

ADMITTANCE, TEN CENTS.

The proceeds of the Exhibition will be expended in enlarging the School Library.

The following appeared in a Boston daily :

Mr. Editor : Our village has been thrown into a very agreeable state of excitement by an exhibition, consisting of declamations, music, and dialogues, given by the pupils of Grove School for the purpose of enlarging their library. The first public rehearsal took place Monday evening, the twentieth instant; the house was again filled to overflowing on Tuesday evening, and at the close of this rehearsal the teacher was very unexpectedly called forward and presented with a beautiful Bible — a gift of the pupils. Mr. Richardson acknowledged the gift in a neat and appropriate speech. The exhibition was given for the third time on Wednesday evening.— *Boston Herald.*

LETTER No. 13.

YOUR grandpapa was beginning to feel much worn at this time from the constant nervous drain and the anxiety and solicitude of the past two years; neither could he feel quite contented to remain stationary as to his position in life. He was of too progressive a nature to stay in so hampered a position as that of a school teacher. He began to look about for some more congenial employment. He thought much of entering the book business in some form, either as a publisher or a dealer; but having had no experience in it, he doubted the wisdom of a venture on borrowed capital, though he had several opportunities of doing so. He resolved finally to step squarely out of teaching and make a start to prepare himself for what he was sure he should like. He went to the well-known publishing house of John P. Jewett, and offered his services at a very low figure for the sake of learning the trade. It required a firm will and a brave heart to take this step, with a feeble wife to care for and only the small amount of money which he had, by strict economy, laid aside from a school teacher's salary to live upon. This, however, he thought was the thing to do if he would be a successful man in the business he wished to adopt. Those were hard days, but we were young and hopeful, and things took on brighter coloring than they do when life has brought its experiences of disappointment, grief, and ill health.

It was some time before we could decide just how we were to live, but at length concluded that I had best go home to my mother, for a time at least, while your grandpapa would get a room in Boston and take his meals wherever he could procure them cheapest and most convenient to his place of business. The year proved to be one of bitter hardship. Discouragement and poverty stared us in the face, dogged our steps, and pierced our hearts continually.

It was always your grandpapa's custom from his earliest years to keep a diary wherein even the smallest expenses were noted, beside all the important events of his career. It pains me more than I can express to read the diary of this year and learn

the privations he endured for my sake, the meager sums he spent for food, the solicitude consequent upon my suffering, and the tender grief for my enforced absence from his care. I want to send you a few of the entries that I find in his diary that you may understand a little better what some of the self-denials were which he encountered and struggled with. The sums he paid for his breakfasts were from eight to ten cents. Once during these weary weeks and months I find an entry of eighteen cents for a single breakfast. Dinners ranged from twelve to fifteen cents, though I find one that cost twenty, while his suppers seldom exceeded six or eight cents.

It is hard for me, my dear grandchildren, to submit even to your loving eyes the letters which he wrote me at this time. They are full of tender memories and rife with sweet and private thoughts for me alone. But I yield these secrets that you may know better the real, true heart of your blessed grandpapa, the heroism that characterized him, and the Christ spirit that was in him through all his experiences:

BOSTON, May 22, 1855.

DEAREST MARY JANE:

. . . It must be a sad thing for a person to be without a home. I now have a chance to learn what it is, though I am yet quite well contented. I have no doubt that the time will come when I shall wish I could go home when night comes. . . . I know nothing more as to the future than I did when you left. It is dark, but we may trust in God. I am very, very glad you did not fail to unbosom all your sorrows to me, as I hope you do. Think of one, far away though he be, who still loves you more than he loves any other human being, and above all think of the love of Christ, and "Let not your heart be troubled." Bear up bravely and nobly, whatever may come. I have some of the time for a week past felt quite disheartened, but I think the effect of your letter has been to encourage rather than discourage me. O, let us pray earnestly that whatever comes we may have faith in Christ! There can be no harm in sorrowing at our separation, but let us be careful that we do not carry it too far, lest it be murmuring. Love to all. Hope for the best. Good night.

BOSTON, May 26, 1855.

. . . I have been reading today a book entitled *Rich and Poor*, which is very interesting and goes to show the vanity of wealth. I would

like to realize and believe more practically than I seem to the truths it inculcates. In contrast how important, how immensely important, is it to have the riches which God has promised to them that love him. Let us pray for one another that we may follow Christ more closely, more courageously, and with more zeal. What a consoling thought it is to feel that if in the providence of God while we are separated — if one of us should be called from time to eternity, how glorious is the thought that we should meet again to be forever with one another and with the Lord. I love to contemplate the joys promised to them that love Christ. Pray for me that with you I may be wholly conformed to the will and service of Christ. It seems cold, lonesome, and gloomy here tonight; how different would it seem if I could but be at home and spend the time with you — then it would be short; now it is long. It is quite late, and I can only say that I have been down to Providence and there is some prospect of my having a chance to go into business there. Be satisfied till tomorrow night when I will write more particularly.

May 30, 1855.

My Dear, Dear Mary Jane:

. . . Amidst all the toil and care and anxiety of the past few days I am very much tired out, but my health is pretty good. I am now quite hopeful, my dear wife, that I shall go to Providence to remain permanently. There is no bargain made yet, but I shall endeavor to enter upon it tomorrow morning, with the advice of Messrs. Jewett & Co., although I do not expect any financial assistance from them. I wrote out to Brigham to come and see me this afternoon. He came, and although he could not determine definitely whether he would go in with me or not, still he promised me some assistance and I shall take courage from it to go forward, as the chance seems to be so good. They tell me here that I may travel all over the West and spend several hundred dollars in looking about, and there will be no probability of finding anything that will look nearly as well for me as this does. It may not amount to anything, but I have strong faith that it will; but even should it be brought to pass, my dear, our means for expending will not be materially increased for the present probably, inasmuch as I should be so involved that I should feel it a duty to economize in every possible way. The main thing is, it would look like something for the future. I will write you every day now until the matter is decided one way or another.

Boston, June 3, 1855.

. . . The business matter rests on just as much probability and possibility as it did when I wrote you last. It seems almost certain that it must be decided before I write you again. I pray the Lord that it

may result as it seems to me now to be best; still I feel that he sees the beginning from the end, and rejoice that I can commit the whole matter into his hand feeling that he can and will do the thing that is best. Should this opening pass by, I shall feel that for some reason, though unknown to me, it was not best for us that we should go there. As you say, it is a privilege to make this the subject of special prayer, which I, and I know you, have done.

My dear wife, you know that although I am pained to hear of your feeble health, still I am always desirous to have you open your heart to me and tell me all, so that I may be the better able to sympathize with you in any pain or suffering. Do not, then, as you value my sympathy, and as you would have me enter into all your joys and sorrows, do not keep from me anything which you have any wish to disclose. I hope you are comfortable today and feel the presence of Christ. Let us love one another and let us love Christ.

Have just returned from the union Sunday-school concert at Park Street. The house was filled to overflowing, very many standing; the children sang very prettily. It would have done you good to be there. The Sabbath day is sadly profaned here, the streets are full of strollers Sabbath evenings, and probably more iniquity of a certain kind is carried on upon Sabbath night than upon any other. How delightful would seem the quiet old Puritan Sabbath we have read so much of! I have been reading every Sabbath of late *The Footsteps of St. Paul*, a new and very interesting work.

How pleasant it is to remember one another at the throne of grace, especially on Sabbath eve! Yes, we can pray for, though not with one another. How closely is our existence getting to be woven together! . . .

BOSTON, June 4, 1855.

. . . I am alone tonight, and have much of the eve yet to come in which to think of you and write to you; I love to, and I know you love to have me. It is not now probable that we shall go to Providence, and I have brought myself to feel that, as the providence of God does not favor it, it was not best that we should go. I feel so, and I want you to feel when you read this that the Lord knows best and that he will direct our path. There was a time when I felt that I must go, that it could not be otherwise; that if I did not go there I should feel as though there was no opening for us, no ray of light for the future. I have none of that feeling now, and I don't wish you to have. Perhaps the Lord is carrying us through these scenes that he may try us and show us what

manner of persons we are; let us, then, look into our hearts and look unto the Rock which is higher than we. I think I shall find my fortitude and courage increase and rise higher should misfortune assail us, but we cannot yet say that we have been unfortunate! Surely many blessings have attended us. The knowledge and experience I have obtained in investigating this Providence matter will always be valuable to me, although it results in nothing just now. I have a strong, cheerful heart, and I want you to have. I was glad to hear from you today, but sorry your poor body is no better. After all it better be so than to have the soul sick. Now, my dearest earthly friend, be of good cheer; remember the promises of God to those that serve him — "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

BOSTON, June 24, 1855.

. . . I have been alone today; I am not lonely, but still I feel the want of home and wife. . . . How delightful to be so near meeting; we could walk and thence go together as I have seen hundreds do today, and as many times have wished, but we must wait patiently. I trust our time will come by and by. Think I told you I should go about to church to various places till I found the most congenial one. Am about tired of it; want to feel at home somewhere. The mind inevitably gets tired of wandering, and wants a home to look to — an earthly and a heavenly home. Home is not always happy, but I hope and trust that ours, yours and mine, will always be a happy one; let us be careful and not expect too much. There is but one home where we can be fully satisfied; that is heaven. O what a glorious meeting when we are ushered in there and can think that we are to go no more out forever! How unworthy we to be admitted to such joys! But he is faithful who hath promised. Which of us shall be there first? Shall we know one another there? Shall we sustain any peculiar relation to each other there? What numberless questions of this kind flood the mind when we contemplate those scenes. I would bless God for such glorious prospects for those who mourn; to such, dying will be but going home. May these be our feelings whenever the last hour shall come.

Do you remember the prayer meetings we used to attend in Dr. Davis' vestry when we were first acquainted? Do you remember the prayer meetings *we* used to have during the fall term? I mean you and I alone. It is very pleasant for me to think of them. I hope and trust that we shall have many more just as interesting. And now I must say good night, hoping to see you before many more Sabbath days shall pass, and to spend one with you. Adieu, my love.

Later. It is now Sabbath night and it is rainy; as I shall not go

out to meeting, I have thought I would express some of my feelings in the form of a prayer:

O Lord, I come before thee in behalf of myself and my loved companion, who, though far away, is nevertheless near when I come to the throne of grace. We love to remember thou God sittest on the throne, that we can trust in thee and feel that thou doest all things well. We thank thee for this Sabbath; may its hallowed influence not be lost upon our souls; may we not go our way on the morrow forgetting to what a glorious eternity we are aspiring. Although we are the greatest of sinners we plead for pardon. We look for forgiveness through Christ; thou hast promised it, and thy promises are sure. Blessed be thy name that thou hast promised to forgive such sinners as we are; that thou dost say, "Whosoever will, let him come and take the water of life freely." Our Father, we hope that we have drunk from this living fountain. We pray earnestly that there may be no self-deception in our case. We know that we have loved the world more than we ought, that we have not served Christ faithfully as we promised, but, O Father, we still feel that we have a sincere hatred for sin and a strong desire to live for thee. We pray that thou wilt help us to subdue all our sinful desires and to give ourselves up more fully to thy service. May we joy to deny ourselves and to follow our Master.

Thou, Lord, knowest perfectly well all our circumstances in life; our prospects for time and eternity. We feel it to be a painful experience that we who love one another so tenderly are so long separated; but we know thy providence directs it and therefore it is right. O, may it result in uniting us both more fully to Christ! We rejoice to commend each other unto thee; may we soon meet again and such events transpire, if thou seest best, that we may no longer be separated. Give us neither poverty nor riches. May we have what is needful of the good things of this life, and though we have nothing, yet having the love of Christ may we feel that we possess all things. Thanks be to God that we hope to meet in a world where there are no separations! Preserve us tonight; give us health on the morrow to engage in the duties of the week; guide us to the close of life; go with us through the dark valley, and receive us to glory through the atonement of Christ.

BOSTON, June 29, 1855.

. . . I have just got home from the Friday evening meeting at Park Street, which was the preparatory lecture. The subject was "Long Suffering," holding out and bearing up, being able and willing to say, whatever will come, "The Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away." Mr. Stone is a most excellent speaker. I am sure you would be pleased with him. There is nothing new to write as to where I am to be, but I must know very soon. I think we each feel willing to commit our way unto

the Lord. In all my labor I love to feel that I am not only toiling for myself, but for you. In any adversity that comes I remember that the sadness is for you as well as for me, and when a new ray of promise cheers my soul I love to think it is for your happiness and well-being.

And now once more farewell, having the full assurance that you possess the warmest love and most ardent attachment of your husband.

BOSTON, July 1, 1855.

. . . I have just returned from meeting. I find it uncomfortably warm today. What a blessing is the Sabbath, temporal and spiritual, if we but improve it in the best manner! My thoughts the past week, of course, have been very much upon the uncertainty of where we are to be, but I think I find myself more and more willing to leave it all with God.

"In the world ye shall have tribulations," Christ says, but he adds, "be of good cheer, I have overcome the world;" and we are to understand by this that we can overcome the world however much we may have to meet. Perhaps the Lord is teaching us to "lay not up treasures upon earth," but in heaven. Let us try, my dear wife, to realize how infinitely important it is that we should love Christ more than the world, and secure his favor rather than the favor of the world. I think that with my present feelings I am prepared in some good measure to encounter whatever in God's providence we may be called to meet; and perhaps the more adversity, the more fortitude and the more faith and confidence in God. O, let us then toil on whatever come, and hold out, remembering that "there remaineth, therefore, a rest for the people of God." This afternoon is communion season. I wish you were here on that account, that we might partake of these emblems together. When shall we again? It may be a long time. I rejoice to know that you can commit yourself to the Lord and feel that you are entirely at his disposal, with a perfect willingness that he should do with you and with me just as it seems to him best. How I long to see you! . . .

The following brief note, which was written at the close of this long period of anxious waiting, will tell its own story. A place was unexpectedly opened for him in the store where he had so faithfully learned the duties devolving upon him:

THURSDAY EVENING, July 5, 1855.

MY DEAREST MARY JANE:

It is a long time since we separated, yet you have borne it heroically so far; can you bear it with as much fortitude if we are to be separated as much longer? I think I have been brought to the point where I have felt that the Lord's will is my will. Perhaps we have needed just all this

discipline; may it do us good. . . . Today the decision has come that I leave here tomorrow, the sixth instant. You, even, little understand the anxiety I have felt to know whether I was to remain. Anxiety not on my own account so much as yours. But I can keep you in suspense no longer. Can you, do you believe that I am to see you and you see me tomorrow? I now expect to arrive in Westfield about half past six tomorrow, and my heart would be almost too full to speak it that I am to remain here at six hundred dollars, and the hope that we may once more be together. Come to the depot if you feel able. I shall return next Wednesday night. Isn't this as much as you wish to hear?

CHARLES.

After the death of his sister Abby, which occurred in 1854 and when I was absent from him, I received a letter containing the following reference to her:

. . . I think I have realized today more than before Abby's death. I don't know why it is, except that I have had more time to think. How easy she died! Her life seemed to depart like the light of a lamp when the oil is burnt out. Her pain at the time, I think, was very little. But "the sting of death is sin." How terrible must be this sting, especially when accompanied with acute pain! "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Bend in the River. (Page 19.)

LETTER No. 14.

I NEED not tell you of the gratitude that now came to your grandpapa's heart and mine at the prospect of meeting again to be united permanently, as we hoped.

I have endeavored to show you a little of the deep and firmly grounded faith which sustained him at all times and under all trials. The struggle through which he had been passing made the brightness of our future prospects all the more glorious; yet you can little understand how great the brightness was when on July 6 he came to Westfield to see me, with a situation established, a salary assured, and a prospect that we were to have a home. When he returned on the eleventh I returned with him for a short stay in Franklin with your great-grandpapa and great-grandma until we could arrange for more permanent quarters. We soon went to South Malden to board, where we were two very happy people. Our hearts were full of praise to God, who had delivered us from the gloom of the great cloud that had so long enveloped us.

Wednesday, October 10, your mamma was laid into my arms as my own precious baby. How changed everything seemed to us now — the night of our deep darkness gone, the sun shining upon a full, clear day of union, home, child! Could God bless us more? We had not thought to ask for more, but God gave without the asking. He had had us in his keeping, and we believe now that all the trying and hard experiences which we had been passing through had been fitting him for the great work he was so soon to assume.

In December we went to housekeeping in Chelsea, and were living there frugally on his salary of $600 in the spring of 1856. His duties in the store at this time were very laborious, often detaining him late at night and calling him early in the morning.

Just across the street was the office of the *Congregationalist.* He often met the men who had its management as they came into the bookstore, but I do not think that a thought of ever being connected with the paper had crossed his mind at any time until Deacon Fay died in 1855. Then your grandpapa naturally asked who was to be his successor. He also inquired into the obliga-

tions required of one in such a position, and he became convinced that it would be a congenial work, one that would lead into a channel of religious study and improvement such as he desired more than anything else. He applied for the situation, and after due deliberations and formalities was successful. In his diary that year I find the following record:

Thursday, January 17, 1856. Signed papers to go into the *Congregationalist* office, having bought one fourth part of the paper for $1,375. Paid for drawing papers, $2.

In less than three minutes after he had signed the contract which made him an owner, his coat was off, and turning to Thomas Todd, a young man of all work who had been connected with the paper from its beginning, he said, "Thomas, I'm ready to go to work; what shall I do?"

Looking up, Thomas replied, "Well, I don't see as there is anything to do just now unless you take hold and help me direct these papers."

It was no sooner suggested than he was sitting down to the work with a mingled inspiration of energy and ambition, on fire with youthful zeal and new-found hopes. He worked with his might, but write as fast as he would he saw that Thomas could easily turn off three papers to every two of his. He stood it as long as possible, then seeing that he could not match him he suddenly stopped, and looking up with the great drops of perspiration standing out over his forehead, he called out jovially, "Look here, Thomas, you are a fraud; you know you are putting that all on!"

The *Congregationalist* was one of the several small, partially religious papers started the same year with the *Independent*, in 1849; but it was strictly in the interests of the new school of Congregationalists, then taking a more liberal position as against the extreme views of many of the older theologians like Drs. Nathaniel Emmons, Jonathan Edwards, Lyman Beecher, and others. Its headquarters were at 120 Washington Street, in a small room with no special editorial apartment; and the paper was managed in the most simple manner, with but little system or regularity, as its supervisors were all ministers in pastorates. Deacon Galen James, of Medford, was the chief owner; Deacon Fay, son of Rev. Warren Fay, of Charlestown, was his associate. The editorials were writ-

ten under the supervision of Dr. R. S. Storrs, of Braintree, Dr. Edward Beecher, Dr. H. M. Dexter, Rev. Parsons Cook, and others, who gathered weekly in this one room of all work to hold their social and not unpleasant meetings for discussing the necessities of the times and the paper, deciding what subjects were to be brought before the public and who should be responsible for them.

Your grandpapa was entirely ignorant of newspaper work, but he had a determined purpose, indomitable courage, an unyielding will, and an energy that knew no bounds save in physical limitations. In the new business he spared neither himself nor those whom he employed. Since giving up hard study and the nervous work of teaching, his habits of living being also changed, he had gained in vigor and strength and his health was much firmer, and he could not understand why one man should not have equal energy with another. He had been interested in the paper for some time, and had sent an occasional article to its columns. The first one ever published from his pen was a brief account of the great revival which occurred in Westfield, of which I wrote you. I am glad I preserved it that I may be able to send you this short extract :

[*The First Article in the "Congregationalist."*]

THE REVIVAL IN WESTFIELD.

MESSRS. EDITORS :

I notice it stated in the last *Congregationalist*, in reference to the late revival in Westfield, that several of the young men connected with the normal school have become its hopeful subjects. I have waited with much solicitude for an account of the interesting work which has been accomplished in that institution, thinking that the religious community would be interested in the statement. But having seen no account, I submit the following to your discretion. The interest commenced in the school about the last of September and extended to both males and females. The young ladies held a series of weekly prayer meetings during the spring term which continued in the fall, and it was proposed to the young men that they should meet for a similar purpose. An appointment was accordingly made, but on account of the inclemency of the weather and the want of interest, it was not until it had been made the third time that the first prayer was offered up. At that time, however, there seemed to be considerable interest, and several were present who professed no interest in the Saviour. One of whom then

declared himself on the Lord's side and spoke of the peace he had found in believing, urging his companions to seek the Saviour then. These meetings were held weekly, and the number who attended constantly increased until almost every male member was included. Never shall I forget those prayer meetings, at which many a poor sinner has first openly unburdened his guilt or made known his hope in Christ. This interest continued to increase until it seemed to be the main topic of conversation among the students. At night, upon the close of school, might be seen in the hall groups gathered here and there inquiring after the welfare of each other's souls or striving to lead some burdened sinner to the foot of the Cross. There seemed to be a subject of more importance even than intellectual improvement; and in some instances individuals were permitted to absent themselves from school, their minds being so heavily burdened as to render them wholly unfit for study. Never shall I forget the last of that series of prayer meetings. It was one of the most interesting and affecting scenes I ever witnessed. There were present those who had just tasted the Saviour's love who had met as schoolmates for a few short weeks, but were soon to part, perhaps never to meet again on earth. It sometimes seems to me that if there is efficacy in prayer it must be that the Lord will deign to hear and answer the earnest supplications which were then offered that we might be faithful and accomplish much good in the world. But the scenes are now past; those students are scattered far and wide, many having assumed the responsibility of teachers. O, how different were the emotions in many minds as they left at the close of the term from what they were at the commencement! As the parting hand was offered and the farewell word spoken, earnest was the request, "Pray for me." About forty have been hopefully converted, including about an equal number of each sex.

C. A. R.

LETTER No. 15.

When your grandpapa went into the *Congregationalist* it had about four thousand subscribers, yet he saw in it his great opportunity to do something in the line of Christian activity, especially for the church at large, and he went to work with a determination that held within its grasp success. He was ready to toil early and late. He realized that the proprietors must be their own workmen. In every department his was a ready hand; if things pressed too hard in the business room he was there to help lighten the load; if the mailing was behind, he was on hand to see what he could do there; if books were to be examined and reviewed he took them home to read into the late hours of the night. He seldom came home to his dinner because he could not spare the time; he looked more or less after the advertising; he was on the alert for every bit of fresh news that should help to give dignity and patronage to the paper. His first effort was to make it a journal which should be indeed a "religious newspaper." This he made it, seeking religious intelligence from every possible quarter; he took it upon himself to attend all the gatherings and meetings of importance, for he must be his own reporter in those days.

How weary and exhausted he used to get during the anniversary week in Boston, when so many different meetings were held, morning, afternoon, and evening! If during these meetings he found it difficult to finish his report in season to come home for the night, he would stay over, not to the luxury of a bed in a hotel, for he could not afford that, but often and often in those early days he made the counter in his office his bed, with a few newspapers for a pillow and his shawl or coat for a blanket. When manuscript accumulated so as to crowd upon necessary work in the office, he would bring it home by the basketful, and we would sit down together for a long evening's work of reading and criticism. Occasionally I would find in that brainy basket an unopened envelope, which had got accidentally hidden away among the papers, containing subscription money. "Ah!" I would say playfully, "this belongs to the finder of course." "I wish it were

mine to give you," he would answer, "but it belongs to the paper and not to me."

It was a great pleasure to me to be able to assist him in this work, and thus share in all his hopes and plans for the future of the paper into which he was so joyously weaving his life, beat by beat and throb by throb. His aim was high. He sought the best for his readers. He prayed for his paper as for his child, that he might give to it his highest spiritual and moral life, making it a success for the good of others. He loved the work and threw all his soul into its accomplishment until I began to fear that his health would be undermined. He was young and progressive and had not a thought of sparing himself any task that seemed necessary. I think the gladness of heart in finding a work which he could make sacred, however, sustained him. But he never became so absorbed in business as to neglect his religious duties. It only increased his zeal for the cause of Christ and his ardor for the church.

Dr. H. M. Dexter still continued his association with the journal, writing its weekly editorials. The proprietorship was composed of Deacon Galen James and Mr. W. L. Greene beside your grandpapa. Mr. Greene became one of the partners in the paper at the same time with your grandpapa, and at once took charge of the business department, your grandpapa being the managing editor. Hard as he labored on his own, I find that he often secured some minutes for other newspapers. A long report appeared in the Boston *Journal* by his pen of the meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, held in Providence the year following his initiation into the mysteries of newspaper making.

A second improvement on the paper was to reduce as soon as possible the length of many of the heavier articles, especially those on theology and kindred debatable subjects, of interest mainly to students or persons engaged in professional studies but not to the general public nor read by a great majority of the subscribers. The labor on newspapers was much more difficult then than now. It involved a large amount of manual effort. For instance, the books containing the list of subscribers were kept in writing instead of being printed. The papers sent in

single wrappers were folded and directed by the proprietors themselves with the assistance of their employees. They did their own mailing, and to secure new subscribers they employed canvassing agents.

In the year 1860 the proprietors found their one room quite too small and looked for new quarters at 15 Cornhill, whither they removed. The list of subscribers in these four years had increased not a little, and the managing editor had grown neither sleepy nor lax in his daily efforts. His enthusiasm for his work steadily increased, and he found a pleasurable excitement in reporting meetings in which such men as Dr. A. L. Stone, Prof. C. E. Stowe, Rev. Dudley Tyng, and Dr. G. P. Cheever figured. This was just before the war when Dr. Nehemiah Adams, supported by Dr. G. W. Blagden, uttered on these occasions sentiments of sympathy for the South, calling forth protests of disapproval from their audiences. Once he listened to Henry Ward Beecher in one of his great addresses, in which he charged those as being infidels who whine at the preaching of the gospel as a penance. Again he attended a meeting where Drs. J. E. Todd and G. W. Bethune advocated the cause of the Southern Aid Society. The latter slandered the New England ministry, while Drs. Stone and Cheever came down with crushing eloquence against slavery. All these were thrilling meetings, and made your grandpapa's young blood tingle in his veins and set his soul on fire to help in the good cause of advancing Christ's kingdom in whatever way he could.

For more than twenty years he reported the meetings of the American Board held in Boston in connection with the May anniversaries. He also reported many of the annual meetings when held in distant cities, and the hard work being over he would extend his journey in order to gather new material for general articles. I will note down for you a few of the places where he went to report: Newark, New Jersey; Salem and Springfield, Massachusetts; Providence, Rhode Island, when Drs. Hopkins, Anderson, Muzzy, Ferris, and Blodgett figured, and Dr. Thompson, of Buffalo, preached the sermon. He was also at St. Louis, Missouri; Detroit, Michigan; Cleveland, Ohio; Chicago, Illinois; Pittsburg, Pennsylvania; Minneapolis, Minnesota; Rutland, Vermont, and various other places. He always managed to see some-

thing of these cities and became acquainted with their principal characteristics before leaving. He was not confined to the reporting of these meetings in particular, but included all the religious gatherings belonging to our denomination, such as the American Home Missionary Society, the American Missionary Association, Sunday-School Association, Social Science Association, State Conferences, General Associations, National Council, etc., etc., with the great Sunday-School Centenary held in London.

It was while he was absent on one of these reportorial expeditions, attending the meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions which was held in Newark, that he met with a perilous adventure which caused us both extreme anxiety. He was to be away several days, and I sent for your mamma's Aunt N. to come and stay with me. When he bade me good-by on the day of his departure he assured me that he should take the Sound boat from New York for home at five o'clock the next Friday night, and would thus be in the office again early Saturday morning. When Friday morning came a strange feeling of anxiety took possession of me, and I was quite unhappy all day, telling your grandpapa's sister that I felt her brother to be in great danger and that I could not wait to hear or learn something from him. I was not able to explain my feelings, neither did I like to tell her the indistinct picture which seemed to hang constantly before my eyes all through the day. Indeed, I could not define it myself. I simply saw him in great peril, as if something was ready to fall upon and crush him, and yet it was stayed by some unknown power which would ultimately save him. Friday night I slept but little, and on Saturday morning I was so overcome by my feelings that I could not control myself. It was my usual baking day, but I did not attempt any work. I dressed myself and prepared to go into Boston. My sister-in-law was greatly surprised and made light of the matter. That did not disturb me, and I started with a heavy heart. I went directly to the office on Cornhill and climbed the stairs. I dared not open the door, though it was nearly ten o'clock and the boat had been due three hours previous. Being confident that your grandpapa was not there and I should be so overcome that they would not understand what to make of it, it was some time before I could reason myself into the right feeling, which all the time

hovered over me, that while in danger he was to be spared. Finally I conquered and opened the door. Deacon James was standing near, and immediately after bidding me a cheerful good morning said, "Well, Mrs. Richardson, the good man has not arrived yet, and we are afraid something has happened to him." Looking up into my face he at once changed his tone of fear to, "No, I think more likely that they were having such a good meeting last night he wanted to stay and hear it through, and so failed to reach the boat."

By this time I had recovered myself, and replied: "No, Deacon James, he started on the boat last night as he said he should, unless he was too ill to do so, and if too ill for that he was too ill to send me word. Something has most surely happened to the boat — some terrible accident, I fear." He now saw well enough the depth of my anxiety, and talked hopefully but was unable to reassure me. I said: "My husband always keeps his word; he has never failed me but once since I knew him, and that he could not help and notified me as soon as it was possible. So I *know* that he started last night if he were able. He is in trouble."

Though he urged me to sit and wait awhile, I could not, and started down the stairs hardly knowing where I was going. I walked aimlessly up Washington Street with my head bowed and thoughtless of most that was going on around me. As I was nearing the Old South Church some one laid a hand on my shoulder, and I looked up into your grandpapa's pale, haggard face. He appeared to have passed through a terrible illness.

"O, what is the matter?" I cried. "Nothing now, but I have been through a severe shock, caused by an accident on the boat," said he. "But, my dear, I am here now, and quite safe, so brighten up. I will tell you all about it when I get home. It is enough at present to know that I am here. You look ill, and had better go directly home;" which I did. I cannot explain the experience nor the strange picture which had impressed me, but when your grandpapa told me the story of the accident it looked just as I had seen it floating before my eyes.

It seems that the boat started at the usual time, passed through Hell Gate, and was on its way apparently without danger. Your grandpapa had sat for some time on deck watching the scene

around, under the splendors of the full moon, and, as he said, wishing that I was with him to enjoy it. After getting somewhat weary he had gone into the saloon, and was drowsily leaning against the central mast when, without warning, the boat was shaken from bow to stern as a dog would shake a woodchuck. He was instantly on his feet, not knowing what was the matter or whither to flee. He knew there was danger, and seizing a life-preserver followed the rushing and terrified crowd on deck. There he met consternation and alarm. A lurid fire seemed to be pouring over the side of the vessel, and every one thought she was burning; in their mad haste some were making ready to spring overboard, some were only held back by force. It was not long, however, before the captain appeared, and shouted: "You are all safe! The vessel is not on fire; it is only the coal being thrown out from under the boiler to check the heating of the water and the escaping of steam. We are safe, but disabled. We must remain here until we can be taken off by some other boat." Then he told them that the walking beam had broken, and had torn its way down through the boat, smashing through every floor until it reached the iron bottom, where it was stayed and the danger was over.

Your grandpapa went back to the saloon to realize how narrow had been his own personal escape. Where he had sat drowsily resting there was a hole through the floor the size of a small bedroom; the mast against which he had so comfortably leaned had been snapped like a pipestem just about where his shoulder had rested; but an invisible hand had been held out to rescue him. Our prayers were thanksgivings. What a deep impression that experience made upon your grandpapa's life in his sense of his own absolute helplessness and his surer rest in the hands of a loving God! It is through just such experiences that we are all helped in our own trust and that we help one another; as proof of this statement, at the next Friday evening meeting it became the topic for prayer and conference and for devout thanksgiving.

LETTER No. 16.

In the year 1861 the great War of the Rebellion broke out. This enlarged the scope of your grandpapa's work by the demand for fresh news and vigorous opinions. He planned and prepared a careful weekly summary of the latest and most accurate war news, which proved to be a feature of widespread interest from the fact that it was culled and sifted, and therefore always reliable. None but confirmed news was ever permitted in the summary. It was copied extensively by other journals; and doubtless that increased the circulation of the *Congregationalist* quite a good deal, for in 1863 six thousand new names had been added to the list of subscribers.

Your grandpapa was a true Christian patriot. His heart throbbed for his country, and at its cry for help he suffered as did many another from a conflict of duties. He was in a strait betwixt two. He longed to offer himself for his beloved land if needed. But was he really needed? Surely the attack upon Sumter was but a flash of defiance, and would shortly be over. I was a helpless invalid, and he had a far-reaching and important work upon his hands. What ought he to do? We prayed and talked over it, and I did not fail in arguments by which I might hold him to my side. I did not mean to be untrue to my home and country; but I pleaded my feeble health; I pleaded for my children; I laid their claims upon him should they be left orphans by his going; I was wholly unable to cope with the world for their support; and I should be left without means. Then I urged the help he might render to a large circle of those who were obliged to send sons and husbands by the news through the columns of his paper. Still further, I urged that the call was not loud enough to summon men in his position until the young men without families had offered themselves. Was I to be blamed? I was so very ill! O, how reverently I remember his coming to my bedside the night after the news of the Baltimore Riot. My life had been despaired of for several days. How vividly I recall that night when he sat down at the head of my bed, and taking my

hand in his held it very gently without speaking, as if afraid of breaking the brittle thread that held me to life and to himself. I could feel the warm tears drop one by one, wetting my fingers as if kissing them silently. I knew that something agitated him greatly, yet I was too weak to talk, and lay very quiet. At length he spoke so low and tenderly: "My dear, I have thought much, you know, of enlisting for the war, but tonight I give it up. I do not feel strong enough to say good-by to you. It breaks my heart to see you so ill. I thought when the terrible news of yesterday reached us that I must go; now, when I find you so sick, my courage fails me and I shrink and grow reluctant. I must wait until the call is louder. As you say, I may not be needed after all, so I will wait and see what God will have me do. If he means for me to go I will be ready. I do not feel sure now. I can aid those who do go, and I will serve those who are left."

With the heavy burdens that your grandpapa was carrying during these trying years of the war not the least among them was the severe strain of the imprisonment of his brother, Albert D. Richardson, in the Southern prisons for twenty-one long and weary months. The thoughts of his sufferings and probable death, the distress felt for his poor wife — who was at one time in the agony of despair because of no hope, at another buoyed up with the most sanguine expectation for his release, until her weary brain could bear the torture no longer and death came to her relief — the efforts that were constantly being made for his freedom by exchange or otherwise, while the government was apparently so indifferent to secure it — though probably no one in the army had rendered higher or more effectual service as a correspondent of one of the leading papers of the land — all these things led to a nervous prostration from which your grandpapa did not recover entirely for several years. He grew pale and worn. About this time I received a call one day from the senior partner, who cautioned me with decided feeling to "take good care of Mr. Richardson" and to urge upon him the necessity of a lengthy vacation; for, said he, "We at the office are unable to induce him to leave. He thinks he cannot be spared because of the amount of work and the few to do it. But I tell you, Mrs. Richardson, we can let him go now for a little much better

than we can afford to have him break down entirely, which he certainly will if he does not have some rest. It would be a severe blow to us if anything should disable him so as to lay him aside. Why, he has the most remarkable executive ability of any man I ever met!"

The paper had been growing steadily in strength and popularity and had constantly been increasing in patronage, until in 1865 it had reached nearly fifteen thousand subscribers and was well established as a worthy and reliable religious journal, representing almost exclusively the interests of the Congregational denomination in New England and the East. With the growth of the denomination and its increasing power there began to be a good deal of agitation with regard to starting a paper for its special representation in the West. Your grandpapa received more or less communications from committees appointed to confer on the matter. I send you a brief extract from one, that you may understand how his work as a journalist had become known and acknowledged in the West:

DEAR MR. RICHARDSON:

. . . You have known the history of the *Christian Era* written by itself the last two years. We inclose to you a letter written by Mr. Hand, the proprietor, offering it for sale. . . . We greatly need a paper and must have one. It has been thought that after a little the three State papers might be united in one at Chicago. Upon no one, we think, would the friends in the Northwest unite more cordially than upon yourself. It is possible that the time has not yet come for such a union, though it is possible the other papers would even now consider proposals.

Our seven hundred churches in the Northwest, our seminary, and our denominational interest demand and are suffering for the lack of a central organ. No Eastern papers, no Pilgrim letters can take the place. We shall be glad to have you consider the propositon of Mr. Hand, and in connection with it the whole question of a paper for the Northwest. May we not hear from you in this matter? With sincere Christian esteem, Yours truly, etc.

This invitation troubled your grandpapa quite a little, for he had many advisers at each end of the line, both to go and to stay. He finally decided to remain steadfast and true to his first love. The next year the same subject was renewed with the following urgent call:

. . . Everybody in Michigan and Illinois is hungry for an Interior

paper. You could at once have access to the list of the old subscribers to the *Congregational Herald*, and I think, also, to a large and more recent list of names which Mr. ——— has recently gathered. I have no doubt that a paper started right here and pushed aright would give five hundred subscribers the first year and might be run up even to a thousand. All feel the need of a paper. The people want it. . . .

Yours, etc.

The project now began to assume a serious aspect, for your grandpapa queried whether it might not be a call from God. This was one among the trying questions of the year of 1866 to be settled. Another cause for anxiety that year was the withdrawal of Dr. Dexter from the editorial staff. They had so long depended upon him for the weekly contribution to their columns that it was with much regret they released him; but his duties had grown too onerous with the building of the new Berkeley Street Church, over which he was pastor, and it seemed to him to be an absolute necessity to give that and his people his undivided attention, which he could not do with editorial work.

Every change of editorial force demands for a time some increase of labor from those who remain, especially from the managing editor. But the live issues of the *Congregationalist* must not falter under any circumstances, nor did they. With these encroachments there was no stay of advance. Your grandpapa, having often heard the readers of the paper speak of cutting out and preserving various articles from its columns, thought perhaps it might be a pleasant thing to make some short and desirable selections from the paper and publish them in book form. Accordingly, during this same year the paper issued a book, entitled *Household Readings*, made up from its own publications. This proved a great success as a prize for new subscribers, for which it was used, I think, exclusively.

The year 1866 was also the time for the Triennial Jubilee of the Westfield Normal School. Your grandpapa was president of the association, and had many things to attend to in order to insure a successful day. As no one can use his strength constantly without ill effects, for "a continual dropping will wear away stone," so when he refused to take the proper recreation nature asserted herself, and, refusing to serve his activity longer, laid him upon a sick bed with an attack of nervous prostration a few days before

the festivities were to occur. His work was accomplished for it, but he was denied its enjoyment. He had prepared his address of welcome, and hoped with much satisfaction to introduce his brother as the speaker of the day. Alas for human hopes! He now realized that he, too, had nerves and was subject to weariness of the flesh even as others, and that there was no alternative but rest if he would pursue his work most effectually.

Then it was that we took our first carriage trip of any distance with health for our aim. With a life in the open air, freedom from care, and entire relaxation, he hoped to gain the end desired. As soon as he got strong enough to arrange matters at the office for a considerable absence, he drove our horse and carriage to Derry, New Hampshire, where I was boarding to recover from a term of invalidism. After remaining there for a while we went out upon a drive of about one hundred and fifty miles, stopping at short intervals for rest, or visiting for the night among friends, until at length we arrived at the old homestead in Franklin to remain for a few weeks of quiet.

In 1867, the next year, and after an absence of some sixteen months, Dr. Dexter was persuaded to resume the place of editor-in-chief on the *Congregationalist*. He resigned his pastorate of the Berkeley Street Church and purchased an interest in the paper. This was a glad day to your grandpapa, though the doctor took only the same work as before — the weekly editorials, with the addition of the book reviews — but with it was the interest and responsibility of a proprietor. The same year your grandpapa made strenuous efforts to purchase the old *Boston Recorder*, with several other small papers, and he was successful in running up the list of subscribers to twenty-five thousand. With all these additions the responsibilities and anxieties grew rapidly, and more laborers must be employed. Assistant editors were brought into the work, extra hands must be called in, and so the interest was ever moving upward.

In 1869 your grandpapa was so worn that his physician declared a long rest and entire relief from office work, with change of scene and climate, as absolutely necessary. In my next letter I shall tell you what a great surprise came to me, and how this change was brought about.

LETTER No. 17.

How surprised I was when your grandpapa came home one evening and announced to me that he had decided to go abroad for awhile, provided he could get a companion to travel with him, and asked if I would be that companion! As I had a dear little babe of six months, who was very delicate and required much attention, I did not suppose that he could be in earnest, and only smiled as I replied that I should really like to go for his sake, but did not see how I could leave the baby.

"Well, then, I must give it up," said he, "because we can never do what we are really unable to do. I am sorry; I have seen the doctor today, and he says I ought to have a thorough rest and change, and if I don't get it soon I shall be compelled to take it 'willy nilly.' I ought not to go alone in my present condition, that is certain; but if you cannot leave, why we will drop the whole matter and I'll say no more about it. Perhaps something else will accomplish as much for me, though the doctor was rather anxious that I should try a sea voyage."

This put a serious phase upon the subject at once, and I asked if the decision must be made that night.

"O, no!" said he, "but I would like you to think of it rather seriously, and tell me as soon as possible, so I may decide soon what to do. I am conscious that some change is necessary."

As I am not writing you about myself it is not important to tell you of the mental struggle I passed through in coming to a conclusion to leave an invalid babe in the hands of a stranger, as I supposed I should be obliged to if I went.

A kind Providence, however, brought me help in the thoughtfulness of friends who came to my relief in the care of the three little ones I was to leave behind. Your mamma would still remain in the family of Rev. J. H. Merrill in Andover, where she had been for some months, attending school. The excellent nurse who had cared for my baby, but who had already made arrangements to go home, kindly offered to take the two younger children (the baby, Mary Agnes, and your Aunt A., who was then seven years old) to Westfield to remain with them under your great-grandmamma's

loving supervision until we could return from our journey. Now what could I say? You see that I had no excuse for not going, and at the end of a week we began to make plans for our departure. We gave our little one into God's hands; we feared that she was already sealed for transplanting not many months hence. But your grandpapa was ill and had need of me, and my place was at his side first. Duty could lead in but one path.

In a little more than two weeks the younger children, with the nurse, were at their grandmamma's. I remained in Boston to clear out our rooms and prepare the goods for storing. We were to sail on the steamship "Pereire" of the French line to Havre. After disposing of our goods I was to follow the children to Westfield on Wednesday of the week of our sailing. Grandpapa was to join me Thursday night, on Friday we would go on to New York to spend the night with your Uncle Albert, and on Saturday we were to sail. Thus far everything had been very propitious and a smiling providence had surrounded us. But discouragements were in store and our faith was to be sorely tried. When I reached Westfield on Wednesday I found our precious baby too sick with congestion of the lungs to recognize me. The physician was out of town; but fortunately I had with me my case of homeopathic remedies, and I immediately prepared the proper medicines and began to administer them often and regularly, at the same time applying cold compresses to the chest of the little sufferer. All night I watched her breathing, attended promptly to every necessity, and in the morning I had the satisfaction of seeing a great improvement in her condition. On Thursday she appeared quite like her sunny little self. As you will recollect, I was to expect your grandpapa at seven o'clock that evening. When seven o'clock came he did not appear; eight, nine, ten, and even eleven o'clock came, and yet he remained away. For two nights I had not slept, but nothing could pull my eyes together now, as I watched and waited with almost feverish anxiety. At length, shortly before twelve, I caught the sound of his familiar "ahem," and soon the door opened and he came softly upstairs to tell me that he was safe, though an accident had occurred which might easily have proved very serious. One mile east of Palmer a rail was broken, which threw the entire train from the track. The scene was fright-

ful, but no one was injured. With these several disasters so quickly upon us, the anticipated journey took on an air of dread which I had not expected. But there was no time for forebodings now, nor for delay, and early Saturday morning found us on our way to New York, having hope of the baby's complete restoration, though we were sad to leave her so feeble. We had no further drawbacks until fairly out to sea. Then the dreaded enemy of ocean travelers played his pranks upon us and kept us in our berths for quite a number of days. In spite of it, however, your grandpapa began to feel the benefit of the rest, and though he did not gain much in the brief trip across the water, he improved daily and quite rapidly after reaching Europe. I am sure he would have improved much faster if he could have been persuaded to throw every thought of his journal to the winds and care only for himself. That he was not able to do; his mind was on the alert for every possible material which might be utilized for his paper. During this trip of about three months he wrote no less than twenty-four letters to the *Congregationalist*, beside various fugitive articles and special editorials; occasionally something would find its way to some other periodical.

Six weeks we waited for home news, and great was our joy when at last the letter reached us telling of the improvement of our sick one and the health of the rest of the dear friends. We traveled rapidly and saw a great deal, though not with the thoroughness that is desirable for real study. On our return your grandpapa found himself wonderfully restored, and had no difficulty in making use of all his "Notes by the Way."

To give you some idea of his patient observance and care even for minor details I will inclose in this letter a schedule which he prepared, after getting home, of the distances he had traveled and the cost it involved. He did this at first because he thought he should like it for reference at some time in the future; but in showing it to some of his friends he found they were quite desirous of keeping it. This prompted him to have several hundred copies of them printed, and they were so often called for that eventually they were all given away. As you look it over carefully you will probably smile a good many times at the thought of such a patient summing up. The schedule will give you a very good idea of the

extent of country we traveled over, the cities we visited, and the delightful side excursions which we took in. With your grandpapa's systematic way of doing work it was natural that his journey should be thoroughly laid out before venturing forth; and so it was up to the day of starting for home again. It is quite remarkable, too, that all the plan was carried out with the exception of two minor things in the line of castle visiting. I know you would be surprised if I should tell you how many people have asked for one of these schedules and have expressed gratitude for the help it has afforded them. Even as late as the present year I have had several calls for them, and greatly regretted that I had in my possession only one souvenir copy.

Trip to Europe, March 17—July 25, 1869.

C. A. RICHARDSON and WIFE were absent on their trip to Europe four months and five days, and traveled in all about 12,300 miles, as follows:

1869.		Miles.	Single Fare, in Specie.
March 17.	Boston to Westfield	110	$3.55
" 18.	To New York	132	4.05
" 20–31.	Steamer Pereire to Havre, HOTEL DE L'EUROPE,	3,300	85.00
April 1.	To Rouen, HOTEL D'ANGLETERRE	50	*2.00
" 2.	" Paris, HOTEL DU LOUVRE, HOTEL DE LATHENEE, and No. 9 Rue Castiglione	88	2.31
" 13.	" Lyons, HOTEL COLLET	316	8.53
" 15.	" Marseilles, HOTEL DE MARSEILLES	217	4.75
" 16.	" Nice, HOTEL DE GRAND BRETAGNE	141	*5.04
" 17.	Steamer to Genoa, HOTEL DE LA VILLE	120	6.40
" 19–20.	Steamer to Leghorn, HOTEL DU NORD	110	5.00
" 20.	To Rome, HOTEL D'ANGLETERRE	160	5.75
" 21.	" Naples, HOTEL DE RUSSIE	162	*6.90
" 27.	" Rome, HOTEL D'ANGLETERRE	162	*6.98
May 4.	" Pisa, HOTEL VICTORIA	172	*8.02
" 5.	" Florence, HOTEL ALLIANCE	49	1.46
" 8.	" Milan, HOTEL CAVOUR	210	*9.21
" 10.	" Arona, HOTEL DE ITALIA	42	1.20
" 10–11.	" Sierra, by diligence, 22 1-2 hours over Simplon Pass, HOTEL BAUR	130	6.00
" 12.	" Bouveret	55	

The * indicates double fare.

1869.				Miles.	Single Fare, in Specie.
May	12.	By steamer to Geneva, MADAM BINFIELD'S PENSION		45	
"	15.	To Berne, HOTEL BELLEVUE		102	$2.41
"	17.	" Interlaken *via* Lake Thun, HOTEL VICTORIA		34	.87
"	18.	" Lucerne, *via* Lake Brienz, and through Brunig Pass, by private carriage, HOTEL SCHWEIZERHOF		46	2.60
"	20.	" Zurich, HOTEL BAUR AU LAC		30	*1.30
"	21.	" Strasburgh, HOTEL DE PARIS		162	4.12
"	22.	" Baden Baden, HOTEL VICTORIA		40	.86
"	24.	" Heidelberg, PRINCE CHARLES		57	1.32
"	24.	" Frankfort, HOTEL D'ANGLETERRE		54	1.14
"	25.	" Cologne, *via* Mayence and the Rhine, HOTEL DU NORD		150	2.44
"	26.	" Amsterdam, BROCK'S DOELEN HOTEL		163	3.90
"	27.	" Leyden, LION DE OR		27	.80
"	28.	" Rotterdam, NEW BATH HOTEL		23	.64
"	"	" Antwerp, HOTEL DE L'EUROPE		50	2.05
"	29.	" Brussels, HOTEL DE L'EUROPE		26	.65
June	1.	" Ostend		80	1.34
"	1–2.	" London, Mrs. Wood's, 75 Southampton Row, Russell Square		136	3.80
"	18.	" Oxford, ROEBUCK HOTEL		60	2.08
"	19.	" To Stratford-upon-Avon, RED HORSE		40	1.75
"	"	" Birmingham, HEN AND CHICKENS HOTEL		20	.80
"	25.	" Bangor, *via* Liverpool, HOTEL BELLEVUE		154	6.75
"	24.	" Liverpool, HOTEL VICTORIA		75	2.25
"	25.	" Manchester, TREVELYAN HOTEL		37	1.56
"	26.	" Edinburgh, COCKBURN'S HOTEL		230	6.62
"	29.	" Stirling, GOLDEN LION		36	*1.50
"	30.	" Callander		16	.50
"	"	" Trossachs, by carriage		10	.87
"	"	" Loch Katrine		8	.62
"	"	" Inversnaid		8	.62
"	"	" Loch Lomond to Tarbet		3	.30
July	1.	" Oban, by coach, CALEDONIAN HOTEL		56	6.12
"	3.	" Inverarnan, by coach		50	5.00
"	"	On Loch Lomond		24	.75
"	"	" Ballock to Glasgow, WAVERLY HOTEL		20	.62
"	5–6	" Belfast, Ireland		129	2.89
"	6.	" Portrush, COLMAN'S HOTEL		68	*2.12
"	"	" Londonderry, HOTEL IMPERIAL		40	1.25
"	7.	" Dublin, GRESHAM HOTEL		209	7.25
"	9.	" Killarney, R. R. HOTEL		186	*8.54

1869.		Miles.	Single Fare, in Specie.
July 10.	To Cork, IMPERIAL HOTEL	67	*$2.12
" 12.	" Queenstown, QUEEN'S HOTEL	6	*.25
" 14–25.	" Boston, by Steamer Siberia, QUINCY HOUSE,	2,700	89.25

SIDE EXCURSIONS.

		Miles.
April 7–8.	Paris to London, and return ($22.00), Charing Cross and Golden Cross	600
" 7.	Paris to Versailles	24
" 22.	Naples to Pompeii	24
" 24.	" to Vesuvius	24
" 26.	" to Baiæ and Pozzuoli	24
May 14.	Geneva to Fernet	8
" 17.	From Interlaken to Lauterbrunnen and Staubbach Falls,	14
" 19–20.	Lucerne to the Righi Culmn	24
" 27.	Amsterdam to Brock	21
" 31.	Brussels to Waterloo	24
June 5.	London to Crystal Palace	20
" 10.	To Ascot Races	40
" 22.	Birmingham to Bristol	220
" 23.	Bangor to Menai Bridge	6
July 6.	Portrush to Castle of Dunluce and Giants' Causeway,	8
" 10.	Killarney Lakes, Ross Castle, and Gap of Dunloe .	42
Total distance		12,299 miles.
By rail alone		4,858 miles.

Cost of trip, exclusive of articles purchased, about $2,000 currency.

Whole amount drawn on Letter of Credit, 8,417 francs, or $2,521.57, as paid in currency, when the drafts were presented at 15 Cornhill.

LETTER No. 18.

JUST three weeks after coming home we were called to lay away the dear little babe, and I want to tell you how the comfort of Christ blessed us in all our journey and in the sadness of our home-coming. A most remarkable assurance that our child would be spared till we should return was vouchsafed to us, and the lesson of trust which we learned in that experience was never forgotten. You may not be able to understand it if I tell you, but if you ever find that Christ does fill your heart to overflowing some day in the future of your life's experience, you will know what I mean when I say there was a consciousness of his immediate care and interest so great that his presence was continually recognized as holding us by the hand, as it were, while we felt a thrill of gladness in the watchfulness he was keeping over us, and our babe with us, in our forced separation. Not until we were near the time for sailing homeward did the new consciousness come to us that we must now hasten, for God was calling us to come to watch over her a few days before her departure to her beautiful home with himself. Then we pleaded for her life till we could once more take her in our arms. We were comforted and our anxiety fled with an assured feeling that we should see her once more. Going from the station to the home where the precious life seemed only waiting for us we met the messenger on his way to the physician. I recognized him, and instinctively felt what his errand was without a word from him.

We found her in spasms, taken ill that morning. She did not know us; I cried to my Heavenly Father that we might have the joy of a last recognition from her baby eyes. God granted this boon, and in a day or two she seemed to rally and clung to me with manifest delight. But I knew she was going from us soon, and prayed yet again that she might be saved a long and suffering illness such as I had been compelled to witness in my little ones who had died before. O, how good God was and how tenderly he dealt with us! Could we ever deny his love? No, never! "Though he slay me yet will I trust him" was our hearts' acceptance of his will. After this our little Mary Agnes clung to me

with her dear baby ways, and was enabled to laugh and play and let me enjoy her to my heart's content. Slowly but surely and without pain her strength left her, but not until three weeks after our landing on our native shore did the heavenly messenger come, when she left my arms for his.

Children, do you think we murmured? Ah, no! our hearts were so full of gratitude that we could only see a tender Father's love through it all. Had he not walked with us every step of the way? Had he not spared the little one that I might go without question with your grandpapa to be a comfort to him? And then had he not permitted me to enjoy her even as I had asked, in your grandpapa's absence, when it had seemed as if the tiny candle of her life had almost burned out? Had he not at the very last saved her from great suffering? I could only sing a song of thanksgiving for his mercy and love, so tender and so sparing. I almost regret having made this digression of our experience in sorrow in the beginning of this letter, but somehow I feel as if I want you to know how closely Christ's love has been woven into all our life whether we were separated or together, that you may understand how he has been the one glad hope before us, and learn to know him as intimately that he may be your life also.

Your grandpapa once more entered upon his newspaper work with fresh courage, with other thoughts of the outside world, and with enlarged ideas of things in general. It was by the benefit derived from this European trip that he was led to see the absolute necessity of longer vacations for himself and less push for his employees. He learned to be watchful for others; he arranged for his own vacations with an interest he had not taken before; and went from home and the strain of the office at every indication of brain weariness, which often came to remind him that too steady application would be suicide. In 1870 he took an extended journey West in the interests of the paper and for recuperation. In December came the fatal tragedy of his brother's death.

As into every life there come events of almost crushing weight, so into every home there come bitter experiences which the world cannot understand, though it may criticise and condemn without knowledge and unjustly. Each heart knows its own bitterness,

and it also is acquainted with the principles and motives which have led perhaps to the misfortune, and, God be praised, one is thus made strong and able to stand by the right against any contempt or scorn of others. Try and remember this truth, will you not?

There were scenes in your grandpapa's life when none but God could read the deep heart-agonies he suffered, and it was then that his heroic nature stood forth with a calm and holy bearing. In some of these personal experiences it seemed to me that he was completely clothed with the glistening habiliments of righteousness, and that I could almost recognize the seal that had been placed upon his brow by a divine hand. One such occasion which presses upon my mind, and which caused suffering beyond words to tell, was when this only brother was foully murdered and word flashed over the wires for him to "come at once," with the reason why he was wanted. For an instant he was overcome, but only for a little, when he possessed himself with a calmness not born of earth, and told me he must go and that I must help in this extremity by prayer; that he might be absent some days but that I should hear from him every day. He remained with this beloved brother until his life went out. He was placed under the most trying circumstances, amidst confused and disturbing statements that would have shaken the faith of many another less loyal heart. He believed in his brother, and knowing his kind and sympathetic nature he was willing to wait patiently for any explanations that should vindicate his true position. In this trying hour he gave his tenderest attention to her who was suffering from an anguish too exquisite to be touched by the most delicate breath, because he believed in her. He learned beside this sick bed the high place which his brother held in the hearts of thousands of the great and the good all through the land who loved him as a brother. When the flood of notes and inquiries and telegrams came pouring in from day to day, with their tender solicitude, their expressions of grief, their heartfelt sorrow, he was led to exclaim in the midst of it and with tears falling, "I shall never forget the power of sympathy;" and the loved one whom he befriended in that bitter trial says, "Of his loyalty, courage, and generosity in all the great emergency through which he passed I cannot say too

much, nor can I hardly find words in which to express it." Your grandpapa expresses himself in his grief in the following, which I copy from an article in the paper:

What can the tongue utter or the pen write under the crushing sorrow of laying in his last narrow home a brother loved and loving; the youngest of the household; the sharer of all the pastimes of boyhood; the faithful and valued counselor of riper years; the one for whom, of all the members of the family circle, the future seemed auspicious? The assassin's work was but too well done, and after a terrible struggle of almost seven long days and nights, first hopeful and then hopeless, Albert Dean Richardson breathed his last without a struggle, at the Astor House in New York, on Thursday morning, December 2, at five o'clock. Almost like a dream seem now the hours of watching and nursing night and day, the thronging of friends toward the sick room and their unbounded expressions of sympathy, the marriage tie sealed just on the edge of the spirit land, the last farewells, the supreme moment when the breath came and went no more, the funeral service in the presence of personal friends, the desolate journey by night to the home of childhood, the fresh outburst of sorrow on meeting an aged mother and family friends, and the last funeral rites. All this seems verily like a dream, but, alas! is a reality that cannot be reversed.

Such sorrows cannot be written for the public eye; but for you, my children, I refer to them as a part of the discipline that God saw to be best to aid in the softening and purifying influences that should so early prepare your grandpapa for his heavenly welcome home.

LETTER No. 19.

The event of his brother's death proved to be so great a tax upon your grandpapa's health that the year following he felt it best for him to bring new scenes into his life, and accordingly we took a delightful drive to the White Mountains in company with a warm friend and near neighbor. We each went in our private carriage until we reached Centre Harbor, where we spent a short time; then, putting the two horses into a mountain wagon, we made the tour around the mountains, ascending Mt. Washington from the Glen House, the *Congregationalist* being informed of our progress and its interests in "Notes by the Way," wherein he expresses his own satisfaction with this mode of travel as follows:

> The ladies of our party persist in expressing the opinion that we went too many miles in seventeen days for the highest enjoyment; but with that exception we are enthusiastic for carriage trips to the White Mountains.

Your grandpapa abandoned himself to a real enjoyment of the journey, and then was the time when the geniality of his nature shone out. He could take the time to recreate. He made the effort as he grew older to throw off care when away from its pressure and to feel a certain freedom which he could never know while unfulfilled duties lay before him. One morning, on this drive, when we were not far from Suncook and were not quite sure of the road, our friend hailed a farmer whom we met and asked,

"How far is it to Seekonk, sir?"

"As fur again as half," replied the man gruffly.

Such a curt answer greatly amused your grandpapa, yet he was surprised at the unusual incivility — a trait seldom met with in that region. Suddenly he burst into a merry laugh as the fact dawned upon him that our friend had inadvertently inquired for *Seekonk*, which was in Rhode Island, instead of Suncook, for which we were aiming. Of course this explained the discourtesy. The man thought the inquirer was making "game" of him.

Enjoying this vacation so much your grandpapa planned for a longer one the next year, and instead of two or three weeks'

absence we were gone five months with our horses. It was natural that his thoughts should be more or less with his duties at the office, and he not only did much work for the paper, but was studying the country through which we traveled with the interest of a pupil at his books. He noticed every improvement in the villages through which we passed, inquired about the churches, the people, the prosperity, the religious condition, etc. If there was a Congregational minister in the place he never omitted to make him a call.

It was in the early stage of this journey that he had an amusing experience, which he recounts as follows:

Passing into a prayer meeting in a strange place not long since I was recognized by the brother in the chair, who, by some surprising miscalculation, it seems, had taken me for a minister; for on commencing the services he remarked that the pastor was absent, but that Rev. Mr. —— from Boston was present and he hoped they should hear from him during the evening. Avoiding all personal allusions, I took part with the other brethren in sustaining the meeting; but in time I saw my mistake in not openly repudiating the ministerial function, for at the close of the meeting the leader, turning his eyes sharp on me, asked if the Rev. Mr. —— would pronounce the benediction. I asked to be excused; and none of my ministerial friends need feel jealous of their prerogatives lest I may hereafter attempt to palm myself off as one of "the cloth." If people will sometimes in addressing their letters prefix Dr. or Rev. to my name I cannot help it; but when it becomes a spoken prefix a plain layman like myself must rise and explain.

[Don't fail to read your grandpapa's letters written while on these journeys, which you will find carefully preserved in his scrapbooks. They will give you something new on almost every subject to be thought of, beside many experiences by the way.]

While stopping at Sandwich for a week or two an incident occurred which came very near being a serious accident, and which leads to the following item in one of his letters:

It is sometimes a great convenience to have your own team at hand ready for use, but it is not always so. You can't always hitch a horse to a tree and find everything in order after an hour's absence. A city horse does not always know how to behave. First, the animal must rub against the tree so hard as to take off the hair. Next, he is down for a roll on

the earth and rocks, and the halter not being long enough he undertakes to stretch it, but it snaps, and Bucephalus is off for a frolic. I try to heed the old maxim "Never cross a bridge till you get to it;" but as I was going down to the West Ossipee depot the other morning I discovered a hole in a small bridge just too late to avoid it, and both hind legs of one horse went down as far as the size of the aperture would admit. The fall took the animal off her front legs also, and I saw no chance for her to get up without help, yet she sprang forward and in an instant was on four legs again and no bones broken, though with a bad wound on one of her knees which I have already charged to the town of Tamworth.

One of these experiences to which he does not refer in his "Notes by the Way," and which occurred while at Sandwich, I will write you about. A large party of boarders went one afternoon for an excursion to Whiteface. We drove our own horses and carriage, while the rest of the company filled a large mountain wagon. On our way home we were to cross a bridge which was some twenty or more feet above one of the swift mountain streams spanning it, and was without protection on either side. The stream was rather low at the time, and the bed full of ugly, sharp rocks rising above the water. As we neared the bridge a farmer came toward us driving an unruly bull, having a board from three to four feet long fastened over his eyes. Your grandpapa drove very carefully, fearing the horses would see the creature and be frightened. Just as we were on the bridge they caught sight of him, and giving a sudden, simultaneous spring they wheeled partly around and, leaping forward, stood within less than a foot of the very edge. We expected to be dashed headlong upon the rocks below, but in an instant your grandpapa was out of the carriage and had seized the horse nearest the edge; how he did it I never knew; I know that we were a frightened, silent party the remainder of the ride home.

We made various stops of two and three weeks at different hotels during this trip, once at the Oak Hill House in Littleton, New Hampshire, where we met a number of friends, one of whom has written as follows in her memories of your grandpapa:

With what pleasure do I recall a vacation season passed in the White Mountains with himself and family! He had gone thither with his nice "turnout" to enjoy the delightful drives from place to place.

It proved to be one of those summers when it "rains easy," and many pleasure trips were interfered with by heavy showers. The horses would be brought to the door when, seemingly without warning, the rain would fall in torrents. The horses would be taken back to the stable only to call forth a good-natured laugh from their owner that the weather was "so catching." The three weeks were passed with almost daily showers, but never was there a shadow of disappointment upon the face of the owner, Mr. Richardson. It was evident to all who saw him that he was pleased with God's way of doing things even though it was contrary to his own plans.

I remember well the day near the close of August when we left this pleasant spot. We had hoped to start early in the forenoon, but as usual the clouds were very threatening and not until four o'clock in the afternoon could we decide whether to go or stay. After leaving Littleton we drove a distance of one hundred and forty miles before we made another permanent stop; one hundred and twenty miles of this distance was down the Connecticut Valley, of which your grandpapa says:

This was probably through as fine a region for a carriage trip as can be found in the country. In delightful contrast with the highways in the White Mountain region the roads are smooth and comparatively level, and they are arched over by trees from time to time for a long distance through the woods, while the scenery as a whole is charmingly beautiful. Nearly every town has its bridge across the Connecticut and some of them two.

It was while on this drive that we made a visit to the old town of such pleasant memories to your grandpapa. We were tarrying for a couple of weeks at Mt. Mineral Springs, and one day took a ride of ten miles over to Montague, where, your grandpapa says,

some of the happiest hours of my life were spent as a school-teacher. I went there fresh from the normal school in Westfield, when youthful enthusiasm doubtless did much to make good any lack of maturer judgment. I had some excellent material to work with; the schools had a good name, perhaps beyond what they deserved, and many warm friendships were formed. But for twenty-one years I had not seen the place, and I had quite an unusual interest as well as curiosity to look once more upon the faces of that community.

Across the way stood the old schoolhouse looking precisely as it did twenty-one years ago. What memories it recalled! How many battles with Colburn and Greenleaf, Euclid and Greene, Cutter and Day, Andrews, and other text-book worthies had been fought within its walls! It is pleasant now to recall the fact that during the two years of my reign there not a blow was found necessary to secure study or enforce order. As to the change wrought upon the face and in the personal appearance of the old pupils and myself by a score of years, I found in most cases that we readily recognized each other. It is pleasant to be remembered, and I can scarcely recall a day that has afforded me more satisfaction than this. And yet there was a melancholy side, for a great multitude had gone to join the assembly of the dead.

Of these "Notes by the Way" your grandpapa said:

They have grown out of the observations made during a vacation of five months, taken with the hope of regaining health seriously impaired by too close confinement to office work in years past. And now, grateful to a kind Providence for a safe return from a carriage trip of nearly eight hundred miles, I am glad to resume work once more, believing that work is vastly better in its proper place for all who can endure it than all excursions and vacations.

LETTER No. 20.

As your grandpapa found much physical and mental invigoration from these outings, at the same time gathering material for future use and contributing to the weekly columns while absent, he made such plans as he could for yearly travel. When engaged in his weekly routine of duties he never was able to get the time for reading that he needed in order to do the best work, and concluded there was no better school in which he could broaden his horizon of thought than in frequent journeyings. Thus while his chosen profession involved close attention and often great weariness it was not without its compensations. Every trial has its comfort, so every labor has its reward. Attendance upon the different convocations of religious interests, though wearisome, gave him the opportunity to see new cities and towns, to meet new people, to observe new customs, and to study the country which might be strange to him.

In 1874 he went to California *via* the Isthmus of Panama in company with his intimate friend, Mr. Charles Hutchins, agent of the American Board of Foreign Missions, and during this trip his pen was not idle, for I count not less than nineteen letters printed in the columns of the *Congregationalist*, beside various articles and communications to other journals. He visited the Yosemite Valley, some of the mining regions, Salt Lake City, and climbed Pike's Peak. But I will not write you at length of the several journeys that have enriched his life and given him enjoyment as well as added buoyancy to his spirits and strength to his system. I shall only refer to a few.

He made four carriage trips to the White Mountains, varying the route each time, sometimes enjoying the valley of the Connecticut River for many miles, at others the isolation of the country drives. At one time Sebago Lake and the State of Maine received his attention *via* Bridgeton and the lakes of that region, yet not returning without the circuit of the mountains as far as could be made accessible. Two other carriage rides were through Rhode Island, Connecticut, and Massachusetts. At another time a trip to Rangeley Lakes afforded him great enjoyment and recu-

peration. Part of one winter was spent on the Bermuda Islands with profit and pleasure. Three more were made happy in Florida, two of them being passed on Fort George Island and one at Winter Park. He made a special effort, while South, to visit several schools of the American Missionary Association, inquiring into its work and here and there advocating its interests. How full of brightness these vacations were! He seemed to renew his youthful days of courage and enjoyment, and was full of brightness. Rest with him, however, was not idleness. Each day had its special task, even his pleasure was enhanced by allotted hours for reading, for walking or riding, and for conversation. All the minutes were delightfully filled, but there was no hurry, no crowding. We were scarcely separated for an hour during these vacations; everything was shared with one another. "How sweet their memory still;" how full of fragrance now!

I believe his frequent visits to Saratoga prolonged his life, and I know that new inspiration was gained when these visits were extended to Niagara Falls, as they often were.

It was during his absence on a trip to Nova Scotia that I thought to plan a pleasant surprise for him the coming Christmas. I had often heard him say when speaking of different contributors to the paper: "I should like to see such and such a man's face; I have some curiosity to know if the face marks the man."

I remembered this remark, and when he was fairly away it occurred to me that it would be a capital idea to secure without his knowledge an album containing a goodly number of the contributors to his paper and surprise him with it at Christmas. Then came the query how to carry the plan into effect unbeknown to him Finally, I called on Miss Ellen M. Stone, who was then an assistant editor in the office, and asked her if she would copy for me a list of the names of the past and present contributors. When I told her my secret she entered into the project eagerly, and sent me about three hundred names. I immediately struck off a circular letter stating what I desired and that the affair was to be kept inviolate for the holidays.

Getting your Aunt Hattie to help me we wrote and mailed about two hundred and fifty letters, inclosing envelopes addressed

and stamped for return of the *carte de visite;* few cabinet photographs were then taken. These letters were all directed to the house of a friend, with her understanding of the affair, and privately passed to me. Even this was not so secret, however, but that I came very near being found out one evening when your grandpapa called to see the gentleman of the house, and one of the sons had just brought home from the post office two or three letters addressed to me and gave them to him, the son being wholly ignorant of the ruse. I passed it off as possibly being from some one who did not know our place of residence but did know that of our friend. I had thought that if I could obtain a considerable number before New Year's I should not hesitate to present the gift, and he would be as pleased to receive the remainder of them himself afterward if they should come in. What was my surprise to find that in less than three weeks I had obtained many more than a hundred! I was obliged to buy two large albums instead of one, and at Christmas they contained a hundred and fifty pictures. I think I enjoyed the personal letters that were sent with the pictures quite as much as your grandpapa did the pictures themselves. Some of them were very funny. I remember one man who referred particularly to his personal beauty (he was an exceptionally homely man) as being an ornament among so honorable a crowd, and closed by saying that his photograph must have been sent for because of his good behavior, as his mother had always taught him that "Handsome is that handsome does." Another thought the album would make a fine menagerie with so unique a collection of animals. He did not know just what to give himself for a name. All seemed to enter into my scheme with enjoyment and fidelity to the secret.

My hopes were high for my surprise, but alas for human hopes! As you boys would say, "I got left." When the albums were given no amount of effort at pretended surprise on your grandpapa's part could deceive me. I saw at once that some one had betrayed me. He had been told of the coming gift, not through forgetfulness, not by mistake, but I believe maliciously. It is a hard thing to say, but I can see it in no other light, for the noted doctor of divinity met him at a conference and asked him if he had received his present yet. Your grandpapa smiled and said he was aware of no present, thinking that the man was joking, when

he added, "Well, you are going to have one, for I had a letter from your wife, and as I hadn't any picture and couldn't send her one I suppose I ought to have written, but you'll please tell her." Then there was one other little episode. I said *all* seemed to enter into my plan with zest. I had forgotten one letter which I received from a well-known president of a college, giving me quite a severe reprimand for undertaking such a thing, and saying in a most decided manner that *he* should send no picture of his to any one for such a purpose. With this one exception the letters were very delightful reading for many a spare minute of your grandpapa's. But the albums! How can I tell you the delight they afforded him for scores and scores of evenings, with his friends of brain and pen? They were always brought out to entertain ministers, professors, authors, and others who visited us, and were the source of many an anecdote and pleasant conversation, especially when a visitor found the picture of a classmate or a personal friend among them. It gave him more real pleasure the last years of his life than almost any one thing beside, and he added many new contributors to the original collection. I think the president who felt that I was doing such a wicked thing at the time would conclude that he had made a mistake in his judgment if he knew of the result. But the good man is in glory now, and I have no doubt that there has been a pleasant understanding between them ere this.

In 1880 he went a second time to Europe, having with him your Aunt Alice, to attend the great Sabbath-School Centenary in London, and also being accompanied by their mutual friends Mr. Hutchins, Miss Farley, and Miss Dyer, the last of whom has ever since their return been a valued associate editor of the paper and of late years the special editor of the Home Department. He was absent some three months, attending meanwhile the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau, visiting the missionary station at Prague — meeting there Miss Stone, who was connected with the *Congregationalist* for eleven years before going as a missionary — beside doing some traveling among the Alps. He also made a second trip to California in 1882, extending it to Portland, Oregon, visiting there the Indian school and looking up with great interest its history.

The following year brought to him a keen sorrow in the tragic death of his lifelong friend, Mr. Hutchins. They had been to-

gether on a brief visit to Saratoga. Mr. Hutchins returned a little before him, and when your grandpapa a day or two later stepped into the office of the *Missionary Herald* to greet his friend how great was his astonishment to learn of the accident which had occurred that morning, and had stricken down in an instant the one from whom he had so recently parted, and whom he loved so well; while crossing a track in the Boston and Lowell station Mr. Hutchins was struck by a backing engine which he had not seen. In writing of this sad return your grandpapa says:

On opening the door of the *Missionary Herald* office I am startled and almost bewildered at first on learning of his sudden death. He had been a lifelong friend. We have journeyed together to California and across the water; have been associated together in various trips and in many other ways; but we never had a short vacation together that has been more satisfactory than this one. In our devotions from day to day, both in the reading of God's Word and in prayer, he has seemed to me more than ever like a man who "walked with God," and one whom the prospect of death, even, could not alarm.

This brief outline of your grandpapa's travels is enough to show you that observation was largely his teacher when he found that books and college were out of the question. Everywhere he went he met reliable people of whom to obtain the information needed on matters he wished to know about. Perhaps this contact with so many different minds and temperaments was what enabled him to think on the varied topics which during these busy years were presented in editorials to his subscribers. I should like to have you glance over a partial list of the articles he wrote for those columns, some longer and some shorter. It has been a great satisfaction to me:

ARTICLES AS EDITORIALS.

A Successful Lecture Course.
Normal Schools in Connecticut.
Work to be Done Now.
Granite State in Summer.
Strikes in 1868.
Deer Island.
Perfect your Manuscript.
Labor Reform.
Missionary Ship.
Literary Critic.
Anniversary Week of 1857.
Letter from Boston referring to the New Congregational House on Chauncy Street, which could only accommodate the Congregational Library, the Home Missionary Society, and the Congregational Board of Publication, and where the Congregational clergy held their meetings. The matter was discussed of starting a new paper at the time.

A Useful Ministry.
Pacific Steamship Co.
Our Feeble Churches.
The Jury.
Another Outlet for Boston.
Eastern Railroad.
Boston Clearing House.
A Work for the Ministry.
A Sunny Side View.
Letter from Philadelphia.
Letters from New York.
Railroads in Massachusetts.
Ministers and Churches.
The Centennial.
Hippodrome Meetings.
The Election.
Letter from Chicago after the Great Fire.
New York Aquarium.
Sunday-School Work.
Christian Endeavor Societies.
Franklin House in Saratoga.
Anecdotes of Charles Hutchins.
Moribund Churches.
Dr. Meredith's Class.
Dansville Sanatorium.
Consolidated Missionary Magazines.
Reaction in Japan.
Enforcement of Sunday Laws.
Bishop Leland's Address.
Stanley and Bartelott.
Facts to be remembered regarding Riots, Introduction of Machinery, and Habits of Extravagance.
Teachers in Schools.
Normal Schools.
On Giving and Methods of the Same.
A. B. C. F. M. and its Reports.
Troubles in Churches.
A. M. A. and its Reports.
Preparatory Lectures.
Funeral Scene.
Uniformity in Railroad Mail Service.
Absent Members of the Church.
Courses of Lectures as Friendly Allies to Church and Parish Work.
Wanted — Heroism.
Churches and Lecture Courses with Suggestions.
Pay that Thou Owest.
Lancaster Industrial School.
Boston Clearing House.
Green Backers.
The Ministry.
Candidating.
English Protectorate in Turkey.
A. B. C. F. M.
The Silver Dollar.
That Gridiron; or, Serious Charge on Dr. Edwards' Belief.
Looking for a Pastor.
The Public Documents of Massachusetts, including Researches on Education and Charities and Labor.
Compulsory Education.
Our Missionaries in Austria.
Suffrage.
Sunday-School Lesson.
Organization in Churches.
Story of Tyre.
Church Building.
The Ocean Telegram.
Camping Out.
Getting a Minister.
Sabbath School.
A Congregationalist Catechism.
Vacations.
Municipal Debts.
The Religious Newspaper.
A Woman's Home Missionary Society.
The Quincy School.
Railroads.
Congregational Publishing Society.
How Elections are carried on.
Negro Preaching.
A Sunday in New York.
Robert Raikes.
Women's Missionary Societies.
The London Centenary.
Ober-Ammergau and its Passion Play.
Special Notes on a Foreign Trip.
Prague and Bohemia.
Kimballized.
That Door.

Congregational Publishing Society.
Bird's-Eye View of Congregational Council.
A Remarkable Story of the Facilities of Dakota.
The Week of Prayer.
The Congregational Club.
The Pulpit of Dr. Emmons.
The Pastor and the Sunday School.
Dr. Kimball and Church Debts.
The Missionary Concert.
The Lighter Drinks.
Three Stages in Missions.
Absent Members.
The Chicago Meeting.
Home Missions Now.
Sunday-School Work.
The Oregon Indian School.
Utah and the Mormons.
Light in Austria.
Responsible Insanity.
The Real Difficulty — referring to ministers choosing their places of labor.
The Seven Societies.
Unanimous or Not.
Reminiscences of A. B. C. F. M.
Atlantic Cable.
He was Looking About.
American Baptist Missionary Union.
Light which may need 1863 to understand why certain things are or are not published in the Religious Newspapers.
Sunday School.
Things to be Remembered Concerning Newspapers.
Wild Lands of Long Island.
Pray for the Country.
A Dark Day, July 22, 1861.
Caste in Sunday School.
Mason and Slidell Affair.
Ourselves and Other Congregational Papers.
Talk with Our Contributors.
Public Documents.
As Our Neighbors See Us.
Various Reports for Committees.
Evolution of the Sunday School.
Old Anniversary Week, found in the Last Volume of his Scrapbooks.
Church Work.
Completing Subjects in Sermons.
How Shall We Give.
An Evil and a Caution.
Christian Endeavor Societies.
Historical and Descriptive Article on Chelsea.
News from Utah.
The Present Outlook.
Charleston.
Sabbath Sermons.
Henry M. Kellog, a Former Pupil Killed in the Army.
Newspapers *vs.* Personal Favors.
Read the Eighty-Eighth Psalm.
Don't Give it Up! — referring to prohibition in council.
Congregationalist Enlarged and in New Type.
A Step Forward.
Willing.
The Long Evening.
Railroad Improvements.
North Conway in Early Autumn.
Olden Time, from your Grandfather.
Prayer Meeting on Fulton Street.
Bought the Recorder.

This may seem to you like a long list, yet it is only a part, and I may almost say there were hundreds of editorial paragraphs beside on every conceivable subject that comes before a community. You will remember, however, that he was connected with this journal for thirty-five years and it was his daily work all that time. It was his love, his life, his care.

LETTER No. 21.

I HAVE written you a good deal on the various phases of your grandpapa's life, as a pupil, a journalist, and a Christian, but I have not dwelt particularly on his life at home. It will take you into a deeper sympathy with him if I write at some length upon the spirit which influenced and molded our household.

As he did not favor secret societies he had no calls of that sort to take him away in the evening. When he did go out it was generally in connection with church work, or such gatherings as were for the improvement of public affairs, or during some political campaign attending a caucus now and then where he felt that his presence ought to be known.

I think I told you that we went to Chelsea to live when your mamma was a wee babe. This was when your grandpapa began his business career at the bookstore of J. P. Jewett. We were obliged to commence housekeeping in a very small way, because the little we had saved previously was spent in our living while he was learning his business at the store when he had expected that would be his future employment. We furnished our rooms slowly, getting a few things at a time as we were able. After a while, however, we found ourselves comfortably settled as to furniture, though we were in a high brick house where the rooms were stretched over four stories and divided with another family — a kitchen in the basement, the parlor on the next floor, while on the floor above we had three rooms; the other family divided in the same manner except that they took the three rooms together on the upper floor. I tried to manage for a time with my little family without help, except for washing and ironing; but I found it pretty wearing to have a kitchen in the basement and sitting and sleeping room on the third floor, compelling me several times in a day to go up over two flights of stairs. So during the winter we made things as easy and comfortable as we could, and as your grandpapa did not come home to his dinner we lived mostly upstairs, using the pleasant front room for a sitting room and at night bringing in the bed from the cold room and making it up on the floor. This was on

account of the baby, lest she should take cold in the room with no fire. There was no furnace in the house.

I must tell you right here of an amusing experience that we had while living this way. I kept a good many eatables in the little hall room next to our sitting room in order to save me the long journey downstairs. In one corner was a bucket of Indian meal, on the top of which was a plate with a good-sized piece of fat salt pork in it covered with a tin basin; near by was a package of dried herrings, beside other things that could not be so easily disturbed. I speak of these in particular because they enter largely into my story. At the further end of the small room was a bureau, in which I kept various articles of clothing, especially in the bottom drawer where were two or three shawls folded. On the night in question about midnight I was awakened by a strange noise on the stairs. I listened, and could distinctly hear footsteps, as I thought, going over them; I could also hear some one at work in the small room. I was quite disturbed, though I knew that our own door was fastened. I bore the anxiety as long as I dared, then woke your grandpapa and told him I was sure there were rogues in the house. He listened for awhile, but at last yielding to his weariness and the assurance he had in the feeling of "blessed be nothing" quietly remarked, "Well, let them have what they can find, I am sure there is not enough for us to lose to pay for the trouble of getting up!" then turned and tried to go to sleep again. I continued to hear the hurrying and scurrying over the stairs for a long time, till at last it dawned upon me that possibly the cellar door had been accidentally left open and that there were rats in the house. I had been told that huge wharf rats did sometimes go from one house to another in companies. The more I listened the more I became convinced that the rodents were the marauders, and went to sleep again quite content. The next morning the truth was revealed to some extent. The paper of herrings which I had bought for breakfast as a nice relish was nowhere to be found, not even a bone was to be seen. The pork had disappeared also. The plate was on the floor and the cover removed from the bucket of meal though partially drawn over it. The meal being brought to a pyramidal form led me to make a search into its depths, where I found the pork nicely

buried, not having been gnawed at all; finding this, I looked for the herrings, but they did not appear until a week later when I went to take out my shawl and in it found the *ten* folded away with great care for their and not our winter use. The rats disappeared as quickly as they came, but they gave me a scare and proved their wonderful instincts for thrift. It was not necessary to tell you this whole story to show you the wise and ready decision of your grandpapa, but I was sure you would enjoy reading a true rat story.

I need not describe to you your grandpapa's looks or benignant expression of face. You knew him as he was, and when you call to mind the deep furrows that marked his forehead, making him look as if he were stern and severe sometimes, you will remember that he was tender in spirit, most considerate and thoughtful for others; that he was cheerful and full of good humor and greatly pleased with the amusing developments of his grandchildren. He seldom commented on them himself, for he was always reticent about family matters; but how many times I have heard his happy laugh ring out when listening to the recitals of some of your childish antics! Those deep furrows in his forehead were caused by the too anxious care he bestowed on everything that he undertook to do. It was unfortunate, I acknowledge, because it misrepresented him to the outside world. People did not distinguish a look of anxiety from one of severity.

We were greatly amused at our dinner table one day when Miss Higgins, then a member of our household, extended to me the sympathy of a lady whom she had met that day and who expressed much *pity* for *me* for having so stern and almost tyrannical a husband that she was sure I could not act naturally in his presence and must feel crushed and helpless — she had judged him from this anxious look. You can well understand the merry shout that went up from all who were at the table at your grandpapa's expense, he joining with the rest. The exact opposite was so true that it was really very funny to receive such sympathy.

Grandpapa always made the best of everything. If a matter could not be helped he tried to pass it by and bury it; if it could be helped he set himself to work to cure it as soon as possible; and our good neighbor who was with us on our carriage trip at

one time says: "There was a cheerfulness about him though not playfulness [can you understand the difference?], and the more I became acquainted with him the more I appreciated the warmth of his love for his family, his friends, and his church; and I want you to be sure and impress upon his grandchildren that while he was a sober-minded man he was a cheerful man, one whom his neighbors and fellow citizens were glad to have say 'Good morning' to them at the station. Neither was he slow to enjoy a joke or a little fun, as you will remember how, when I attempted to settle one of my bills by shaking hands and wishing our host a prosperous season, he burst into a right good laugh of enjoyment. This good nature must have been well developed in his office work, where I once heard him receive and laugh off a terrific explosion which came from a disturbed doctor of divinity. What the text of the divine was I do not know, but I quite enjoyed his being laughed out of court. This vein of good humor we all appreciated."

In a previous letter I have referred to Miss Ellen Stone, who was associated with your grandpapa on the paper for eleven years and who eventually resigned her position to go as a missionary to Bulgaria under the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. At the same time Miss Susan B. Higgins was accepted to go to Japan under the Methodist Board. This fact brought into our home a fresh and more stirring missionary zeal, though we had always held the subject of missions as a great stimulus in gospel work and often expressed a wish for a more immediate relation with foreign labors. But we could not realize that it would be like applying a fresh torch to an inflammable material to send one from our own family until these two went forth — one from the office, where she had labored at your grandpapa's side daily; and the other who had been in the family as one of its loved members for nearly nine years. It brought occasion for advice sought and given; missionary meetings were held here and there in which we were personally interested; the missionary spirit was kindled anew in every fiber and branch. I copy a report of one of the meetings, which I find in a local paper, for you to read:

. . . The occasion was one of peculiar interest from the fact that Miss Susan B. Higgins, a schoolmate of Miss Stone, who has been

a teacher in the public schools of Chelsea for several years, now goes to Japan under the Methodist Board. Farewell services for her had been held in the Walnut Street Methodist Church, many who attended the two services being mutual friends of Miss Stone and Miss Higgins. At each of the meetings the outgoing missionaries said a few farewell words. On the platform at this meeting in presence of the audience they gave each other the right hand in token of consecration to the mission work.

This new flame of love for foreign work did not die out when these missionaries had departed; your grandpapa's prayers increased in earnestness for those of us who remained at home that we might have a more fervent love for Christ and the souls of our fellow creatures. The thoughts centered on the absent ones were deep and grateful. For eight months we were the recipients of good and mostly hopeful news from them, but one Saturday morning there came a letter from Miss Higgins to your Aunt Hattie written in pencil. It was only a few words saying, "I am ordered home on the next steamer. I cannot write. Read Second Epistle of John, twelfth verse." This was news indeed, and we could only understand that there was something very serious back of it. The evening of that same day we were startled by a telegram sent from her brother. It came the evening of the Fourth of July and was addressed to your Aunt Hattie M. Goodrich. She could not open it, so great was her apprehension of evil tidings. I broke the seal and read, "Sue has gone home." This was enough. It brought a shock such as Aunt Hattie had never experienced and such as no other death could inflict on her. Had not they two been companions and roommates for nearly a dozen years? And between them there had grown to be a love like that of David and Jonathan. Their first separation had been like the tearing asunder of two hearts, though God had blessed it to a beautiful consecration of both lives — one in a foreign land and the other anew to Christ in her daily toils here as a teacher, where her influence was widened and deepened. But this second separation — who can express in words its deep wounding? She has described it since by saying, "It seemed as if my own life had gone out."

The cablegram to the brother had come eighteen thousand miles from Japan, through Northern Siberia and Russia and across

England and the Atlantic, to bring this heavy and unwelcome tidings: "Susan died peacefully at Tokio; buried Friday." Thus a life dear to many hearts had gone out as it were in a moment, which for nearly nine years and until a few months previous had been a blessing in our family, a leading spirit at home among her own relatives, and a joy to her associates.

Now these two loving spirits are again united. Since I began these letters to you some of you have looked upon the sweet and peaceful face of your Aunt Hattie as she lay in her casket. Can we not think of the three, grandpapa and Aunt Hattie and Miss Higgins, as mingling their voices in the glorious anthems of praise around God's throne?

I have previously referred to the great respect that your grandpapa had for the opinion of people older than himself, and I may add also for all other people, for he was always deferential in his manner. He gave great heed to the advice of his parents, especially to his mother, to whom he never hesitated to tell his anxieties if she cared to know them — and what mother does not? And when the great sorrow of her life came to her and his father was laid away from her sight, his heart, his arms, his home, all, were opened to receive her. She did not come to us, however, till many years later; she was happier to remain among the people who had been her friends and neighbors so many years. But when first the sister and afterward a brother, with each of whom she had lived, died, and she had outlived most of her early friends, she came to Chelsea to us. Do you not remember her well as she used to sit at the window in her sunny room with the white cap about her sweet, pale countenance and seeming to lend a halo to her spiritual face even though the poor eyes were nearly sightless? How she loved to have you little ones come in to see her when you visited us! Your grandpapa was devoted to his mother's wants, and nothing that he could do for her was left undone. No matter how weary he might be on Sunday, after the Sunday-school duties were ended he usually spent from one to two hours in reading aloud to her or in conversation with her. The readings she would have him select from the Bible, the hymn book, the *Congregationalist*, missionary magazines, etc. She had a sort of reverence for the *Congregationalist*, and wanted no part omitted.

Your grandpapa placed such dependence upon prayer that he made one feel it was indeed his vital breath and never could be omitted any morning from the family altar with his loved ones gathered around him, and each member knew that to be absent from prayers in the morning caused him grief and sorrow. Occasionally there would be some demurring by the younger members of the family at this persistent regularity; but it made no difference, it was a law of the household, and I believe those fervent prayers have saved many a harsh and bitter word that might otherwise have been spoken. A family cannot be carried daily to the throne of grace and placed in the Everlasting Arms for guidance in their study, their play, their entire hopes, and be wholly unmindful of it. So I am sure that our home was made far happier from the enforcing of this rule as of highest importance.

Sunday evening was usually devoted to the most tender appeals for each member of the family and for any friend or chance visitor who might be providentially with us, and who was remembered in the same manner. One guest remarked to me after one of these prayers, "It seems like holy ground; when he prays he makes me share, too, in the family blessing." How those devotional hours have often impressed me! His soul was as if aglow with the satisfaction he felt in placing us all in God's hands; and, my dear children, though you were not present in person, you were never forgotten in those Sabbath evening prayers; a fervent cry for each of you was sent up that you should be counted among those who walk in the ways of righteousness. He prayed not only for your childhood years but for your future; and O, how many times he has consecrated you with your dear parents to the tender love of your Heavenly Father!

It is a precious memory in all my life spent with your grandpapa that we had one leading thought which made all things else subservient to its demand, viz., to live according to the precepts of the Bible and to promote as far as we knew how the glory of God.

Though our dispositions, our temperaments, our tastes, our likes and dislikes were quite opposite, our single aim of striving to be Christ-like brought all other traits into such harmony that we were one in spirit, and it is a sweet satisfaction to my lonely heart

when I call to mind the many instances of the expression in action of that unity. It was a common saying among our children when they were the age that some of you are now and came to me with requests which I had doubts about the propriety of granting and would say to them, "Go and ask papa, and if he thinks it best I will consent," "O, that's no good, for he always thinks just as you do. You always think alike about everything!"

It was the same if they went to your grandpapa first — "What does mamma think about it?" Sometimes a private conference was necessary, and then the children were sure to say, "O, you've been talking it all over, and of course you are agreed about it."

No words can express to you, dear children, the sweetness of such a memory. We both came to recognize when near the end of our journey together the varied molding influences each had had upon the other. It was but a short time before that fatal illness when one day grandpapa seemed somewhat under that inherited cloud of depression and expressed words of deep discouragement on some matters near his heart. I asked him if God had departed from his heaven and left him without hope, and added: "I think matters are really brighter than they were, and I am sure you have greater reason to be glad and rejoice than you have for despondency. Don't you think so, on the whole?"

He smiled as he took up his coat to go, saying: "Well, I am ashamed! I have no business to be desponding. I don't mean to allow such moods to get possession of me. I've struggled hard all my life to overcome them, and I think I have a good deal, don't you? I know it is wrong, and I don't mean they shall hold me at all." Then he said "Good-by," with the brightness of that determination.

While there were many very pleasant things which came into your grandpapa's home life of which I want to tell you, I find there is one great drawback about it — I cannot always separate entirely my own share in them. I want my letters to be so entirely of him that I shrink from any intrusion, and yet as his life was so woven with mine what else can I do? I must acknowledge a bit of satisfaction, too, in having been able to bring some share of happiness into his busy hours; so while you read the particularly pleasant things you may confine them as much as possible to thoughts of him.

LETTER No. 22.

I HAVE told you something of your grandpapa's religious life, which was the leading feature of all his being. This, however, did not shut him out from all social life, for he meant to be a faithful citizen as well as a true Christian. He identified himself with all the best interests of the city where he lived as one loyal to its prosperity. While not dealing in politics as a politician he nevertheless gave them such attention as to insure what to him appeared to be the right side of every important question. I think he never failed to cast his vote on State, county, or municipal issues no matter where he was, and he usually felt that he ought to attend such caucuses as would give him the best side of the matter under debate. Though he did not feel a love for political life he did not refuse such positions as were conferred upon him by his fellow citizens without effort of his own. Several times he was elected as delegate to the State convention. He filled the position of member of the school board for a number of years and was associated with B. P. Shillaber, with whom he formed a most delightful friendship. I would like to refer you to just a few things that have been said with regard to his work in the interests of schools by an associate on the board:

BOSTON, July 6, 1892.

. . . I well remember that when I was first elected to the school board Mr. Richardson promptly called upon me and with great courtesy gave me welcome. I ever found him one of the few doing the most and the best part of the work, exhibiting all those sterling qualities which he displayed elsewhere. His original and assigned work was always well and faithfully done. As to his own projects he always knew his own mind, and that mind was a judicial one. As to the projects of others he was considerate. In the matter of text-books he always carefully considered cost, scope, practicality, and illustrative and typographical features. He was a prudent and kindly adviser of teachers; he was a Christian gentleman, a contrast and a foil to slippery politicians and men of doubtful ethics and hollow religious pretensions. I will quote the remark of a valued associate on the board made in reference to the composition of the board, "The best men have gone." Accepting this

opinion, I know of no name more fitted to lead all the rest than that of your deceased and lamented husband.

ALONZO C. TENNEY.

The following was sent me from a principal of one of the grammar schools, who held a prominent position during all your grandpapa's terms of service:

DEAR MRS. RICHARDSON:

It seems to me very beautiful that you should enter upon this work which you propose for your young people, who could not, by reason of inexperience and immaturity, appreciate a character like his whom you seek to honor. I am deeply touched by the tender tribute you seek to render with your returning strength, thus living over again the old days while recalling the influences which have made your life so blessed, even now that he has gone on to a fuller life elsewhere. It was only in a general way that I knew of Mr. Richardson's work on the school board; but his genius was, I think, for broad and general work when changes were to be effected which required calm, clear, and unswerving judgment and inflexible determination. He was eminently a righteous man, and even when special interests must be sacrificed to the general good his teachers believed in him. Of course it is not possible that such a character should always please. His virtues were of a rugged kind, purposeful, effective, sometimes aggressive, and are best appreciated when the events affected by his action have become remote in time. Many times we thought him hard, severe, willful, and often openly expressed bitterness was felt when some individual interests were sacrificed through his forcefulness; but after the "smoke of battle" was cleared judgment grew kinder toward him, and, as I said before, the teachers felt that he meant to do right, that he was above personal spite and selfish considerations. In later years I suspected the tenderness and sympathy and appreciation of the teacher's work which was not patent at the time when the rush of daily cares, clash of opinions, and the hurts of the conflict forced the gentler judgment into abeyance.

E. G. HOYT.

While your grandpapa was connected with the school board he gave a reception at our home on Washington Avenue, Chelsea, inviting all the teachers of the city, with the members of the school committee past and present, and the superintendent. The gathering was a pleasant one, and was certainly conducive to good feeling among the teachers and committee, affording the latter some

opportunity to see the bearing of the teachers of their children, and the teachers a chance to meet on equal grounds with their employers. I write you of some of these duties because I like to have you know that he was not only earnest in his own legitimate business but was just as earnest in the work he did for others, embodying the rule of doing his best in everything that he undertook.

I shall never forget a bit of conversation that came to my ears once when riding in the steam cars on my way into Boston. I think I must write it to you as nearly as I can remember it. Two men were sitting in the seat behind me whom I did not know, and of course they had no idea who I was. They were busily engaged in conversation on public matters, to which I gave no heed, though I could have easily understood what they were saying had I so desired. Suddenly I caught your grandpapa's name, and was interested to give attention. One said to the other, "Do you know Mr. Richardson?" "What Richardson?" asked the other. "Why, C. A. Richardson, of the *Congregationalist;* lives on Washington Avenue." "O, yes, I know him well!" "Pretty square man, isn't he?" "Yes, he is decidedly that." "Isn't he a very positive sort of man?" "Yes, he is, very. But I'll tell you one thing about him. It is not a *willful* positiveness, but a positiveness of conviction. He is a man who comes to a conclusion slowly; he looks at a subject on all sides before he makes up his mind, and then he sticks to it. I tell you he's the right kind of a man, for when you go to look for him for anything that is needed you can find him right there every time."

I felt that I had been justified in listening to get such an unbiased opinion of your grandpapa as that. It showed me the confidence of one man, at least, in his uprightness. I could tell you many positions of trust which he held if I were talking with you, but a long letter on such topics would become wearisome in the reading, so I will close by speaking of one of his most marked characteristics in all his dealings with others.

He was a wonderfully *prompt* man. Although he served on many important committees, which consumed much of his time and thought, I think I may safely say that it was a most remarkable thing if he was ever late at an appointment. He believed that

a man should not take a position on any committee which he could not generally fill, and that on time. He had but little patience with men who were invariably five, ten, fifteen, or more minutes late at a committee meeting. He has often said, "No one man has a right to waste so much of other men's time. We are made to lose many precious minutes by the careless ones on a committee." It was told me by a physician that your grandpapa's promptness became a standing joke in a family where at one time he called regularly at a certain hour. If by any means the time was lost they would say, "Never mind, we can set the clock by Mr. Richardson when he comes; he'll be just on the minute."

In any of the little things of life which might make trouble for another he was ever thoughtful. If he were going to the house of a friend to visit or spend the night he never forgot to notify the family at what hour he would be there, whether before a meal or after, and whether to remain over night or not. Many times he was inconvenienced by some minister who was to remain with us over the Sabbath and who would fail to be specific on these points. By this neglect, perhaps, your grandpapa would be detained from some important work, or the supper would be cleared away after having waited for some time beyond the hour the guest was due, or, after sitting up quite late for him, he would not appear at all until the next morning. Such things were always annoying to your grandpapa, and he considered them almost unkind and discourteous in their thoughtlessness. But perhaps I have told you enough to assure you of his public interest in whatever makes for improvement and for peace.

LETTER No. 23.

After we became well setttled in Chelsea we united ourselves with the Winnissimmet Congregational Church, of which Dr. I. P. Langworthy was then pastor. Your grandpapa loved that church ever after even as himself; he prayed for it, suffered for it, and labored for it with a spirit of tender devotion. In all its prosperity he was exceeding glad; in its adversity he suffered with a sorrow that could not be comforted except at the throne of grace. In many ways he rejoiced to use his strength and means for its welfare.

At one time when missionary concerts were among the regular meetings of the church he had special charge of them and made them of the most intense interest. He laid out a plan for the entire year, chose a committee with whom to confer, and prepared topics for each concert. These were assigned to competent speakers, previously secured, and every meeting was arranged with care and attention to detail so that no time need be lost nor the interest flag. How packed the vestry used to be, with many standing for lack of room and unwilling to depart because of the desire to hear the subjects brought forward! Ah, those were what one might call enthusiastic meetings, and how we did enjoy them!

I must tell you a laughable experience that occurred at one of those concerts. It was soon after the war, and the subject, I think, was "The Freedmen." I had just taken into my family for help a freedwoman who had but recently come from the South, where she had been a slave all her life. She was very tall, very large, and very black, beside being clumsy and rheumatic; but she was extremely grateful for the instruction I was giving her. I pitied her, and thought it might be a comfort to her to go to the concert and hear what was said about her people. I was not able to go, neither could I send her alone in her ignorance of our ways and on the icy streets. I suggested to your Aunt Hattie that she take the woman along with her and give her a seat. "O, yes!" said Aunt Hattie, full of fun and thinking it might make a little sensation when she should walk in with her. Betsey — for

that was her name — soon appeared with her big coal-black face encased in a huge white satin poke bonnet, looking verily like a "huckleberry in a big pan of milk." Aunt Hattie, who always saw the funny side of anything, was convulsed, and so was I; but, knowing it would never do for her to go in such a striking costume, I told Betsey that I would tie a veil over her bonnet, as I feared it would be too dressy for an evening meeting. "'Tis putty fine," said Betsey, but "de missis gib it to me dun gone two years." I arranged a thick brown veil over it as well as I could for so large a bonnet, while, to relieve ourselves and not hurt Betsey's feelings, we laughed at my awkwardness in arranging the veil. At length they were ready. When they reached the vestry it was so full that Aunt Hattie could get no seat except by going to the very front. Putting on a bold face she walked up, Betsey following her, and found a seat. She had noticed several young friends as she passed them roll up their eyes at her, and she dared not look either one way or the other for fear of losing her self-control. When she herself was seated she caught the eyes of two young men opposite who were shaking with merriment, and that almost unbalanced her. Betsey was jubilant over the meeting, and so long as she was with us did not cease to talk of it nor of "de good folk at de Norf."

He served for years on the parish committee, and was often chairman on the committees for the benevolences of the church. For several years he acted as deacon, and it was through his suggestion and influence that the old method of choosing the deacons for life, in that church at least, was done away with and they were chosen by rotation in office. I think I never knew him to refuse to serve for the welfare of the church or any of its members in any duty, however unpleasant it might be or however much he might shrink from it, if it was the desire of the church that he should serve.

I call vividly to mind one time in its history when he shrank with great reluctance from the performance of an unusually trying work which had been placed in his hands by the vote of the board of deacons. He begged to have some one else take it. But they said, "It must be done, and there is no other man who can do it so carefully or so judiciously." He was so pained over this mat-

ter that it was more than two weeks before he could make up his mind to attend to it. Then he went in the strength of earnest prayer after many a wakeful night. He took up the cross, considering in the most delicate manner he could devise how to make the truth known to the individual he was to see. The result proved as he feared. His coming was accounted as a personal affair, and bitter offense was taken toward him. No amount of explanation could ever set the matter right or help the brother beloved to see that your grandpapa was simply the agent or bearer of the unpleasant decision arrived at by the deacons. What your grandpapa suffered from this unhappy affair can never be known, for he was a stanch and loyal friend to the individual personally though in great doubt about the wisest settlement of the matter in hand. I think he always carried a pain in his heart over this uncalled-for alienation and misjudgment of motive.

He loved the Sunday school and its work; was its superintendent for five consecutive years, laboring without stint for its welfare. How he studied to make the most of every opportunity to improve the school and cause it to become a nursery of the church! I will copy for you a few words that were written to me in a letter of condolence soon after your grandpapa had gone to his new and more glorious labors. They will tell you more than I can from my own observation because I was so seldom able to be in the school. They were written by one of the superintendents of the primary department. She says:

How honored am I that Mr. Richardson was my friend is a thought that comes to me whenever I enter my schoolroom, especially since to me was granted the priceless boon of standing beside your sainted husband when he was with us there for the last time on that never to be forgotten Communion Sabbath in January, 1891. He asked particularly about the Sunday school, and I said: "This is my anniversary, Mr. Richardson. It is six years today since you put me in charge of this blessed work — a work that grows dearer year by year." A smile broke over his face as he replied, "And I have never seen any reason to regret the part I had in it." Do you wonder that today and many times before today those words have come to me like his parting blessing, and that my ceaseless prayer is that today, with his clearer vision and perfect understanding, he may be able still to say of the labors in this nursery of the beloved church where the tiny feet are set in the paths that lead

to God, "I do not regret my part in appointing their leader?" O Mrs. Richardson, can you know what it has meant to me all these seven years to have received my commission from such a man of God, or how much of the blessing that has attended the labors of my coworkers has come from the inspiration received from that good man full of the Holy Ghost!

Another of the constant and faithful teachers sent me the following with regard to his work in the school:

. . . The work which Mr. Richardson put into the Sabbath school alone when he was superintendent was astonishing. How many pleasant and profitable evenings the teachers have passed in his hospitable home to go out and do better work for God because of his refreshing and helpful words! The little sermons that he gave in a few words at the close of the Sunday school often proved as barbed arrows which remained in the hearts of the scholars.

While your grandpapa was thus connected with the Sunday school it was his custom to hold an annual reception at our house of all the officers and teachers of the school, including the officers and teachers of the mission chapel which was under the auspices of our church. These gatherings were made a place for mutual help. Persons were invited to write brief essays on methods of teaching, on the results of certain methods, on any discouragements or encouragements that might have come in their way, and upon any and every subject that could aid the teacher in his labors. Rev. Asa Bullard, the veteran Sunday-school worker, was with us one evening to interest and inspire. More or less chorus music was interspersed and the whole evening was always made profitable to all.

When he was not superintendent he was never without a class except for some unavoidable reason. At one time when he had a class of young men in whom he was specially interested a severe illness in his family compelled his giving it up, much to their mutual regret. I will inclose the letter he received from them after his resignation:

CHELSEA, November 12, 1865.

DEAR SIR:

It was with emotions of deep disappointment that we heard read last Sabbath your kind yet unwelcome note informing us of continued

illness in your family and your consequent inability to meet longer with us at present in the capacity of teacher. But sympathizing with you as we do in your domestic trials, and fully believing that you would not unless necessity had compelled have sundered that relation which has so long existed between us — a connection which has always been so pleasant to us, we trust to yourself also, and which has gained for you our merited and profound respect and sincere affection, even though it has thrown upon your burdened shoulder an additional weight of responsibility; with these feelings of sympathy and perfect confidence we could not feel it right or consistent on our part to give utterance to the natural impulse which led us to say, "We cannot give up our beloved teacher."

We must needs then accept your kind words of counsel and the grateful assurance that your prayers will still be with us, though we shall miss the instruction which has given us such pleasure and enlightenment, stimulating our love for the Word of God, and above all pointing out to us the straight and narrow path of Christian duty as the only road which leads man's footsteps to the city of eternal life, and in which we were made to feel that the consistent example of our teacher commended to us the perfect model of Him whose cross opens to us all a free highway to heaven.

Accept then, dear friend, our heartfelt thanks for the interest which we have been so happy to feel you have ever taken in our temporal and spiritual prosperity, for the labor you have bestowed to render our lessons interesting as well as instructive, and the care you have taken to draw out and consider our often imperfectly expressed ideas, as well as to acquaint us with your own more mature thoughts. That you may soon rejoice in the restored health of your family and again be enabled to meet us in the Sabbath school is the earnest desire and prayer of each one of your affectionate class.

CHARLES F. DOLE,
A. L. BROWN,
For the class.

Here is a letter that came to me bringing comfort from a class of young ladies who more recently had been under your grandpapa's instruction in the Sunday school which he had so lately left:

CHELSEA, March 6, 1891.

DEAR MRS. RICHARDSON:

So often am I reminded of the many pleasant associations with the one whom I was so happy as to have for a teacher in the Sunday school

that I cannot refrain from sending to you some expression of my thoughts. Those hours spent with Mr. Richardson on Sunday, when he so lovingly and faithfully instructed us in the Word of God, will always be a source of happy recollection and of inspiration to higher living and thinking. I always felt that every word came from a soul true to its convictions of truth and duty and with a strong hold on the deep things of God. You can well understand how fruitless any attempt would be to express in words this appreciation of what he has done for us all. . . . The class joins with me most heartily in sending you this expression of our loving remembrance of Mr. Richardson and of deep sympathy for you and yours in this great loss and bereavement.

Most sincerely,

ALICE M. ALLEN.

His thoughts were not alone for the teachers in Sabbath school or for the children, he was interested in all the church people and felt that he had something to do for the aged also, as the following newspaper clipping will show:

On Wednesday afternoon of this week there was a gathering of the old people of the Chestnut Street Church [the name "Winnissimmet" had been dropped for some reason] at the house of Mr. C. A. Richardson on Washington Avenue. The invitation embraced all the members of that church over seventy years of age, of whom there were thirty, including Mr. Richardson's mother, who was nearly seventy-seven. One member had the opportunity of celebrating his eighty-fourth birthday. After tea brief devotional exercises were conducted by Rev. Mr. Langworthy, including a most tender and appropriate address. One of the aged members recited a devotional poem appropriate to the occasion, which had not been in print for nearly half a century. Another gave a solo of sacred song to the great delight of the company.

Later in the evening the past and present officers of the church came in to give a churchly greeting to these aged members of the Heavenly Father's household. When they were ready to go home all were sent in the family carriage. The aged man who recited the poem was the grandfather of the dear little Mellin boy who was found murdered on the beach by the notorious Jesse Pomeroy some time later.

No one of us is ever conscious of the many silent ways in which our influence goes out to affect the lives of others, and this

thought leads me to refer to the testimony of a teacher in Chelsea who had long known your grandpapa. She was lying on her bed very sick, and singularly her thoughts turned to him, dwelling upon his life and how it had affected hers. She says: "I remembered how constant he was at the prayer meeting, always sitting in just about the same seat. How regular his attendance at the Sabbath school! I could see him as, years ago, he would go out carefully about five minutes before its close and I almost knew that it was to go home to relieve his wife in her care for the little ones. Then I thought Mr. Richardson can never know how much I owe him; that silent influence of his has blessed me; why, even the luxuries I am enjoying in my convalescence are due to him, though he knows not of it. O, how little he knows what he has done for others! I should like to tell him so." In the afternoon of the day of these meditations she was told that the carriages that were gathering about the church opposite her home were those attendant upon the funeral services of your beloved grandpapa. A few weeks later when she was speaking to your Aunt Hattie of this marked coincidence she added, "Do you remember what he told you once about trying to be careful of your expenses, and how he gave you instruction what to do, and you said, 'I am doing just what he told me to do and I have so much in the bank?' Well, after you had gone I said to myself, 'What is there to hinder my doing the same thing? That advice is as good for me as it is for my friend.' I have followed it from that day, and now in the time of my need I enjoy the comforts I have earned. Without that influence I should not have had them."

I have written considerably about your grandpapa's connection with the Sabbath school, because it was work that he loved. I may now add a similar testimony to his love for the prayer meeting. It was an ordinance of the church that was especially dear to him. Not simply as a duty, though that feeling had great weight with him, but because he knew that here he found a near approach to the mercy seat in the company of others who were often heavy laden and weary like himself, and their prayers were sympathetic and helpful. His voice was not always heard in the meeting, because he was sometimes too exhausted either to speak

or pray, and though his heart was full of praise he could not sing. Usually, however, he had a few words to offer either in prayer or exhortation and sometimes both. Some who have heard him may not be able to realize the cross it was to him to take part in these gatherings, but he suffered often from a diffidence that was hard to overcome. He never allowed this to hold him to his seat, however, and bore the cross for the pleasure he gained in giving his testimony for Christ. How many a message he has brought to my own heart during that "sweet hour of prayer!" That others enjoyed him also in the prayer meeting I have abundant evidence, and write you from what I know. Often I have had the remark made to me, "How much Mr. Richardson helped me tonight;" or, "I always like to hear Mr. Richardson because he gives me something to take home that I can think of or pray over;" or, "I wish Mr. Richardson would always take part in the meeting, his sincerity and devout spirit are such an inspiration to me."

So I could fill pages with similar expressions to show you that his life was "hid with Christ in God." He *felt* his prayers; he asked for what he thought was needed. His exhortations ever had a word of appeal or a word of real help or were the word of praise just fitted to the hour. Reverence was a marked feature of his character and attitude toward God. A friend who has known him from her childhood and who was at one time a member of his father's family makes this statement:

> The first prayer that ever impressed me and at all made me realize what prayer was came from that good man's lips. The solemn reverence in his voice when he said "O Lord," or "Our Father in heaven," made a lasting impression on my child heart. I loved to hear him pray. He made "Our Father" seem so like a real person.

A constant attendant upon our weekly prayer meeting says:

> The meeting never seemed complete to me till Mr. Richardson had taken part either by testimony or prayer. How well I remember the first time I ever heard him! It seemed as if he must have lived in St. Paul's time and gone about with him in his journeyings, he made his life and teachings so vivid. The effect upon me was to create a desire for the Word of God. I began to study it more and more as I saw there were heights and depths of riches that I had never explored.

Another person, alluding to his careful habits of speech, once said:

> I know of one man who will never have any idle words to answer for, and that is Mr. Richardson. I never knew a person so careful to keep a watch upon his lips lest he say something he ought not.

I might continue these testimonies that show to you and to the world that prayer was life and health and joy to your sainted grandpapa while on earth; and is not this where we need such prayer? It is only praise that he renders now in the "many mansions" on high.

LETTER No. 24.

During the last dozen or fifteen years of your grandpapa's life an unusual number of changes occurred in the editorial department of the *Congregationalist*. The original firm, however, remained unchanged until 1887, and the business relations between himself and his beloved partners, Dr. Dexter and Mr. Greene, were singularly harmonious to the very end. The tie which bound them together was more like that existing between brothers. Of these three Mr. Greene is the only one now left, and he withdrew from active labor at the date mentioned. Among those who were more or less closely associated with your grandpapa in the office during that period were Rev. Edward Abbott, D.D., who resigned in 1877 and entered the Episcopal ministry; Rev. Frank T. Lee, now of Muscatine, Iowa; Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton, the well-known author; Rev. C. C. Carpenter, still occupying his "Conversation Corner" in the person of "Mr. Martin;" Rev. M. D. Bisbee, the present librarian of Dartmouth College; Henry E. Bourne, now a professor in Adelbert College, Cleveland, Ohio; Miss Henrietta H. Stanwood, who filled the position of church-news editor for five years with remarkable skill and fidelity; Rev. F. H. Kasson, now editor of *Education*; and Miss Ida E. Kittredge, the first stenographer of whose services your grandpapa ever availed himself regularly, he being himself a skillful manipulator of both the caligraph and the Hammond typewriter. There was no change during this period in the New York correspondent, that place being admirably filled, as it still is, by Rev. Dr. A. Huntington Clapp; but the Chicago correspondence was conducted first by Rev. Dr. Simeon Gilbert, the present editor of the *Advance*, and now by Rev. Dr. E. F. Williams. His other associates, who still remain, were Rev. A. E. Dunning, D.D., Rev. Morton Dexter, Rev. H. A. Bridgman, and Miss Frances J. Dyer. The entrance into the firm in 1887 of Mr. William F. Whittemore was a great assistance to your grandpapa, enabling him to throw off much of the care of the business department upon younger shoulders; nor should I fail to mention the great comfort which Mr. E. H.

Hames, the faithful chief of the subscription department, was to him for more than a quarter of a century.

These numerous changes meant anxiety and solicitude for him, beside more or less extra labor in different lines of work. He was the one to designate and assign the duties of each new assistant and to establish him in his place. He must be sure that the workers and their sentiment concurred with the spirit and sentiment of the paper. As every one knows, it is no enviable task to direct mature minds into new channels or to turn them aside into new ways of putting thought, though the responsibility is not to be theirs. If they have been accustomed to any form or method of their own it naturally seems to them the better.

Yet, so far as I am informed, there was always a pleasant state of feeling among those with whom he had to deal and who must receive instruction of any kind from him. I have no doubt they often felt that he was too exact and almost unnecessarily careful, if that were possible, in newspaper work. I cannot believe, however, that he was fault-finding. That he was extremely particular and very decided in his demands, I have no doubt. That he was also methodical to a degree, and that system was perfected in him, no one can deny; for this was just as marked in his life at home as it was in his office. If a book were taken from the bookcase for use, it was never left lying on the table for some one else to put away. After a newspaper was read it was folded and put in its place and not thrown loosely about for another to dispose of; if a few stitches were broken away on coat or vest it was never carelessly or neglectfully laid aside, but was given to some one to be repaired before it became a rent that should permanently deface the garment or be a great task to put it in order. Everything was thus seen to and carefully kept, so that all things were as they should be — decent and in order. He tried to impress upon his children that a great part of the suffering occasioned by poverty was the result of want of care and attention on the part of those who suffered. "For it is just as true as that the sun shines in the heavens," he would say, that "a stitch in time saves nine."

Having these characteristics so strongly developed it was very trying when a stranger, or friend even, asked the use of his desk and the favor was cheerfully granted, to have that stranger or

friend so unmindful of true courtesy, which demands that other people's things should be left as they are found, as to leave everything out of place — papers scattered all over the desk, special selections meddled with or lost among the refuse they have left upon the floor; or, perhaps, to cap the climax of untidiness, leave a huge unsightly blot of ink on the clean cloth of the desk so carefully kept before. To most editors these annoyances will come, and to a stranger not knowing the inconvenience of such a loan it might seem almost unkind to be refused the few moments' convenience of ready material at a briefly vacated desk. Yet it might and often has proved to be not only disturbing but quite disastrous at times to the kind owner for just this want of care of other people's things.

It was along in the early eighties that your grandpapa became convinced that he must make some effort to lighten considerably his own labors; yet, with the ever increasing rivalry in all journalism, there appeared to be no way of release, though more assistance was secured with this end in view. Even this proved to be like the help which came to tired women when the new sewing machine was introduced. It was hoped that it would reduce her work almost to a pastime; but instead it was very materially increased, because then it became so easy to sew that everything had to be embellished with ruffles and row upon row of stitching until her work was doubled and trebled. So it was in journalistic work — the more the help the more the necessity to push out into improvements and new methods.

During the later years of his life, when discussions were rife upon the Andover question, the great temperance issues, the Home Missionary problem, and later still on the controversies of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, he became so weary of them that he felt life was all too short for such feelings of bitterness as were often engendered. He longed to give up the strife and yield his position to those who were more in the spirit of it than he was. Of course he was aware that so long as he was at the head of a religious paper, and that paper a denominational one, it was absolutely necessary that the organ so standing before its church should speak its convictions to the public whether it gained enemies or friends. This was a source

of constant grief to him, and I think the unpleasantness of a sometimes necessary opposition wore upon him very decidedly. His was a spirit of Christian reconciliation rather than controversy. On the other hand, he had strong convictions of duty, and would never shirk, though it brought pain and unjust criticism; and he was not quite sure whether it would be the attitude of real Christian manliness to forsake his life work simply because it had come to a place of moral and spiritual struggle.

He talked seriously of retiring from his onerous labors in the year 1889, and was desirous for some one to come into the office who would enter into its interests and learn its duties while he was there able to give instruction and advice. It was with this object in view that he urged the present managing editor, Rev. Howard A. Bridgman, to reconsider his purpose of taking a pastorate, and come into the *Congregationalist* to prepare for that work with the hope eventually of taking his place. He wished to close his labors on the paper and live in a more quiet way after he should reach the age of sixty, should his life be spared so long. He had worked much beyond his strength for several of the preceding years, but circumstances created the necessity.

In the fall of 1889 it seemed for many reasons best that we should close our home in Chelsea during the winter, and your great-grandmother being desirous to make a visit to the old homestead we planned as comfortable arrangements as possible for her there with a grandson, while we went to board at Hotel Bellevue in Boston. The next spring having an opportunity to sell our place in Chelsea your grandpapa decided to do so. It was hard to leave a home where we had spent so many pleasant hours, having lived there twenty years. Death had not entered our doors during all that time to remove any immediate relative (though Miss Higgins, who died in Tokio, was almost as dear), and our home had been the scene of many gatherings that were full of blessing; sometimes we had felt that we had even "entertained angels" though not unawares.

This necessary arrangement so troubled your grandpapa on account of his aged mother, then in her ninety-fourth year, that he was glad to accept the chance to be in Franklin with your mamma for two months that summer. What a joy it was to him in very

many ways! You will never forget that summer, will you? Grandpapa could be near his beloved mother and see her every week. He could have all his little family together — wife, children, and grandchildren. He could have an opportunity to go over all the old haunts of his boyhood, and he could renew some of the old friendships. All these things gave him a most pleasurable and satisfactory summer both in anticipation and reality.

How much you contributed to that happiness you will never know, though you can be sure it was a great deal. How he enjoyed those days of seeing all his own together, of sitting morning and evening with you around your papa's table! I can even now see the glad smile that always beamed approval and the toss of the editor's bag to prove it as he drew near the house in coming from the station and beheld our faces at the door or ourselves on the walk to greet him.

How he loved you, his dear grandchildren! How many were the projects he had planned for your future, with the expectation that you were all to be true and worthy men and women! And those drives about his old home, how full of interest they were! watching every load of hay and every farmer's wagon that we met lest some old and almost forgotten face should escape his recognition. And those Sabbaths, how blissful they were! for he enjoyed his early church home, and as his custom was, wherever he might be stopping, he made himself as one with the church. Its interests were his as a member of the one great household of Christ. No matter where he might be, if there was a prayer meeting or any service of God's people there he was to be found in the Master's name and with the Master's spirit. I shall never forget an evening prayer meeting that we attended once while on a journey with our carriage. We had stopped for the night, and he had inquired about the churches and had learned that a meeting was to be held that evening. We went, and near the close of the service when there was a pause your grandpapa arose and in tender words expressed his joy in finding his brethren and friends wherever he was; he spoke of his sense of being at home and the precious fellowship he enjoyed, etc., and then he offered a brief prayer for the spiritual welfare of that particular church. His words were tender, and expressed real, heartfelt sympathy. After the meeting it seemed

as if we were among old friends, so cordial was the greeting from the little band of worshipers. It was an inspiration to me and a convincing proof that God's children have a peculiar relationship to each other all over the world, and that they may make their influence felt wherever they will.

As his years had increased a beautiful, tender spirit of love to all manifested itself in his daily life; his prayers were full of kindliness for those who knew not God, full of pathetic expressions for Christ's kingdom, of earnest words for those who were dear to him, and especially was his soul full of desire for the prosperity of the church. One could trace a general solicitude for any who were in trouble or who were having what the world calls a hard time.

Do you remember how he used to go every Sunday afternoon to the old home to read to your great-grandmother, anxious to make up to her as far as possible the conveniences she had been caused to forego by leaving a city home? Your dear great-grandmother never knew that your grandpapa had gone to heaven before her and would be waiting to receive her there, for when grandpapa's spirit was released from earth and took its upward flight, by some kind touch of God's hand at that same hour, she was stricken with a partial paralysis of the brain, and though she lingered here five weeks longer she was never told that her son had gone. It was pathetic to hear her say in her weakness, a short time before she went to meet him, in one lucid moment: "O, I wish my only son Charles was here that I might lay my head on his shoulder and rest."

At the close of that summer he thought as she had not been able to attend church for a long time it would be pleasant for her to sit at the communion table once more, and you will be interested to hear of the blessed season which he planned for her. I was not able to be there on account of illness, but grandpapa told me all about it, and a dear friend who was present wrote me of its impression on himself. I will send you his letter to read, only the joy of the experience cannot be expressed in words:

A SPECIAL COMMUNION SEASON.

The second Sabbath in September was a day which will long be remembered by many in the First Church in Franklin. Mr. Richardson had

often wished that his beloved mother might enjoy another season of communion with a few Christian friends at the old homestead. On the seats nearest the table sat our venerable friend, Mrs. Harriet B. Richardson, ninety-five and a half years old. At her left was her lifelong friend, Mrs. Chloe Metcalf, only two years her junior. On her right hand was her only son, C. A. Richardson, who had made the arrangements for this soul feast. The service began by singing "Jesus, lover of my soul." Mrs. W. F. Ray, a granddaughter of Mrs. Richardson, led in the service of song. Our pastor, Rev. G. E. Lovejoy, read from the seventeenth chapter of John and other appropriate selections of Scripture, and in a very solemn and impressive manner asked God's blessing. Again we sang "Rock of Ages cleft for me." When the bread was passed to our aged friend I noticed that her son took a piece and put it in her hand as she was too blind to see, and also how tenderly he put the cup to her lips. I feel that language is impotent to express the look of peace and holy joy that sat upon the faces of mother and son as they participated in this sacred service, and we all felt that it was good to be there. No nearer has the Saviour been on a like occasion than he was to this little company of Christians present in that room on that Sabbath day. The closing hymn was "Blest be the tie that binds," the audience singing the whole hymn. No one in that company thought that this was the last time we should enjoy such a season, but in less than six months both son and mother were transferred from the earthly to the heavenly communion. I think no one present will ever forget the impression made upon the mind by the interesting scene. May the sacred and blessed influence of that holy hour abide with us to life's latest day!

There were present on that occasion the following persons, some of whom you know:

Mrs. Chloe Metcalf.
Mrs. Clarissa Adams.
Mr. and Mrs. James F. Adams.
Charles Adams.
Dea. Charles Gowen.
Rev. and Mrs. G. E. Lovejoy.
Mrs. Abbie Sinclair.
Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Stanley.
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Rockwood.
Miss Sarah A. Blake.
Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Baker.
Mr. David Fisher.
Mr. S. C. Bourne.
Miss Jemima Daniels.
Mrs. W. F. Ray.
Dea. and Mrs. Geo. W. Bacon.
Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Bullard.
Mr. E. F. Richardson.
Miss Jennie Baker.

LETTER No. 25.

After the happy weeks at your home in Franklin we went to Boston, returning to Hotel Bellevue. Our rooms there were almost a home to us in their arrangement, and grandpapa took comfort in being so near his office — a convenience for which he had often wished. He was a happy man whenever I was able to go with him to a lecture or a concert or the weekly prayer meeting, and we were anticipating a great deal of pleasure in being able to go out together that last winter of his life. We were centrally located where we could easily reach the various places of interest, to which he had already purchased tickets. I had been to a number of lectures and to the weekly meeting quite regularly with him. I had been realizing as never before his spiritual growth, and had watched closely the sweetly developing Christian character and felt afraid lest heaven was nearer to him than I knew. I somehow realized that he was looking into unseen things almost as if they were realities.

How can I ever describe to you what that last prayer meeting we attended together was and is to me in its influence! The leader had read the Scriptures and then called upon your grandpapa to offer the opening prayer. The subject before the meeting was "What can we do, each one of us, to bring the Holy Spirit down into our midst?" and this was the burden of grandpapa's prayer — so earnest, so appealing, so evident that he stood at the open gate of heaven pleading with the very Christ, that I almost held my breath. There was a hush in the audience as if God was there. I felt afraid, and I wanted to take hold of your grandpapa's hand lest he leave me. When he sat down the momentary silence burdened me, and I turned involuntarily to assure myself of his presence. I could feel the shining of his countenance as if he were on the mount with God in the very presence of the overshadowing cloud. He never came down again from that mount. The fragrance and the blessing of that last meeting and that last public prayer with me at his side, with its holy impression, will never leave me.

On the morning of November 13 he went as usual to the

office with no anticipation of anything serious. Soon after, he returned with a face so white and sunken in its expression, manifesting such distress of feeling that he was trembling greatly. He could scarcely speak for emotion. "What is it?" I asked. "O," said he, "I have such sad news; Dr. Dexter is gone!" Then he told me the story of his sudden demise — how he was found in his bed like one asleep, having been awakened on the heavenly shore without the pain of dying. The blow was a severe one to your grandpapa, for they two had been associated in the closest and most harmonious relations for nearly thirty-five years. He had had great hope to leave the office in the coming January, if everything should be favorable, though he was not yet fully decided. Circumstances had come up to make the question a difficult one to determine without considerable deliberation. This affliction decided his remaining where he was for another year; and with a heavy heart he went about his daily tasks. Dr. Dexter's death necessarily involved radical changes in the office, though he had chosen his successor in Dr. Dunning, who had been with him at work for a year or more already. As Rev. Morton Dexter was heir to his father's share in the proprietorship of the *Congregationalist* and Dr. Dunning was to take the chair of editor in chief, it was now their first business to form a new partnership, the other being dissolved by Dr. Dexter's death. Your grandpapa was rather perplexed about his course in the matter, being greatly embarrassed in his decision on account of the shortness of his proposed stay. On Christmas night I was taken very ill, and this added a new solicitude to his already overburdened mind. The suddenness of the doctor's death made him more anxious for me than he otherwise would have been.

On Sunday, January 4, we had all hoped to go to Chelsea to sit at communion as a family once more in our old church home; as it was he was obliged to go alone, and he was sad enough. God saw his need that day, and visited his soul with an unusual blessing from the storehouse of his love. Many tender and impressive experiences met him during those Sabbath hours. One of them was attending the funeral of the wife of one of his associate deacons; this also added to his weight of anxiety on my

account. He went in to speak with the family and tell them of his sympathy. After coming home he told me of the service with much tenderness, and spoke of the whole day with strong feeling. Especially did he dwell on the richness of his enjoyment at the Lord's table, and how he had longed for me to be at his side that we might share the feast of love together. Then he asked after my own spiritual welfare, and if I should be willing to leave my home and all so dear to me here if God should see it to be best. When I answered him in the affirmative he asked if I should be willing to stay and suffer, also. He then spoke of the New Jerusalem with all its glories, and taking the Bible in his hand he sat down and slowly and quietly read the account in Revelation. After this he talked of those whom we should meet there, and tried to recall as many as he could of the great number of friends whom we should know whenever we should go hence. How he dwelt upon that union of friends, as if the longing to see them was soon to be satisfied! O, how little I realized that he was thinking that we were soon to be separated, not by his going hither, but by my going! I think he could not trust himself to tell me his fears, and I was too ill to know my own danger. God's thoughts are not like our thoughts, neither are his ways like our ways.

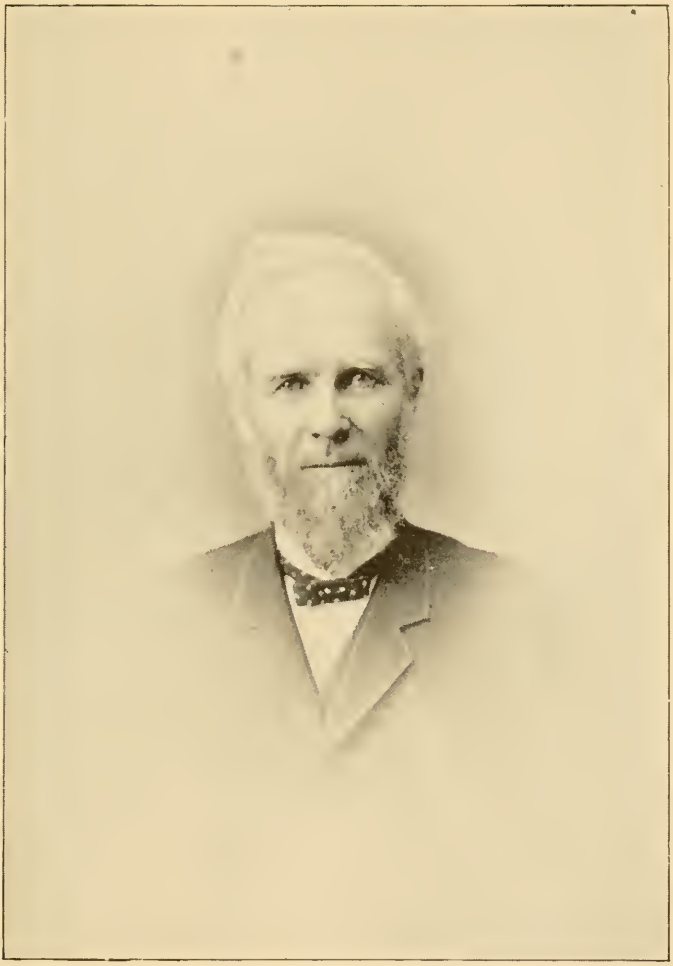
The following Sunday I was much worse. He was restless and uneasy, constantly coming to my bedside. When asked why he went to it so often, fearing it might disturb me, he replied, "Why, I can't keep away." Taking my hand in his he would gently stroke it, then smooth my cheek, the tears dropping meanwhile silent and still on my hand and wrist. I knew that he had something that he wanted to say to me. I tried to ask what it was, but felt too weak for the exertion; so that tender word was never spoken. How I long to know it now! but he will tell me what it was when I meet him in the New Jerusalem, and maybe we shall talk it all over there.

Your grandpapa had not been feeling quite like himself for several days, but did not say much about it until that same night, when he complained a little and took something which he hoped would relieve him in a short time. Monday he still complained of considerable discomfort, but kept at work nearly all day. Tues-

day he was no better, and Tuesday night the pain had increased so much that he had a restless night. Wednesday morning he seemed to be decidedly worse, and was in so great pain that I tried to persuade him not to go to his work; as some of the editors were absent, however, he thought it quite necessary for him to be in the office for a time at least, but assured me that he would not stay if he felt no better. About eleven o'clock he came home with a most sunken and distressed look on his face, and was suffering intensely. The nurse who was caring for me went to his help at once, and prepared what we hoped might bring him relief until the physician should come. He suffered a great deal through the remainder of the day until near night, when he thought the medicine the doctor had left was affording him some relief. He sat up a few minutes, but found that the bed was the better place and lay down again. An hour or so later the pain returned with great severity, and he passed a very sick night. He continued to grow worse, peritonitis having developed, which was soon followed by pneumonia, both making rapid strides toward the consummation of their work.

On Saturday morning the physician called for a consultation; then I knew there was danger, but had no idea how great it was. No one told me that there was no hope, but the rather that if his strength could hold out and if he could be kept quiet he might rally. I was far too weak fully to understand and take in the situation, because I had not been with him at all and could not mark the changes that had come over him. I asked if I might be taken in to see him, and they said it was not best. I supposed the fear was for me rather than for him, and when it was too late and he could not know me I had no strength to go. O, that night! only God and I know its agony. I waited and watched for any signal that should tell me that his spirit had been ushered into the Everlasting Presence, to enter upon a higher and holier service for his Lord than he had ever known here. When it came I knew your grandpapa's work was finished; the hand that had penned so many helpful words for others was powerless; the heart that had beat so lovingly for me, and so kindly for hundreds whom he had known and whom he knew his influence would touch, had ceased to beat. The soul so full of devotion to the

Master, of longings to do and be for Christ, was satisfied in his likeness. He had sent me word by Aunt Alice that whichever way the sickness should turn it would be all right, and so it was. It was right with God and right with him, and I shall know the right by and by. And, my dear children, he has left a legacy to you which neither wealth nor honor nor fame could give, and which nothing can take away — the legacy of a righteous life and an unsullied name. If you imitate his virtues you will never be drawn into temptations that shall hurt you, nor into vices that destroy. If you follow right because it is right always, conscientiously performing every duty as he did, your lives will be a blessing to the world in every line of your activity, and you will be trusted and helpful citizens. If you love and revere his God as he loved and revered him you will at last have an abundant entrance into the mansions where he is.



Mr. Richardson at Sixty.

LETTER No. 26.

My Dear Grandchildren:

As I have come to the closing letter of the long series prepared for you I am conscious of many pleasant experiences omitted on which I would like to dwell. I realize, also, the imperfect arrangement of my material, and I am sensible of the interest I may have failed to incite in you as I would. I have tried, however, to write what I thought would be of greatest help to you through the journey which you have but just begun — the life awaiting you! It is rather difficult, I find, to select and arrange from the memory of forty-three years or more the things that might be best suited to all your minds and for every purpose. My object for you, as I told you in the beginning, has been more to show you in the most effectual way what and who your grandpapa was, what he did, and what he tried to do and be. Of course I cannot bring before you the hundreds of interesting reminiscences of so long a life nor the many scenes in which his piety shone forth as the sun. I have given you some of the testimonies from the "cloud of witnesses" who have spoken of him, and I shall seal with my love the account of the funeral services which I had reported for you. These, with extracts from various letters of condolence received from those who esteemed him and other precious testimonies that have been added, I will send to you in a separate package, with these letters which I have written, to keep and read as words from living witnesses to your dear grandpapa's life.

I am not at liberty to relate to you in detail, nor could I if I were, the tender and loving scenes scattered all the way along through the years of our happy union. Indeed, if I would I could not describe the gentleness manifested to me in my oft-recurring and severe illnesses, his patient and loving solicitude, his precious prayers for me while kneeling at my bedside as well as at the family altar, and his anxiety lest any of the troublesome annoyances of the kitchen should find their way to my sick room. I may tell you, though, of his words of encouragement to endurance and fortitude, sometimes saying with a smile: "It is very easy to tell

you to be courageous and to have fortitude, because words are easy to speak; but I sadly fear that I should not be able to bear what you do with your patience and fortitude. But I will help you all I can."

Neither can I tell you of all the sorrowing places where we passed through the cloud hand in hand, yielding four sweet babes to the arms of death. I cannot explain to you how God whispered peace to our aching hearts at these times, for it is not for any to know what is in the heart of another. But I can speak to you of how quickly he recognized the hand of the Father in heaven, even above the sorrow of laying away from our arms our only son, a babe of not quite two days. How your grandpapa longed for that little son's life! Yet when he saw that though he was a beautiful child the heart's action was so imperfect that he could not live, he had a desire to give back to God the infant soul, and the dear child was baptized at my bedside. The next *Congregationalist* bore the announcement of the baby's death with the Scripture, "One day is with the Lord as a thousand years." How full of praise! He could never talk about this little son, and only once he said to me, when I was grieving over the event: "God surely knows best! Let us trust in him now as at all times."

I could never tire telling you of your grandpapa's faithfulness to me, it is so sweet a lesson for you to learn — how, in all my illnesses, which were many and often long, he was at my side the first thing in the morning and the last minute he had to spare before leaving home for the day. I was his first thought on coming home at night, and the last previous to his retiring. He never seemed to weary or forget, though for five and six months at a time I might be confined to my bed. His was an untiring devotion.

It may be a pleasure to you to know some of the rules by which your grandpapa's life was governed as the outgrowth of the Christian foundation on which he builded. I have often heard him say to your mamma and aunt when they were small and needed reproof: "I do not wish you to do as I request *simply* for the reason that I request it, but I want you to see that it is best that you should do so for the sake of right. Always do right because it is right."

"Never be an eyeservant! anything that is deceitful is wrong, and does more harm to yourself than to any one else; be sure to do as you would if you knew some one was looking on."

"Never associate with foul-mouthed companions; you cannot afford to keep such company for a moment when you know it."

"Never break willfully or carelessly a promise nor an absolute engagement."

"Never make a promise unless you feel sure that you can keep it."

"If ever you find yourself caught accidentally in a company where there is profanity or evil-speaking turn your back upon them and flee as for your life; shun everything evil that it may not mar the purity of your own thoughts."

"If you have a duty to perform, do it without grumbling or fuss; its disagreeableness will quite likely disappear."

I cannot close these letters without assuring you that if the above rules are faithfully adhered to in the spirit of love to Christ your lives will be a blessing to the world as well as to yourselves even as your grandpapa's has been. He did not wait until he became a man before adopting this manner of living. It grew with his growth and became a part of his being. When he used to visit me in my home and at the village where I taught school he never left me without prayer. How precious those memories are to me now! Perhaps you will smile and say, "That was too solemn a courtship for me." You mistake; there was nothing solemn about it. That it was serious I admit, but life is serious; and this added a richness and brightness to our hopes and to our hearts which knit our lives the closer in Christ. Thus they have flowed on ever since they were made one; and the river of our love has been constantly growing deeper and deeper until it broadened into a full, clear stream onflowing with its steady current to the end of this life only to be merged into the great eternity of God's love.

This united interest in Christ's work and kingdom caused us to have the greater interest in each other's duties. His long and diligent work on the *Congregationalist* was for many years my work too, for he shared its interests, its perplexities, its delights

with me from the beginning. Never was a step taken or a plan considered or a change proposed that he did not confer with me, laying it with the reasons therefor carefully before me. If trying discussions came up or grave questions were to be settled we talked them over together, not because I could be of any special help to him in settling these things, which I probably was not, but he liked to have my unbiased opinions expressed, and often said that by freeing his own mind and hearing my views it helped him to see matters in a new light, and that my unprejudiced thought cleared his own vision.

In the same way we discussed all household affairs, and no matter what topic of anxiety, of care, or pleasure came up it was conferred upon with mutual interest. This was our promise to each other before our marriage — that we would seek to know and understand one another always that we might be the better fitted to comfort and share everything together. Can you not see how our lives would most naturally glide into the same channel until we felt ourselves necessary to each other's happiness?

Your grandpapa's earthly part in these mutual interests has been completed before mine, and who can say that the remaining work left for me to do alone was not this very effort I am making to extend to you, my grandchildren, the impress which I hope these memorial letters may make upon your lives and character?

Your grandpapa has left me in the care of my children and grandchildren, and in my lonely hours I shall look to you for comfort till my journey is ended and I, too, shall awake satisfied in Christ's likeness. God will prosper and bless the result of these precious memories committed to your hearts according to your own sincere desire.

From your bereaved yet not desolate grandmamma,

MARY J. RICHARDSON.

THE

FUNERAL SERVICE.

CHARLES ADDISON RICHARDSON.

FUNERAL services over the remains of Charles Addison Richardson, the late managing editor of the *Congregationalist*, who died at Hotel Bellevue, Boston, on Sunday, January 18, were held at the First Congregational Church, Chelsea, in which he was a deacon, at 2 P.M. on Wednesday, January 21. The first three pews on the right in the body of the church were reserved for members of the corps of the *Congregationalist*. Next came the pew lately occupied by the deceased, which was trimmed with callas and smilax and "sealed" with a broad band of black and white ribbons. The next two pews were reserved for members of the Congregational Association, while still others were held for employees and occupants of the Congregational House, which was closed for the day at 12 M. The corps from the office of the *Congregationalist* included Rev. Morton Dexter; Rev. A. E. Dunning, D.D.; Rev. H. A. Bridgman; Miss F. J. Dyer; Miss H. H. Stanwood; and Miss Ida E. Kittredge. There were also present Rev. Henry A. Hazen, D.D.; J. F. C. Hyde, Esq.; Rev. C. C. Carpenter; Rev. C. L. Woodworth, D.D.; Rev. J. H. Twombly, D.D.; Hon. C. C. Coffin; S. E. Bridgman, Esq., of Northampton; Hon. Rufus S. Frost; and many other Congregational clergy and laity. Nearly all the Chelsea pastors were also present.

The remains were inclosed in a plain black broadcloth covered casket with oxidized silver handles. The plate bore simply the name, date of birth, and date of death of the deceased. Upon the casket were two crossed palms. The pulpit and altar of the church were appropriately decorated with calla lilies and potted plants.

The services included: Organ prelude; invocation and Scripture reading by Rev. George E. Lovejoy, of Franklin (the birthplace of the deceased); addresses by Rev. A. E. Dunning (editor of the *Congregationalist*), Rev. A. H. Plumb, D.D. (formerly pastor of the church where the services where held and now pastor of the Walnut Avenue Church of Roxbury), and Rev. Alonzo H. Quint, D.D.; and prayer and benediction by Rev. Lawrence Phelps,

of Gardner, pastor elect of the church. Music was furnished by the church quartette, with Dr. Charles D. Underhill organist. The selections were, "Art thou weary, art thou languid," "The Lord's Prayer," and "Come unto me all ye that are weary." The congregation also sang "Servant of God, well done."

The pallbearers were Rev. H. A. Bridgman, of the *Congregationalist;* Mr. John J. Underhill and Mr. Joseph W. Stickney, of the First Congregational Society; Mr. C. L. Whittlesey and Mr. Charles A. Phelps, of the American Congregational Association; and Mr. Thomas Todd, representing the other societies in the Congregational House.

The interment was at Woodlawn.

The Services.

I. Organ Prelude . . . . . Dr. Underhill.

II. Invocation . . . . Rev. George E. Lovejoy.

We bless thee, O God, for all thy benefits to us. We thank thee that in our hour of darkness thou art our light; that in our hours of trouble thou art our refuge, ever near and very precious. Therefore at this hour we draw near to thee; we throw open our hearts that thou mayest come into them and fill us with the light and with the joy and with that deep, unspeakable peace which thou dost give to thine own.

We thank thee that while this hour is turned today into the hour of mourning, we have the abundant consolation of thy spirit and thy grace and the higher hope which thou dost give unto us from the gospel of thy love. So we would be still and know that thou art God, and in the hush of our own hearts would hear thy voice speaking to us from thy providence and from the Word of Truth. Give unto us that word which our hearts need. Bless us in this hour. May every thought of our minds be drawn out and centered in thee. Go with us today as we go through our hour of trial, for we know that thou art ever our refuge in the time of storm, and we will delight to give thee thanks through our Lord. Amen.

III. CHANT: "The Lord's Prayer" . . QUARTETTE.

IV. SCRIPTURE READING . . . . REV. MR. LOVEJOY.

I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.

Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection; on such the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with him a thousand years.

Blessed are they that are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb.

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful, but his delight is in the law of the Lord, and in his law doth he meditate day and night. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of waters, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.

Blessed be the Lord and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all our tribulations that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God.

For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us. Wherefore, seeing that we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God.

For consider him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds.

And ye have forgotten the exhortation which speaketh unto you as unto children, My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him.

For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.

If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons, for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not?

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him, for he knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust.

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea. . . . And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life and may enter in through the gate into the city.

Wherefore comfort ye one another with these words.

V. Address . . . . . Rev. Dr. Dunning.

In behalf of Mr. Richardson's associates I am to speak in a few words of the life work of one whose thought has entered silently as a moral force into the lives of thousands of people, often actively remaining with them until they have passed from the hours of promise and resolve and hope to the time when they have laid their work down finished or undone. On the one hand he introduced during the thirty-five years of his connection with the *Congregationalist* a great number of authors, who had something to say to instruct, inspire, and guide the people, to vast

and varied audiences scattered all over the world. And on the other hand he presented to a whole generation, numbered by scores of thousands, counsel, warning, hope, encouragement, entertainment, and instruction; presented it to them in their private meditations in home and school and business and religious and social and civic life; presented to them these things so skillfully, adding his own word so wisely, that he never served the public so well as in the last years of his life; until, one week ago today, he laid aside the manuscript and the pen, and shortly after took his brief and silent journey to the rest that remaineth for the people of God.

He took this work as a sacred trust, took it reverently, and rejoiced in it as some young people rejoice in their play. He took it as a servant of God. On the one hand his correspondence with authors, preachers, and legislators often developed into valued friendship; on the other hand he knew he was helping people in their Christian lives, helping them better to understand their duties in their homes and in their business and everywhere, and he rejoiced in it. In early life he had to contend with poverty and, to an extent, with ill health in securing the education he had. How often he sent messages of encouragement to young men and women who were contending with difficulties such as he had had! In his maturer experience he was sometimes misjudged, and endured in silence. How often he furnished counsel to other men who had to bear misinterpretation in silence!

He had in early life a desire to prepare for the gospel ministry. That privilege was denied him; but he profoundly believed in the gospel proclaimed by prophets, by Jesus Christ, and by the apostles. And to what an audience for thirty years he presented it, and from what a storehouse did he draw his arguments and appeals!

He had a warm and tender sympathy with men. How often has he sent messages of consolation to hearts sore with bereavement, as ours are today! Truly this was a successful life of fitting preparation to that longer service into which he has entered, and which has no end. We are not here to mourn; we are here to praise. We miss him more, we that have been closely associated with him, than the public can know; but we congratulate him and thank God in his behalf.

It is a splendid thing when a man has lived the life he would choose to live, has lived it well, and, so far as those who knew him can see, has won the Master's verdict, "Well done, good and faithful servant." We who lived with him day by day found his companionship delightful, and those who have been with him longest have noted of late how his spirit mellowed and how his kindness manifested itself more than in other years. We have marked often his positive sense of justice, his determination that every one who felt that he had been aggrieved or misrepresented in any way should have an opportunity to set himself right, while Mr. Richardson was always watchful that the one who had a grievance which must be to him so much more than to the general public should not weary the readers of a great paper.

He had a keen sense of humor, and experience never dulled the surprise with which he greeted unexpected developments of human nature, which have no such field of display as in the correspondence with a religious newspaper.

He had great faith in men. He had strong confidence in the polity of Congregationalism as adapted to the conditions of this country. And how widely he has been able to extend its influence! There is not one of us — and here are many in these pews who have every day associated with him — who would not lay upon this casket the tribute of affection and respect, which is not awakened anew now that we bid him farewell, but which would have found as warm an expression on any of the busy week days of our lives. We mourn, but there is no bitterness in our mourning. We miss him. The remembrance of his presence is a shadow, but there is no bitterness in it. It stays with us. It will abide with our office a benediction in coming years; and we rejoice in our sorrow that his presence is in the Lord's presence now, and that he has entered into the Master's joy.

VI. SELECTION . . . . . QUARTETTE.

Art thou weary, art thou languid?
Art thou sore distressed?
Come to me, said One, and coming,
Be at rest.

VII. Address . . . . . Rev. Dr. Plumb.

The public career of every strong and true man is largely the biography of his inner life. While there are double-minded, false-hearted men who live two lives — one at home and in the church in their relations, and one before the public — and while there are weak men who live inconsistent lives in the two spheres from lack of a vigorous controlling purpose, all men of truth, all men of power whose virtues are robust and prevailing and consistent, are what they are in public, not only consistently with what they are at home and in the church, but largely in consequence of what they are at home and in the church; that is, the public career of a man, his outgoings before the world in his career, is largely the outgrowth of his inner life. And having been led in our reflections to consider the public relations of our departed friend, it seems proper that we turn to these inner qualities out of which the other aspect of his character grew. Is it not the part of a devout spirit that at such an hour as this we seek, so far as we may, to turn our thoughts away from the especially aggravating features of the great bereavement and strive to find consolation and instruction in seeing how rich God had made the character of this servant whom he has now recalled to himself? We are able to say, "The Lord gave, blessed be the name of the Lord." Perhaps, also, we shall be able, as we dwell upon what God has done by the riches of his bounty and native endowments and by the power of divine grace, to say, "The Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord," rejoicing in the preciousness of the days we have had hitherto.

Now the Lord made our friend to love righteousness. Very early in life he manifested as his strong, controlling purpose his love of righteousness. His early conversion at the age of fifteen years was a strong conversion, bright and clear, one that brought him out thoroughly into the happiness of a Christian life. He never lived a life of doubt, because he had such an assured conviction that he was accepted of God; and he so loved righteousness that it was apparent to himself and the world that he was one with God in his purpose.

The idea of duty, of moral obligation, the force of the moral law, the obligation to obey God, the righteousness and justice of God's moral government, were all prevailing ideas with him; and

there were no motives of fear or favor, the desire for esteem or the fear of opposition, that would cause him to hesitate a moment in regard to any question where the right was made clear to him. His great desire was to know the right and then to do it. Now, this made him independent of his moods and feelings. He had to contend against the depressed moods that sometimes came over him; but he had only to know what God wanted him to do, and he went forward to do it whatever his moods were. For instance, as the question of church attendance, the question of Sabbath-school labor, the question of attendance on and participation in the prayer meeting and the practice of family prayer arose, he never left these things to the feelings of the moment; but he had a conviction that when God had been so good as to establish Christian people in a family they ought never to be numbered among the families that call not on his name. And so always family prayer held a high place in his household life, and no engagement or anything would allow him to turn it aside. If the hour of leaving home was to be unusually early the family worship must be had before breakfast; and this became a joy to him. And so with attendance upon the prayer meeting; though he was modest and sensitive, and never took part in a meeting without a sense of responsibility and incompetence, yet he was ready to take part from a sense of obligation, and in the end it became his delight.

Thus always duty was his great idea. He had a very great contempt for the modern thought that says we must do nothing from a sense of duty. He would go forward and do his duty at whatever cost; and joy came to him in that performance. Over and over again lately he has enjoyed the prayer meetings especially. He would say, "I am very, very weary, but I cannot keep away from the prayer meeting, it is so refreshing to me; it is such a rest." And it was a great blessing to him there to perform his obligations from a sense of his loyalty to God and his love of righteousness — doing right — and then it became a habit with him and a great joy.

Then he was a man of very marked sincerity. When you looked him in the eye you felt that there was a man behind there of the utmost sincerity and simplicity, and that what he said you

could depend upon as being the expression of his heart. Now, naturally this grows out of the other. When a man is one with God, loves God, loves righteousness, he has no interest in hiding anything, he wants to know everything, he wants to know the exact situation of the case, he confronts the situation openly, looks at the facts in the case, and he wants to know everything as it is. And so he comes to have a very clear comprehension of the situation from this sincere desire to know it. And this trait marked very many of our friend's experiences. He was not only wholesome in his instincts, so that as a boy he never would remain where conversation was unwholesome in any degree; he not only had this love of righteousness that made him pure as a young man, but he had so much of sincerity and such a simple desire to know his duty that he did know it in a very great degree. Now, this came out very strongly in the sincerity, in the comprehensiveness, and in the propriety of his prayers. As his pastor for many years, it was always a wonderful comfort for me to hear him pray, to join with him in prayer. I think this grew upon him of late years. He seemed to see the situation and know the claims that were upon him. When he had finished a prayer it seemed to be a relief to us. We said, "There, now, we have opened our hearts to the Lord, told him everything, unburdened our souls, and left it all with him." He seemed to have such a capacity to see what was needed and to lay it before God. He made a great deal of prayer. Prayer was a very serious, thoughtful exercise with him. In his family prayers he mentioned every individual in the family and the guests of the family that might be present, and he laid everything before God. It was a wonderful privilege to hear him. Many have said, "I remember that Sabbath spent in that family and the prayer that I heard as he poured out his heart to God." And in view of the contemplated separation which the severe illness of his companion had led him to expect — and no one thought he was to be called first — he had lately conversed very familiarly with her in regard to that separation. Indeed, they had often and always talked about these things as they would talk about taking a journey. He was willing to look at everything; he never wanted to hide anything, but to be in the fear of God, open, sincere, and true. And then one other thing let me allude to very briefly,

and that is, his fidelity to every trust — faithful as a Christian, faithful in the church, faithful as an office bearer, faithful as a friend, and in his household relations. Thirty years or more ago when I came to Chelsea his was the first hand that was extended to me when I came into this church. He met me in Boston, brought me here, and took me up to Deacon Taylor's house, where I was to spend the Sabbath; and from that time to this he has never been other than the most faithful of friends. As a deacon in the church, as superintendent of the Sunday school, and as a laborer for Christ he was always faithful. Our brother who has led us in the invocation and the reading of the Scriptures, Rev. Mr. Lovejoy, will bear witness to the fidelity with which in his occasional residence in his summer home he has been faithful as a Christian worker. Then, how faithful he was in his own circle! Do you not remember how he stood like a man in that hour of terrible affliction when his brother, the great war correspondent, met with a tragic end? How we honor the man who never turns his back on his country or friend, but who is faithful and true whatever may come!

And he has had an exceeding tenderness of late. It has seemed as if he had been ripening, and there are no words that can express the feelings with which his dear ones have looked upon him as, in these last days, his tenderness and his truth and his affection have poured themselves out.

Well, dear friends, I read on the door of the *Congregationalist*, "Closed from twelve o'clock today in respect to the memory of the editor who has gone." But closed forever will that place be to how many of us who have gone in there always to be greeted with his calm, mild welcome, his serious and earnest and sincere counsel. But the qualities we recall with so much joy today have not died at the touch of death. They are imperishable. And as we look at the palms upon his casket we know that the hour of victory has come, and that if we follow the example of our brother we shall meet again.

I want the congregation to join in singing the 962d hymn. When the congregation joined heartily in singing a hymn our brother would go home and read it over again, and say how much he enjoyed it. Let us sing to the tune of "Olmutz."

VIII. HYMN . . . . . CONGREGATION.

Servant of God, well done,
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

IX. ADDRESS . . . . . REV. DR. QUINT.

Since I came here, or rather to the city across the water, today, it was suggested to me that, in the order of thought, while the first would speak of the official connection in public life and work, and our brother who has just spoken would speak of the qualities he saw during his pastorate here, it might be proper for me to say something about our friend in the light of friendship.

That I am here today, beloved, at this hour, is a testimony to that. I have come hundreds of miles simply to be here at this hour, not summoned by any formal invitation; but they who in official relations understood me, I think, while not asking that I would come traveling by night these hundreds of miles, knew that the flash over the wire which said that he was dead and that the service would be at this time today was a summons. And in the sleepless hours of the night which I have passed I have thought of this hour and of the long years in which I have been privileged to enjoy his steady and firm friendship. While I respected the man and saw his faithfulness, his conscientiousness, his patience, his persistence, his thorough integrity, yet, underneath what was often an impassive exterior, I had glimpses now and then of the heart that beat within.

I remember nigh thirty years ago when his importunity succeeded in making me begin a series of letters from the smoke and canopy of battle which was the beginning of a continuance of more or less service in writing. But I recall a little more clearly a smaller incident — that a few years ago, in the intervals between two pastorates of this church, it was our brother, with others to whom he had suggested it, who asked me that I would come here for the Friday evening service and the Sunday service through some five months while you were procuring a pastor. I have thanked God for that service, which has given me so many

warm friendships here, so many loving attachments, until some of you younger people seem to me almost like children whom certainly I love spiritually; and I was thrown into some understanding of this man's real heart more than once, and I had that high respect which causes me to say today to young men that this life was one of the best illustrations of patient continuance in well doing year after year — industrious, honest, faithful, upright, considerate, cautious, sometimes conservative, perhaps more so than necessary; but in his position it was necessary to be cautious and conservative. But it was one of the best examples of the great work accomplished in life by that patient industry which characterized him, in which there was embodied continually a sense of the most perfect obedience possible in human nature to the divine law and the most perfect consecration possible in human nature to Jesus, the Saviour, by whom he felt he was redeemed. I can hardly realize, brothers, sisters, beloved, that he has gone. It is getting lonesome. How few weeks ago it was that one in the same connection in work passed away in the night! Now there is another one. One afternoon not long ago it was that we were here in this house when the first pastor of this church was to be buried. One after another passes away; and to some of us it is getting lonesome. We now look to the younger people to come forward and take their place.

I can hardly realize that a little more than two weeks ago I was here, standing below there, and the Lord's Supper was administered, and our brother was in his seat, calm and steady of purpose, quiet in his manner, just the same as ever. I can hardly realize that it was the last time we ever saw each other on the face of this earth. I can hardly realize that it was just a little while ago up in that house — it was a house of God though not consecrated like these walls — that this man and myself exchanged words for the last time. He came to me at the close of that funeral service and grasped my hand, and his first words were, "There is another saint gone home to heaven." Then he spoke to me about growing old, and spoke of some particular reminiscences about writing, grasping my hand warmly. He was feeling more impulsive than I had ever seen him before. I didn't think then that it was the shadow of the coming departure.

Well, brothers and sisters, this man had a heart. When I was

going away — it isn't a matter for any public report, and therefore it isn't for the newspapers — when I was leaving yesterday afternoon my son said to me, "Father, that was the man who was supporting my classmate So-and-so in college, everything except what his scholarship got for him." Yes, that was so — quiet, silent, generous, watchful, thoughtful. I have had some opportunities of being in his family, especially over Sunday, and those who have been there know what his tenderness there was. They know that perfect, Scriptural kind of respect which he bore to that aged woman, now ninety-five years old, who is just trembling on the verge of eternity this week, perhaps with a premonition that she knows not that her son has gone before her. They could not tell her, but perhaps she has a sensitiveness which knows it, and she is just trembling on the verge waiting to pass over. He told me recently of having had the Lord's Supper administered in her room. His regard and his reverence for her were just beautiful and perfect.

Today we are here not to mourn too much. No, it is not especially a mourning day. Recently when a festival was to be celebrated here, he wrote me in a benevolent, playful vein asking me to attend. I said I could not be at the festival. Well, I could not; it was too far away and I had too many preachings. But when that telegram announcing his death came it wasn't too far off, and I could exchange duties. What the festive occasion could not do friendship could do. I am losing too many friends now not to honor those who pass away.

Looking forward, why is this life ended? Well, we say, he had finished and rounded out his work. No; he had finished and rounded out *a* work, and in that work was preparing for something beyond. What? To sit down and enjoy forever? No; to work and enjoy forever. God fits people for something, and he is fitting and training them in this life for the work which is to go on in the life to come. We do not mourn, therefore, too much. We thank God for the example of this tender, true life, faithful and devoted in the home, faithful in the church of the living God, conscientious, strong, massive, good — all through Jesus Christ, all through love of the Master and the work of the Master whom he reverenced and whom he followed.

The first Sunday of the month he was here at the communion, and now he has gone on to the communion of the saints, "one family, above, below." His children, his little ones, went on before, some of them years ago. When one of them died he put in the *Congregationalist* one line — "One day with the Lord is as a thousand years." That was the epitaph. And now he has gone on to an eternity with God. Brother, we love you, we esteem you, we shall miss you. Brother, may God make our lives as true, as faithful, as devoted, and as Christian, and then give us as peaceful a departure and give us as beautiful a rest in the splendor of the glorious faith when we are called upon to go hence.

X. Prayer . . . . . Rev. Dr. Plumb.

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, we bow before the providence that has called us together. We acknowledge that thou determinest the times before appointed and the hours of our habitation. We recognize thy right to all thy creatures. We mourn not as those who have no hope. We rejoice in the consummations of thy word, in the assurance of the divine promise that blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. We commend unto thee those who are especially bereaved in this hour of sorrow. Remember, we entreat thee, thine handmaid, the companion of our departed friend. Graciously sustain her. Wilt thou very tenderly deal with her and sanctify to her, as thou only canst, the great loss which she sustains in the removal of her beloved, honored, and faithful companion from her side.

Bless the daughters. Strengthen thou them, O Lord, and may they be much to their mother, and wilt thou command thy blessing especially upon them in the work thou hast given them to do. We pray that children and grandchildren, these families that are here before thee, these dear ones that look up to thee for consolation now, may have thy presence and thy grace. We entreat thee that thou wilt show them the power of the divine grace and presence.

We commend to thee thine aged handmaid, the mother of our departed friend. Wilt thou very tenderly lead her into her

eternal rest and graciously sanctify to her and to all this circle of mourners this unexpected and overwhelming sorrow. We entreat thee in behalf of the church with which our brother was long associated that thou wilt sanctify to it thy repeated visitations; and grant, O God, that as thou dost take away the one on whom they had been accustomed largely to lean for counsel and for support thou wilt greatly increase them.

Bless thou him who comes to assume the charge of this people, and wilt thou graciously sustain him and them as they shall be united with a sense of bereavement, and help them in their common work here.

We pray for all who have been the especial companions in daily intercourse with our departed friend, that thou wilt graciously endue them with all needed wisdom. Thou hast brought sorrow upon sorrow upon them. We pray that thou wilt minister to them all needed grace.

We entreat thee, Heavenly Father, that thou wilt bless all who have been associated with him in special relations of one kind or another, meeting constantly or frequently. Pour out thy spirit upon them today, and may the recollections that come to them of their intercourse with this honorable friend, this Christian man, be sanctified of God to the building up of the Christian life in their hearts.

We entreat, our Heavenly Father, that thou wilt command thy blessing upon all who have been in any way associated with our brother, upon all who have come within the sphere of his influence, as they have been under his guidance in the Sabbath school, as they have heard his voice in prayer or counsel in the church, as they have unconsciously come under his influence through the paper which has been so largely his instrument of endeavor through life. Great God, we pray thee that, as thou dost take away sublime, wholesome, and excellent influences that we honor and that go largely into the upbuilding of our character, thou wilt supply the need. We rejoice for those whose work is done, we glorify thee for the hopes that sustain us as we think of them with thee, and we pray that thou wilt care for thy kingdom here.

O come unto us, blessed Lord, and be thou unto us more

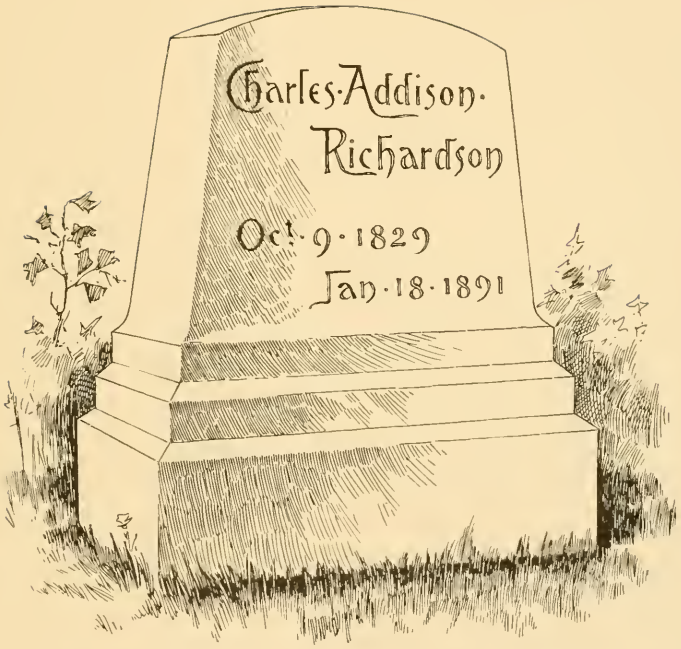
than ever, and help us in the testimony of this hour, in the impulses given us by the remembrances which throng our hearts and bring to us recollections of many sweet seasons of communion and blessed interchange of fellowship with dear ones gone before. O Lord, wilt thou in thy great mercy sanctify this hour unto us, come unto us and minister to us the comfort, the support, the wisdom that we need. Accept us as we devote ourselves anew, and help us to look forward to him who has said, "I am the resurrection and the life," to the home where he shall welcome his children into the mansions prepared for them from the foundations of the world. And unto thee, the Father, the Son, and the Spirit, be everlasting praise. Amen.

XI. Selection, "Come unto me" . . . Quartette.

Closing Prayer and Benediction . . Rev. Mr. Phelps.

Holy Spirit, look down in infinite tenderness and mercy upon us. Bless us in our bereavement, and sanctify this grief by thine own divine gentleness unto those to whom it is so grievous. Aid us, O dear Lord, to become more faithful followers of the Lord Jesus Christ because we have been permitted to see and to know of such faithfulness among thy followers.

And now may the grace and the mercy and the peace of Jesus Christ be and abide with each and all of you forever. Amen.



TABLET AT THE HEAD OF THE GRAVE.

LIVING WITNESSES.

In Memoriam.

C. A. R. JANUARY 18, 1891.

BY MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

We knew not when the maples last
  Hung out their banners in the sun,
That while the golden autumn passed
  The servant neared the Lord's "Well done,"
That soon for him the bells should ring
In the great city of the King.

The snowdrifts came, the strong winds blew,
  White winter ruled the frozen land;
No winter time that warm heart knew,
  No frost chill in that good right hand,
And day by day, in work and rest,
He did with might his honest best.

But now the desk, the vacant chair,
  The room which seems without him dead,
The step no longer on the stair,
  The cheery presence missed and fled,
Echo, as throbbing notes of pain,
Our hearts' sharp grief in sad refrain.

Yet, hushing every discontent,
  We thank today the tender love
That heaven's gentlest angel sent
  To lead him to the home above.
And peal on peal the sweet bells ring
From that near city of the King.

TESTIMONY OF ASSOCIATES.

PASADENA, January 26, 1891.

The news of the death of Mr. Richardson, coming so soon after that of Dr. Dexter, has filled me with deep sorrow. I mourn him as a tried and valued friend who has always been kind and considerate to me. In our relations as partners for so many years we never had any differences nor alienations. I have a feeling of loneliness when I reflect that I shall never see his face again in this world. Often I have thought of his kind thoughtfulness in coming to see us start on our journey hither, when he was so busy and the news of Dr. Dexter's death had just come to us. . . . As in the case of Dr. Dexter, it was almost translation from the burdens and cares of earth to the felicities of heaven. He had rounded out a full and useful life, and died in the midst of his activities. He was spared a long and painful illness, and we feel sure that he is gone to be with Him whom he loved and served so faithfully and sincerely. We must believe that for him departure was "far better." . . .

W. L. GREENE.

CAMBRIDGE, November 11, 1892.

. . . It is now more than fifteen years since I was in intimate relationship with your husband; but during the eight years in which I was on the editorial staff I was in very intimate relations with him, and came to know him well, and to honor and esteem him in a very high degree. I have been searching my mind for those circumstances, incidents, and details which add interest and life to personal recollections, but I do not find them — too many years crowded with manifold labors and experiences have intervened. I find instead one sharp, full, vivid memory of Mr. Richardson as a man and an editor — a memory graven with the distinctness of a picture, I may say, upon my heart, and one

which I shall carry to my last day. Then, in the life beyond, I hope to renew my fellowship with him, and who knows but labor also, if there be happy occupation in the hereafter.

During all the time of my connection with the *Congregationalist* (except when in Dr. Dexter's absences I sat in his chair) I occupied a room immediately adjoining Mr. Richardson's and connected therewith by a window that rose and fell; so that when the window was lifted, as it often was, he and I sat literally face to face and were in constant communication. The division of labor and responsibility between us was such that we had much in common. These conditions naturally brought us closely together. He must have come to know me thoroughly, and I certainly came to know him thoroughly. I do not know what he thought of me, but I know what I thought of him, and I have never changed that thought of him. To know him as he was once was to know him as he was always — even-fibered, even-balanced, even-tempered; self-centered and self-controlled; a man of convictions, of the courage of his convictions, with an open mind and a large heart, but with absolute and unswerving fidelity to his duty as he found it to be.

If I were asked to sum up in one expression the character of Mr. Richardson I should say, "He was a just man." And yet more than that: he did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with his God. I never doubted that he brought to his daily work at the editorial desk the spirit of prayer, and that he conducted his correspondence and "made up" his pages with as much conscientiousness and as truly in the fear of God as a minister makes pastoral visits or composes a sermon.

I never knew a man who seemed to me to see as many sides of a subject, or to see them as clearly and fairly, as Mr. Richardson. He was the incarnation of candor. No man could be more generous to an opponent than he. No man ever wielded the tremendous power of the editorial pen more cautiously and carefully than he. No man ever wrote the editorial "we" with a profounder sense of the responsibility of the post he occupied as a leader of public opinion. He would have made an excellent judge, and the judicial faculty was prominent and active in all his journalistic work. Two things a great journalist must be —

he must be all-informed, and he must be all-wise; and Mr. Richardson in both of these respects was great in a large degree. Like most of us, his knowledge often failed; and when it was at fault he was always prompt to acknowledge it and firm to wait until what was lacking was supplied; but I never remember his fairness and candor failing. He was a man of strong feelings; he thought deliberately, he reasoned accurately, he felt deeply; but mere feeling never carried him away; he was governed by his reason and his judgment, and where reason led him and judgment planted him there he stood, kindly, considerately, but firmly. And I think it almost always proved that he was right.

In all that I remember of Mr. Richardson I remember nothing — no incident, no trait, no word, no look, no act — not one — that I should like to forget. His personality as it rises before me is a composite portrait of many virtues, and no shadow lies across the picture.

As I looked into his face on the day of his burial the character of the man was in the lifeless clay — strength, peace, kindliness, good will toward all, conscience and conscientiousness, clearness of vision, integrity, uprightness, the consecration of a high service. He was a man to whom the greeting, "Well done, good and faithful servant," fitly came.

I am glad to have had the opportunity to lay this simple tribute against his name. It is hardly a tribute; it is rather an acknowledgment — the payment of a debt. I owed him much. And the world which read his paper owed him more in return for its profit and pleasure than it ever knew. It was a privilege to have known him and worked with him, and his memory is a real blessing.

I am, my dear madam, very sincerely and respectfully,

Your friend and servant,

(Rev.) Edward Abbott.

I could scarcely yet believe that Dr. Dexter is no longer in his accustomed place upon the paper, and had barely time to receive and answer your husband's tender letter of sympathy, when a second word came, and now he too is gone! I have for many years had a very high conception of Mr. Richardson's character

and work, but this conception becomes more exalted as I look upon it as finished and as I hear the testimony of those who have continued to be associated with him in his latest years. God's seal was upon him as his own child. Many, many times have I recollected with great delight our meeting in Prague, in the summer of 1880, and the many incidents connected with that opportunity which we had to review the past and look forward into the future. My life must always be better and fuller and richer because of having numbered him as one of my best friends.

ELLEN M. STONE.

. . . There are two facts in regard to Mr. Richardson which impressed me most strongly, and which come most often to my mind. One is his unusual conscientiousness. I never knew any one else, so far as I can recall, who endeavored so evidently yet unassumingly to be guided by the sense of duty. In small and great things alike he had himself under firm control, and he ruled himself by his sense of that which he *ought* to do. But he was not austere. He simply made the impression of being loyal to a high ideal.

The other is the fact of the steady ripening, mellowing process which went on within him year by year. His interest in his fellow men and his appreciation of them enlarged constantly from the first. His spirit grew more genial, his sympathies broadened and deepened, he grew mentally and spiritually larger, fuller, and richer during each year that I knew him. I have heard others allude to this fact. Some men seem to attain to a certain level of excellence and halt there. He kept on rising higher to the last.

To me there was something truly pathetic in his regret at having been unable to acquire a college education. His modesty made him slow to realize that in most respects his life was as fruitful and honorable as it probably could have been if he had gone through college. Dartmouth never bestowed her honorary M.A. degree more worthily than when she gave it to him, for sound Christian learning never had a more loyal advocate and supporter than he.

For more than twelve years we worked within an arm's length

of each other, and I know, as no one not associated with him thus can know, what a diligent, intelligent, consecrated work he did. When, after so many years of their fellowship and coöperation, he followed my father into the unseen world there seemed to be a certain fitness in their going so nearly together, although the sense of my personal loss was rendered doubly keen.

(Rev.) Morton Dexter.

Before I knew Mr. Richardson personally, or had ever entered the office of the *Congregationalist*, I had heard my father speak in high praise of the neatness and order of his desk and the room in which he worked. I was urged to make him my model in this particular, and when I came on to the paper I saw for myself what scrupulous effort he made to keep things in a presentable condition. The fact that the managing editor's desk is the catch-all for everything floating into the office made it all the more difficult to avoid a cluttered and untidy appearance, and his success in obviating this was all the more conspicuous. He never went home at night and left anything loose upon his desk. I sometimes thought he possessed something of a woman's instinct in this matter. He was just as careful about his dress. His clothes were good, and he dressed in perfect taste. I particularly liked to see him in one of those gray suits which he wore not infrequently in summer. With a white stovepipe hat it was especially effective.

Quickness of movement was another characteristic. When we went out to luncheon together, as we did now and then, he always took a pace more rapid than that to which I am accustomed, and I really had to hurry to keep up. He was very alert on the street, and knew how to slip in and out between teams and pedestrians. He was equally agile in the office in the handling of his tools and his manuscripts. His promptness and punctuality were noticeable. He met his engagements on the dot. If he were going to leave a little earlier than usual he managed so to expedite things early in the day that he never seemed to be in a hurry at the last, but had time enough left to get to the train comfortably.

Mr. Richardson, better than a great many men, had learned

how to live in human relationships. In his lifetime he had to deal with a vast variety of temperaments. He was thrown into close relation with men of different make-up from himself. It always fell to him to initiate and carry forward difficult and delicate undertakings; to harmonize, to unify, and focalize on definite ends the forces concerned in the making of the paper; but in all his intercourse with others, both those in the official circle and the larger circle outside, with whom he communicated face to face or by correspondence, he was the same courteous Christian gentleman. The passing stranger who dropped in just to get a look at the editor of the paper, the unconscious bore who was filching away precious moments of a busy day, the correspondents in different centers with whom Mr. Richardson was in frequent communication, the unknown contributor to whom he gave a word of commendation or suggestion, or the well-known and usually successful writers to whom he occasionally had to return manuscripts with an explanation which required to be carefully phrased — all these felt in him this quality of consideration, and indeed of deference. It sprang, I think, from a thorough self-control on the one hand, and on the other from a genuine humility of spirit. He had himself thoroughly in hand, and because he knew his own life, his weaknesses, his limitations, the incompleteness of his early training, he was all the more anxious to learn from others. Every book he read, every man he met, was approached from the point of view of what it or he might yield for his personal life and for the paper. He and the paper were thus the gainers for every trip he took, for every new acquaintance formed. Indeed, I am not sure but that the paper took precedence over the claims of his own life. His first question was, "What can this experience yield to me for the paper?"

Mr. Richardson's mind was of no ordinary mold and caliber. His thought may not have ranged far and wide, but every subject to which he did apply himself he seized with a bulldog grip. He plowed his way often toilsomely into the very vitals of a subject. The further I get away from him in time, the more I realize how broad and fair a man he was. He looked at a subject from every side. This critical and candid attitude made his decisions weighty and his judgment influential and much prized by the many who

sought it in countless practical matters. He was a growing man, too. He kept up with the times. He discerned, even if he did not always approve, the drift of public thought.

As I sit in his chair day after day, and try to do his work in substantially the same ways which he taught me, I find myself often asking what he would do in such and such a case, and shaping my decision by that norm as I am able to discern it. For many months it was my ambition simply to carry on the paper as he did, to keep it up if possible to the high standards to which his years of patient effort had lifted it. Now I am coming to feel that I should be false to him and belie the expectations he was good enough to repose in me if I did not strive to push out into a wider field and carry the paper forward beyond the point where it was when he left it. But I am deeply conscious that any success which in the providence of God we may attain will be due largely to the fact that we are building on his foundations. And conscious as I am that I come far short of his fidelity, his genius, and his consecration to the things of Christ, I am sure that my work on the paper, be it of long or brief duration, will ever be better because of the inspiration of his example, as my life is richer for all time because for three years and a half I was privileged to have his daily companionship.

(Rev.) Howard A. Bridgman.

I wish I knew how suitably to express my appreciation of the character and ability of Mr. Richardson, and more particularly my sense of obligation to him for the large degree of kindly consideration which I received at his hands. My acquaintance with him previous to becoming his partner was of a general character. Brought suddenly into the most intimate business relations, I can truthfully say that my admiration and love for his character and my confidence in his ability steadily increased day by day to the very end.

Others can speak better than I of his unusual business sagacity, his remarkable judgment, and his great journalistic ability; but not all know how patient and calm and equable he was, how

the record of one day was the record of all days whatever the pressure and perplexities of business, or how kindly he listened to the crude plans of a younger man and a novice, carefully considering them and cordially indorsing whatever in them commended itself to his judgment. This open-mindedness was a principle with him. More than most men he heeded the old adage, "Put yourself in his place." His conscientiousness in this direction bore its natural fruit; he was progressive and fresh in all his business methods, ever ready to accept a new way if in any respect it seemed better than the old. Many a time I have been touched by the cordial manner with which he would adopt some suggested modification of old methods; indeed, it not infrequently happened that he was the first to press forward into new paths, leading therein the younger men who were associated with him. It was always a delight to me to discuss business matters with Mr. Richardson, for I knew that his long experience in no way committed him to the methods of the past; rather was it a stepping-stone to something better, and what that better thing might be I learned to trust implicitly to his judgment to determine. Wisely conservative and equally wisely progressive, an unusual combination in any man, but particularly so in one who like Mr. Richardson had so long and so successful a professional and business record.

The opportunity of daily contact with such a man is of inestimable value. I count it among my choicest privileges that for several years I was admitted to his confidence and came within the influence of one of the most consistent Christian lives I have ever known.

WM. F. WHITTEMORE.

Mr. Richardson's life and example are a priceless legacy to all who knew and honored him. Even as I write his calm, decided face comes before me as I saw it many years bending over the desk where his best work was done. His written words, tempered by wise judgment and weighed in the balance of justice, were given to the public as the conscientious convictions of his unprejudiced mind. While I want to recognize the Christian integ-

rity which made him a power in the church and a trustworthy citizen, and the kind hospitality which was felt by all who entered his home, I think my lasting remembrance of Mr. Richardson will be of his unflinching faithfulness to what he believed was right. A just man; and the memory of such an one is blessed I recall an incident which impressed me greatly at the time. Quite an animated discussion was being held in the office of the *Congregationalist* in regard to a petition for pardon of a prominent defaulter. To the remark, "The man is not getting half his deserts by serving his whole sentence," Mr. Richardson said in a firm, almost stern voice, facing the speaker, "You have no right, *no right*, to say such a thing. Mr. —— has expressed his repentance, is trying to live it under prison walls, and his honor is a matter between himself and his God. No human being has a right to question his sincerity or the wisdom of giving him another chance in the world." Well may his grandchildren revere the memory of him who has left the records of such a life for them to emulate. Their pictured faces which hung near his desk were a constant delight to him. Upon the lad who bears the name of his grandfather may the mantle of his eminent virtues descend. I am glad I knew him, glad I was so long associated with him in his work the last years of his life. The influence of those years will abide forever. It seems as if he must know just how sincerely we all mourn for and miss him. The office can never seem as it used to, but I think his influence is felt every day as we go on with the work. We were privileged to be associated with him. God grant we may strive to be as true and noble in our aims as he was, and so realize something of what he accomplished.

H. H. Stanwood.

I have seldom been more surprised than I was day before yesterday by the receipt from Mr. Ray, your associate executor, of a check in payment of the legacy to this society of our dear friend who lately left us so suddenly for his eternal rest. Not that there was anything strange or unexpected in the legacy. All his active life he has been most deeply and warmly interested in the work of

this society, and has been showing that interest in every practical way. The use of his time, his personal influence, his offerings, his facile pen, have always been ready at the society's slightest demand, and that the cause has had a very large place in his prayer no one who knew him could for a moment doubt. It was just like him to prepare before his departure for the cause that had all his life lain upon his heart. My surprise was at receiving so soon afterward this token of his unfailing love. I remember certainly only one other instance since my connection with the society in which such immediate payment of the legacy was made. I cannot help feeling that a special blessing will go with it to those who receive this last gift of our friend's love. I trust that you are enabled to look away from all this present suffering, and to think of him as released from everything that hinders the best progress of the soul and entered upon that world where everything is helpful, where every heart is full of joyful love, and where, best of all, all that is purest and holiest and most satisfying is in possession, not for a few brief years, but for eternity. . . .

(Rev.) A. H. Clapp,
Treasurer A. H. M. Society.

I cannot tell you how shocked and saddened I was this morning at the telegram announcing your husband's death. There has been a great load of sorrow on my heart all day. The thought of seeing Mr. Richardson was always one of the attractions to me of a visit East, and it certainly had not occurred to me more than it had to those associated with him at Boston that he could be so suddenly taken from us. Personally I feel as if I had met with a great loss, as if another tie to this world had been severed, another honored and beloved friend translated to heaven. I do not think any man on the paper could be missed more, or that any man has had so great a part as he in making it what it has now become, the leading religious journal of the United States. He has done a noble work, has served his generation most efficiently, and has gone to a blessed reward. Our ministers, in their meeting this morning, by vote requested me to express to you and the family of Mr. Richardson their heartfelt sympathy in this bereavement.

(Rev.) E. F. Williams.

Mr. Richardson was a good friend to me I felt, and I have always a warm place in my thoughts for you both. I think of him as he used to look in his office at the rooms of the *Congregationalist*, and as I occasionally saw him in his home. He has left a monument to his memory in the *Congregationalist*. The large part he had in making it what it has become is well known to many, and to none more than to those who have been associated in work with him upon it from time to time.

FRANK T. LEE.

LANSINGBURG, N.Y., February 12, 1891.

I had a strong impulse to tell you how deeply I sympathize with you in your great loss, and how keenly for my own part I shall always miss this true friend. More than thirty years ago I had the happiness to become acquainted with Mr. Richardson, who through the columns of his widely known paper introduced me — a struggling young author — to the public. I well remember the kindliness with which he received my first crude efforts, and the words of appreciation and encouragement which in his busy and unselfish life he always found time to say. All my relations with him were delightful. From the first I had the most instinctive confidence in him, and he never disappointed me. His letters, extending over many years, are among my most cherished possessions. His words of kindly advice and generous recognition were always an inspiration to me, while I look back with growing wonder upon his wise patience with the callow flights that must so sorely have tried him. Only as late as January 10 the last one came, which I shall always treasure for its especial warmth of expression and friendly interest. With his death and that of Dr. Dexter ends all my personal acquaintance with editors of the *Congregationalist*, and I feel that a very pleasant chapter in my life is closed. I never but once had the pleasure of meeting him face to face. It was some years ago, as I was passing through Boston, that he welcomed me to his charming home, and I shall never forget his fine courtesy and hospitality on that occasion. As I remember him, an atmosphere of sincerity, honor, kindliness, *spirituality* seemed to fairly radiate from his person. One could not help

feeling that he was so thoroughly filled with the spirit of his Master that, like the saint of old, he must have received that higher baptism so beautifully described as being "immersed in Deity."

With grateful recognition of the privilege of having called such a man my friend, I count it an honor to lay this little flower of memory at his feet.

LYNDE PALMER.

NORWICH, CONN., January 20, 1891.

Mr. Richardson was always so kind to me and interested in me in such a friendly way that I must tell you what an abiding place he possesses in my respect and in my affection. He was always so just, and at the same time charitable, that I always felt peculiarly attracted toward him. I like just men; and I mean by this not merely men who do right themselves but who estimate truly the acts of others. It makes me sad to think that next summer when I spend a few weeks in the office Mr. Richardson will not be there, as he was when I was in the office before, to help me do my best. But his presence can never be really lacking there, because the *Congregationalist* itself is a continual reminder, and always will be, of him and of the noble, self-forgetting, untiring work of his life.

I did not know him as long as some others, but I was with him long enough clearly to recognize in him a man of strong character and rare lovableness. As you know, I commenced my work at the *Congregationalist* office under a certain disadvantage, because I was simply a substitute. But he did not allow me to feel that my position was less important than a more permanent one, and his thoughtful encouragement helped me to do my work acceptably. It is one of my pleasantest reflect ons that I was able to win his friendship and esteem, since I feel that his esteem was well worth taking pride in.

Some of his qualities as the manager of a great paper made a deep impression on my mind. Even on busy days and in the midst of annoying interruptions he always preserved a calm self-control. He was patient with the large variety of what I may well call cranks who made their way into the office on all sorts of

errands. In preparing opinions for publication in the paper he seemed anxious that they should be just to all. Then I am sure he had a broad charity for those who differed with him in politics, and on theological questions as well. I remember he much preferred the *Tribune* to the New York *Evening Post;* but he did not object to me because my preference was not the same. Then, too, he was open-minded, ready to learn new facts and so to modify previously formed and long-cherished opinions. It is for such reasons as these that I shall always revere his memory and be glad that I knew him and received his help and his guidance for even a few months. . . .

(Prof.) Henry E. Bourne.

Boston, February 12, 1891.

For thirty-five years we have been together, day by day, and none now here can testify from so long knowledge as I of the great worth of your husband. And when I remember that it was his words that turned my thoughts toward my responsibility to God and my need of salvation, I am filled with more gratitude than ever that I was permitted to know him.

Thomas Todd.

Boston, January 19, 1891.

I was greatly shocked to hear of Mr. Richardson's death this morning. I remember so pleasantly my only chat with him in the office of the *Congregationalist*, and what an impression of real and genuine kindliness and helpfulness it made upon me. It is hard to understand that his work can have been so soon finished.

Lucy Wheelock,
Editor "Primary S. S. Notes."

IN REMEMBRANCE OF C. A. RICHARDSON.

At a special meeting of the directors of the American Congregational Association, held May 18, 1891, the committee upon action as to the death of the late C. A. Richardson reported the following minute:

The directors are again called upon to record the decease of one

of the members of this board, Mr. Charles A. Richardson — an event of heightened sadness from its following so soon the loss of his and our associate, Rev. Dr. Dexter. It is a noticeable fact that two of the board should die while in the same year of office. It is still more remarkable that Mr. Richardson should have followed into the heavenly life, but two months later, his associate of many years' standing in their own great life work here. The directors, while called again to mourning, are again able to bear unfeigned testimony to the ability and worth of a departed associate. Mr. Richardson had been for the past twenty years a member of the Association, and for the past five years one of the directors. In this office he had exhibited his characteristics of conscientious faithfulness to his trust, singularly patient consideration, far-sighted business knowledge, and steady calmness in decision. He was thus a most valuable member of the board, and his loss will be deeply felt. There will remain also the memory of his Christian uprightness and the generous qualities of his heart.

(Rev.) A. H. Quint,
E. D. Studley,
Committee.

Resolutions from the Ministers of the Missionary Committee of the Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society.

The committee desire to record the sense of their personal and official loss in the sudden death of Mr. Charles A. Richardson, their associate of years in this work.

They remember his presence with them up to the last meeting of the committee, recalling his faithfulness in attendance and his earnest attention to the matters in consideration, his careful prudence and his wise judgment.

They recognize gratefully his years of valuable service in this Society, as in many other connections, and they enter into sympathy with the mingled griefs and hopes of those who miss him from the home.

(Rev.) G. M. Boynton,
Secretary.

February 9, 1891.

Chelsea, January 31, 1891.

Your letter of January 29 was received and read to the church when gathered at the social meeting for prayer last evening, and

all hearts were stirred with a quick response to your words of Christian love for this church of which Mr. Richardson was long a loved and honored member. No tribute of love and respect that we could offer can fully express the gratitude we feel for what he has been to this church nor the sorrow for the loss we have met. The necessity for a change of residence which removed him from regular attendance upon our church services was profoundly regretted by this people, who had so often seen his cheerful acceptance of positions of trust, the duties of which were discharged with the strictest fidelity, showing his first thought to be, "Where am I most needed?" "Where can I do the most good?" While we missed his wise counsels, his kind and generous sympathy, we felt by his frequent returns to his accustomed place in the house of God that his interest lingered with us and that his prayers continued in our behalf. Now that God has removed him from our earthly sight we can gather up the lessons he daily taught us by his Christian life. None know better than we that he honored the gospel and cherished the Christian doctrines with a devout and steadfast purpose; none knew better than his fellow workers in this church, in times of prosperity or discouragement, his ability as a leader, his clearness of thought, promptness of decision, and patience in trial, as well as the sympathy which made him genial in social intercourse. We praise God for the influence which he had in shaping the life of this church and Sabbath school, for his unhesitating faith which still honors the Master and gives strength to the disciples. Our prayer is that you may find comfort in these words: "Thine eye shall see the King in his beauty and shall behold the land that is afar off. The inhabitants shall not say, I am sick. The people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquities."

Resolved, that the foregoing be tendered by the church to Mrs. Richardson as a feeble expression of the love we cherished for him and the sincere sympathy we feel for her and the entire family.

In behalf of the church,

J. W. Stickney,
H. H. Henry,
Committee.

HARTFORD, CONN., January 19, 1891.

I am surprised and pained at the intelligence which comes in the morning papers of the sudden departure from your circle of my friend, Mr. Richardson. He seemed an inseparable part of your establishment. As long as I have known anything personally of your office, he has been there — always busy, but always courteous, affable, ready to hear, cautious to speak — a thoroughly good man in a place demanding tact, wisdom, and skill.

This second unexpected break in your companionship within a few weeks must bring the sense of uncertainty with which we can any of us plan far ahead in this changing world very distinctly home to you. It is interesting to note, however, that there grows up a kind of corporate character in connection with every considerable institution — like a church, or a college, or a newspaper — which is slow in suffering change. So that though Dr. Dexter and Mr. Richardson have so soon followed each other, I look to see their work abide and perpetuate itself, though their skillful hands lay the burden off on younger ones.

(REV.) GEORGE LEON WALKER,
Pastor First Church.

PORTLAND, ME., September 7, 1892.

I can hardly write a word about your husband without making all I say personal. Mr. Richardson was the teacher who inspired me in my boyhood school life. His enthusiasm aroused me, his thoroughness kept me at work, and his appreciation of my work made it a delight.

As one of his pupils Mr. Richardson never lost sight of me. When he entered upon his life work as an editor he held fast the friends that he made in the Montague schools. Any matters of interest concerning them which were of importance enough to find a place in the *Congregationalist* were always sure to be found there. Distance seemed only to make him more careful to maintain the old friendship, and for that reason, among others, did Mr. Richardson and his paper do me many a good turn as a missionary and missionary superintendent in Kansas.

Difference in views did not estrange him from those whom he

had come to call friends. He knew that as the years went by we did not look alike upon the questions which were agitating our Congregational churches, but none the less was his hospitable home always wide open with a hearty welcome, and he had a ready, helping hand in the many ways that a man in his position can use when he is disposed to be of help to his friends.

I always knew that he believed with all his heart and with a firmness that would have taken him to the stake those things which after mature deliberation he had come to accept, and yet so large a man was he that none the less he could cling to friends who could not agree with him.

Mr. Richardson was one of my very few lifelong friends, I might say my only one among the men I have loved and known for forty years, outside my own kin.

His abiding interest in my welfare, and patient helpfulness in making my life successful I can never forget. I have always admired him for his mental and spiritual strength. I miss him more and more in those places where I always expected to find him and at the times when he was always glad to serve me. It is a pleasure, however, to feel that although he has gone one who sympathized with him fully still remains to be, as she has always been, a true friend to her husband's friends, and like him always ready to make her friendship known by word and deed.

(Rev.) J. G. Merrill,

Pastor Second Parish Church.

Waterville, Maine, January 23, 1891.

Alas! To whom shall I speak my sorrow! For ten years past the *Congregationalist* has been to me embodied in the person of Charles A. Richardson and Dr. Dexter. But with the former, whose sudden departure is a personal grief indeed, I have had frequent correspondence, until I have learned to love him most cordially. Of one thing I never had a doubt, viz., that I should receive the utmost courtesy, and that whether he thought as I did or not his reasons would be frankly and kindly stated, so that I should only respect him the more for differing from me.

How swiftly fall the blows! And how deep the wounds they leave! And four days seem so short for one to put his house in order; unless, as I am readily willing to believe was the case with our dear brother Richardson, his house was always ready for his Master's inspection, and his kindly spirit well prepared for the great reception to which he has been so quickly summoned. His memory is tender, and many a man who seldom saw his face in the flesh loved him as a true friend and a brother. I am sad tonight; but he, our brother, what congratulations are his due! for he has entered into the company of those who "rest from their labors and their works do follow them." Who next? God comfort his family, whom I do not know, but for whom I would esteem it a stranger's privilege to express sympathy.

(Rev.) L. H. Hallock.

Roxbury, September 13, 1891.

Your reference to Mr. Richardson's views, such matters recall the fact that he has done very much, both by his personal acts and by his influence in the paper, to make a public sentiment favorable to generous, honorable dealing with ministers. We never shall know how much and what various good he has done.

Professor Park told me when I first knew your husband that Mr. Richardson had a position of very great influence and responsibility, and it has been pleasant to think that he seemed himself fully to realize it and to make conscientious endeavor to meet its high requirements. I cannot tell you how many expressions have come to me from various quarters earnestly eulogizing his character and work.

(Rev.) A. H. Plumb,
Pastor Walnut Avenue Church.

East Orange, N. J., January 14, 1893.

Mr. Richardson was conscience incarnate. I have never known a man with a more sensitive Christian conscience than he had; and I do not know of anything that it is more desirable for young people to have than that. He carried his conscience

into everything that he did. I saw him in his business, in his church, and in his home. He was strong and true in them all. I knew him as a *Christian*. He had a beautiful faith — tender, deep, and satisfying. He was my trusted adviser on the church committee, and his counsel was of great value to me. Mr. Richardson made a great success with his paper. I used to tell him that I could see *him* even in the advertisements. He left the impress of his *character* everywhere. If God had called him to even greater responsibility in public life he would have been a distinguished success.

One of the most beautiful things about him was his devotion to his aged mother. Such love and care, I hope, are not uncommon; but I have seen very few men in my lifetime who seemed to me at once so tender and so true. His character is a rich legacy to his kindred and to the world. He was one of the best examples of the modern Puritan — the ideal New Englander — I have ever known, pure in his thoughts, pure in his habits, pure in his heart, and with this a strength of mind, a soundness of judgment, that gave him great influence with all who knew him. Mr. Richardson was not known as a leader. He was not often heard in public. He did not write much over his own name. But he was the natural counselor of many whose success was due, in no small degree, to his caution and his advice.

I am glad it was my lot to know him as a man, as a Christian. I am happy to give my tribute of love and honor to his memory.

(Rev.) Fritz W. Baldwin,
Pastor Trinity Church.

Chicago, January 19, 1891.

I cannot write about Charles today. I cannot bring myself to think that I am not to see him again. He was associated with all my Boston experience; he was almost the first one I thought of when I went to Boston. I looked to him for advice and help on many points, and never looked in vain. What he was to me I can never tell. How can he be spared from the *Congregationalist?* Dr. Gilbert and Dr. Williams both said this morning that the

power of the paper was due to him fully as much as to any one else, and I am sure this is true.

How strange that he who seemed so well when I last saw him should have gone before Aunt Harriet who has been so long waiting for her summons. But God makes no mistakes. I have had to say this many times of late; it is a real comfort to be able to say it and feel it too. I wrote Charles a few words after Dr. Dexter's death, and I had wondered why I did not hear from him, as he scarcely ever failed to reply to such letters from me. I cannot write connectedly today, but such as it is I send it, with my sincere prayers. May God help you, once more I pray.

(Rev.) E. A. Adams,

Superintendent Bohemian Mission.

Danvers, January 22, 1891.

I have been very greatly pained by the news of your husband's death. I have known him well for many years. There was a period during which I did a considerable amount of editorial writing for the *Congregationalist*, and I saw him then very often — in some cases for months together nearly every day. I have been associated with him also upon committees and managing boards of benevolent societies. And I have been in the habit of calling upon frequent occasions at his office. It seems not possible to think that he is no more to be there! I have had for him through all these years a high and increasing regard and a strengthening friendship. To a remarkable degree he was a man of a steady and well-balanced mind and of a safe, practical judgment. It would be difficult to speak too strongly upon this point. I have seldom known any man whose forecast concerning crises of action was more sure to be justified by the event itself. He was a man also comfortable to counsel with and to have any dealings with. With clear views of his own, he was always willing to weigh the opinions of others and to make concessions to others within the bounds of reason. He was greatly disposed to fair dealing with every one; and of his carefulness in this matter I have many recollections. He was in all respects, also, a thoughtful and safe friend, even to

one outside the circle of his own relationships, as I have been. His removal brings a most deep and painful sense of bereavement and loss. I am only too well aware this does not deserve to be spoken of in comparison with the sorrow that comes upon you and upon the other members of his household. And yet you will allow me, I am sure, to speak of the sense I have of personal loss, which is indeed great, and which enables me at least to form some measure of the heavier grief which has befallen you. I hope you will feel assured of the most heartfelt sympathy that is felt for you by the wide circle of friends to whom Mr. Richardson was true and by whom he was honored and loved. A few days after Dr. Dexter's death I was speaking with Mr. Richardson respecting him, and he said, "I rather think you knew more of Dr. Dexter and knew him better than any one about here, outside the office, except Dr. Quint." I think this may have been true, and I think it very likely that something not very different might be true as to my acquaintance with Mr. Richardson himself, so far as concerns neighboring ministers. All my recollections of Mr. Richardson in all my relations with him are altogether and exceedingly pleasant, and I shall miss the seeing him more than I can express.

(Rev.) C. B. Rice.

Birmingham, Ala., January 27, 1892.

My first Boston mail, which has reached me today, has brought me the painful account of Mr. Richardson's death. It seems impossible. Why, the last face I saw and the last voice I heard as I left Boston were his as he kindly bade me a hearty and pleasant farewell and expressed cordial wishes for my safe return. I cannot tell you what a sincere and helpful friend Mr. Richardson has been to me since I came to Boston. I knew him only a little before that. He has been such a very, very helpful and cordial friend in so many ways. His advice has always been of great value, and I have come to run in more and more to his office for a word of counsel when in doubt how to act.

I do not need to tell of these kindnesses, many and generous; they are known to those who knew him. I only add my tribute to the many others — only words spoken when the friend

has gone and cannot hear them. But his life of earnest Christian service remains, and we cannot but rejoice in its large and grand result.

(Rev.) C. J. Ryder,
Secretary A. M. A.

Winter Park, Fla., January 30, 1892.

He has been so stanch and firm and even that I am surprised at his going so early. But he has had a life of constant pressure and strain. The load has been heavy, though he has carried it evenly and steadily. I was drawn to Mr. Richardson very much last winter. His being here was a Christian comfort to me. He was a kind of friendly blessing, which one from the outside, if he knows how, can bring into one's church and pastorate and personal life. The going away from Boston and from earth seems to make Boston and the earth so much poorer. He will be a great loss to the *Congregationalist* and to the denomination and to the church of Christ in this world. He was a steady, firm hand and a genuine soul at a great influential center.

E. P. Hooker.

Syracuse, January 19, 1891.

I had the pleasantest friendship with Mr. Richardson, dating back beyond the year when I visited with you and preached at the First Church. In my work for the paper he was always extremely considerate and appreciative. It was within three weeks that he sent me a very kind message encouraging me to write more.

(Rev.) E. N. Packard,
Pastor Plymouth Church.

Reading, January 22, 1891.

I ought to let you know that I am not unconscious of personal loss nor indifferent to the blessings which have come to me through the life of one who was so much to his own family, and was able also to overflow so generously in thoughtful and kindly acts for the

good of others. The memories of twenty five years and more, since his name and work and the initials which I used to look for in the paper came to be household words with us, are fragrant with them. And then, in addition to all the good and true words spoken yesterday, let me add my testimony to the helpfulness of his life to mine in that it grew so symmetrically and beautifully, culminating in such a rounded life, and then, ripening just a little, passed on. His promptness, steadiness of purpose, calmness, and natural patience as it seemed, will help me to live more truly and helpfully to others.

(Rev.) Frank S. Adams.

Auburn, N. Y., February 24, 1891.

I cannot realize that he has so soon followed Dr. Dexter. Faith sees them both on the other side. What the loss is to you in Mr. Richardson's departure only you can know. But the rest of us know what our share is. I realize that I have lost one of the most faithful friends I ever had. Some of his plans will be forever unfinished. I do not recall a more thoroughly upright, conscientious, true-hearted man. His memory is everything you could wish, and his great public work was well done. "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Believe me to remember the hospitable home which is broken upon earth, but which is to be re-formed across the river.

(Rev.) A. H. Quint.

Germantown, February, 1891.

We can hardly tell you of the bewildering surprise that came to both Mrs. Nason and myself when, away, we caught the news of the great change that had come to you and your household circle in the translation of that good man, your husband, and our and everybody's friend.

Mr. Richardson was to me one of that sterling cast who, first known to command our respect, drew forth, as the inner gold was revealed, our admiration and love. Not only was he the "righteous

man" of whom the apostle speaks, but the "good man" as well. You could have no richer memory as towards the past, no more radiant hope as towards the future, than has been given you of God in him, your heart's treasure. Indeed the cloud has come, but I always recall the words of one placed as you are now, "Yes, but there is comfort even in a cloud that receives our blessed Lord from sight."

How many will miss his warm and unabating ministry of labor. Entered now into the rest that abides. And for yourself — some waiting — what the Lord has still for you to do — patient continuance — and then the golden summer of that other, reunited, unending life.

(Rev.) C. P. H. Nason.

Franklin, January 18, 1891.

I knew the dear, noble man only to love him and to regard him with what was equivalent to a filial affection. For during my ministry here over this church of his childhood he has expressed such a tender, affectionate interest in me and my work that my soul has been strongly drawn to him. I have prized his counsels, and was always benefited by being in his society. His life was a constant exemplification of the highest type of Christian manliness; and his influence was satisfactory for good in every sphere of life in which he moved. Even amid the bewildering mazes of the providence that has taken him away, there comes the thought that the city of our God needs such true servants of Christ, or the transfer from this world, where to us he seemed so much needed, would not have been made.

He taketh, that we may forever keep!
All that makes life most beautiful and deep,
Our dearest hopes by sorrows glorified
Beneath his everlasting wings abide;
For O! it is our one true need to find
Earth's vanished bliss in heavenly glory shrined.

(Rev.) George E. Lovejoy.

Westfield, January 25, 1891.

The wide circle of those who have known your companion are indeed mourners. He was one of the truest of the true; he was one of the purest of the pure; and in that form of strife which is most honorable, striving for the right, he was the bravest of the brave. While none can suffer as you suffer, while none can feel the loss that you feel, yet the loss to others is great. His death must be felt by that wide circle of readers who have witnessed the growth and enjoyed the reading of that paper which so steadily grew inside his hand. He must be sadly missed by the many coworkers who knew and admired his singleness of purpose and the untiring devotion that marked his Christian life. His loss to the Westfield Normal School is very great. By public service and by private effort, as opportunity occurred, he ministered to its welfare. His unreserved loyalty to the school deeply impressed me in all his painstaking but glad endeavor at the semi-centennial of 1889. It is now pleasant to recall his expressions of satisfaction at the result. Of his character it is needless that I speak to you. That character unmistakably allied him to the good men of this world, and has surely enrolled him in the number of those who stand near the throne. May He with whom he walked in close companionship minister to you in all the fullness of his love.

J. C. Greenough,
Principal Normal School.

Roxbury, January 24, 1891.

On opening a newspaper of last Tuesday I am greatly shocked to find in it the death of Mr. Richardson, your husband, one of Boston's most esteemed and honored citizens — a gentleman whose kind hospitality I shall never forget.

(Prof.) Henri Morand.

MY RECOLLECTIONS OF THAT DEAR FRIEND, CHARLES A. RICHARDSON.

I first saw Mr. Richardson at a teachers' institute in Medway Village, in March, 1850. At this gathering he listened to the lectures by Dana P. Colburn and Richard Edwards, who at that time

were teachers in the Bridgewater Normal School. Mr. Richardson was so impressed with the superior method of their teaching that he at once conceived a strong desire to profit by the instruction given at that famous institution. I was then a young teacher, about to take charge of a graded grammar school with some high school studies, as the successor of a Westfield normal graduate. I felt keenly my want of a normal training, and this acquaintance, then first begun with a young man who, though a graduate of one normal school, was desirous to take an advanced course in another, was stimulating to me and gave me at once a profound respect for him. I saw that he had a laudable ambition and decided strength of purpose.

After that I met Mr. Richardson from time to time, and the acquaintance ripened into strong friendship. He soon showed how much wiser he was than I by leaving the rôle of schoolmaster and turning into the channels of business, while I kept on in the schoolroom. But he was a teacher, and a skillful teacher, all his life. . . .

His connection with the *Congregationalist* was a divine providence. He possessed traits of mind and heart, inclinations, and predilections which brought to him unusual success in the great variety of duties which came to him in editing such a paper. These qualities, on the other hand, were such as to make those duties particularly agreeable to him.

1. First and foremost he was a Christian, and his life's desire was to serve the Lord and do good in the world. As editor of a great denominational paper he found an ample field.

2. He was a Congregational Puritan.

3. He was an intelligent, scholarly man.

4. He had great industry. He was an indefatigable worker.

5. He was patient and persevering. His evenness and steadiness of character, his persistent purpose and constant good judgment, both of men and subjects, knew no bounds.

It is of these latter qualities that I wish specially to speak :

He was an excellent judge of persons. Kindly and confiding, he won friends, yet he was a keen critic. He could see through gauze and tinsel ; he detected putty and varnish ; but with apparent intuition he recognized worth and talent. All his life he was

constantly discovering and bringing to notice young authors of character and ability. His judgment of articles for his paper was excellent, and he knew how to reject an article without needlessly giving offense.

He was methodical, and had great power as an organizer. I think it was as managing editor of the paper that he most distinguished himself. A great paper like the *Congregationalist* requires skill, care, and steady purpose in planning its various departments and keeping them all properly filled with the right material. This necessitates a wide acquaintance, good judgment of character and ability, and constant care in soliciting the best material from proper sources. No one who has not had experience in this line can know how difficult it is to win success in the face of the obstacles and discouraging circumstances which constantly beset one.

He was a good observer of the signs of the times, and a good judge of events before they transpired. He could shape public opinion and prepare the public mind for results when they came.

But after all, it was the religious side of his character that was the most noticeable and the most conspicuous. He was not only a conscientious Christian, but he was a conspicuous Christian. His light was always shining, and it was always lighting somebody. He was a man who not only felt it his duty to do good, but who enjoyed doing good. If there is a doctrine of total depravity, there is also a doctrine of the triumph of grace over human nature. It was to him a delight to aid in upbuilding and strengthening the local church of which he was a member, in broadening and enlarging the boundaries of our denomination, or in encouraging some general movement for the amelioration of the evils to which our common humanity is subject. He delighted in furnishing an accurate and readable report — difficult and wearisome as such a task always was — of a meeting of the American Board, the American Missionary Association, or the American Home Missionary Society.

Moreover, whatever he did was done *well*. He had the somewhat rare quality of succeeding in whatever he undertook, in spite of obstacles.

Multitudes mourned his death, and his loss was severely felt,

not only by his family and immediate friends, but by the church he had served so long, the general moral and religious movements in Boston and vicinity, the great benevolent societies of our denomination, to all of which he was specially devoted, and by the great multitude of Congregationalists who had so intimately made and cultivated his acquaintance through the weekly visits of the paper with which he was for so many years so closely identified.

(Prof.) William A. Mowry.

Salem, Mass., December 10, 1892.

Brooklyn, July 20, 1892.

It was impossible to be associated with Mr. Richardson without being impressed with his generous unselfishness. It is seldom that such keenness of perception and of judgment are found in conjunction with so kind a heart. Although a comparative stranger to Mr. Richardson, I, in common with scores of others, was surprised to find that he was sincerely interested in my work and had taken pains to remember it. "As you remarked in that article about So-and-so," he would say, with that delicate flattery which is the most gratifying to a writer, because most sincere and most unusual. Among all the graduates of the Westfield Normal School there was none who stood higher; and although the position of president of its body of alumni was an irksome one, Mr. Richardson accepted it in his own unselfish way, and discharged the duties of his office in the faithful and thorough manner in which he did everything. His courtesy under every annoyance was a revelation to all those who saw it. It was this which so endeared him to all those with whom he was thrown. And he was not merely courteous. Many a cold-hearted and calculating man is punctiliously courteous. Mr. Richardson was courteous with a certain affectionate and personal interest which no amount of intention can compass without the accompaniment of a truly loving spirit. He cared what the rest of us were doing. If we did well he was as pleased as though he himself had accomplished something. If we did ill he was truly sorry. There was no drop of malice or of guile in his disposition.

It seems to me that this was his predominating characteristic — his interest in the work of others, his joy in their prosperity,

his sorrow when they failed. Every one recognizes the nobility of such a nature. It appeals to the most cynical. We are all of us fond of him who shows that he regards us and appreciates our good qualities. Thus our admiration and our affection are alike enlisted for such a man as Mr. Richardson, and it is no wonder that when he died all those who had been associated with him, while feeling deeply in an intellectual sense their loss of his shrewd discrimination and accurate judgment, grieved most amid their falling tears for the kind and loving friend, who received the slightest tale of another's experience as something in which he was personally concerned, and whose disinterested advice and counsel were at the command of his whole circle of companions.

KATE UPSON CLARK.

CAMBRIDGE, February 11, 1893.

It gives me pleasure to bear my tribute to Mr. Richardson's worth. I knew him as a neighbor, as a fellow attendant at the same church, as a member of the school board of Chelsea under which I served, and as the managing editor of the *Congregationalist* seeking occasional contributions from my pen. This acquaintance extended over a period of twenty years.

Mr. Richardson always impressed me as a clear-headed, cool, dispassionate man, who could see both sides of a question and act judicially upon it. He was not a man to be carried by storm either for or against a measure, but would always act in accordance with his judgment rather than in response to his feelings.

In the numerous questions that kept coming up about the public schools his decisions were occasionally adverse to my wishes and to what I conceived to be the best policy; but I always felt that in such cases there was a sincere desire and an earnest purpose to be just to all interests; and the sequel not unfrequently showed that his decisions were the result of a broader survey of the conditions than my obligations to a single school would permit me to make. Never, by any stretch of interpretation, could his votes in the school board be regarded as indica-

ting any lack of sympathy or appreciation with the teachers. He was himself once a teacher, and so was specially fitted to view school problems from the teacher's standpoint, as he was also specially fitted by his successful business life to view the same problems from the standpoint of the great public that was struggling to solve them, and scores of other problems at the same time.

Though not given, as I knew him, to obtrusive or over-zealous expressions of friendship, Mr. Richardson was a friend of the quiet, strong, and enduring kind — just the one to remind us of the familiar thought that "Still waters run deep." I feel especially indebted to him for his services in "drawing me out" and starting me along other lines than those of school routine. I think it was he more than any other that worked me into the lecture courses of the Chestnut Street Church in Chelsea, to see, I suppose, whether I was destined to sink or to swim. Subsequently he tolled me into one of the Boston lecture bureaus as one who showed something of promise for a wider field — an experience that proved of great value to myself, whatever it may have proved to my audiences. Then he gave me, from time to time, topics to prepare for the *Congregationalist*, short, readable articles in a popular vein, on scientific themes not so abstruse as to repel — this was one of his ideals. What was judiciously written for young people would appeal, he believed, to mature people and old people, and so he was pleased to have me address myself, with others whom he asked, to "young people of all ages."

His words of appreciation were always encouraging and stimulating — "Just the thing," "We are always glad to hear from you," "Send us another of the same kind" — words that in writing were all aglow with heartiness and warmth. He was not so prone to give commendation orally, but when he did so it was given in that calm, unemphatic way that made one who did not know him question seriously whether any special commendation was intended at all. To get at the genuine meaning of much that is said to us by way of approval we have to subtract something. Those who knew Mr. Richardson and who received an approving word from him learned in time to add something. In other words, his opinions were at a premium among those that knew him thoroughly, and not at a discount.

I recall an interesting fact that showed one phase of his spirit to deal justly, if not generously, with people who served him. On one occasion I sent him a popular article on some theme in astronomy. He sent me in payment the usual check, which was wholly satisfactory, and a word of appreciation, which was more than satisfactory. The article had the place of honor as the opening one on the first page. A little later he sent me another check for the same article, substantially doubling the payment, with the pleasant remark that, on re-reading it, he felt it was worth more, and that it gratified him to send more. I presume I was but one of many to whom the same kindly thought was given.

And so, without forming anything like a close and desperate friendship with him — for his was not the temperament to draw out affection of the effusive and demonstrative kind from those who saw only his outer life — I felt when he was finally summoned home that I had lost a friend of the true and enduring type — a friend whose worth, like that of a strong and genuine poem, gathers force as the years roll on and relegates to forgetfulness all that is weak and false and transient.

What a pity it is that some share of the eulogies that are given the worthy dead does not fall to them while living! Perhaps, though, the truer thought is that the honorable positions and duties the world assigns a capable and upright man are in themselves a long-continued eulogy. Whatever our views on this theme, there is room for our faith that in the realms beyond our knowledge the final awards of praise kindle and warm the departed friend as they do those that mourn his going.

Sincerely yours,

FRANK A. HILL,
Principal High School.

MILWAUKEE, January, 1891.

Among the many who desire to lay their tributes of gratitude and regard upon the so lately vacated desk in the office of the *Congregationalist* is there space for the word which my heart prompts me to bring? The message of Mr. Richardson's departure has come so suddenly, without warning, that we cannot yet

make him dead; but, as is often our experience, his going has emphasized the regard in which we held him — the hold which his type of Christian character had upon us. We realize anew that in "the last analysis" simple, unpretentious uprightness, every-day adherence to the principles of righteous living, and loyalty to the believed will of God will crown a man right royally and leave all who knew him mourners that the world must be the poorer for his going. I wish to bear witness to the consideration and kindness which he has always shown me since the far-away day, nearly thirty-five years ago, when with fear and trembling in my girl heart I sent my first verses to the *Congregationalist*, to this present year of grace when, the halfway hilltop passed, my face is set toward the sunset.

It is delightful to remember the unvarying courtesy, real kindly interest, the candor, the sincere friendship of the true Christian gentleman, which I have always received at his hands. Of his even balance of character, his life, the loss to church and editorial staff, irreparable bereavement which his heaven-going has left in his earthly home, other pens than mine will write, other tongues speak. I come only to bring my single pansy of grateful thought and remembrance concerning the friend of so many years, whose absence to our mortal vision means not real loss but, instead, divine enlargement of capacity to his wider service, even an heavenly!

Rebecca Perley Reed.

Andover, January 19, 1891.

We were shocked and deeply grieved to see in our paper this morning the death of your husband. It seems now as if he had been my lifelong friend, for one of the first things I ever wrote he accepted and told me he liked. I did not see much of him, but always felt as if the day was brighter, better worth living, if we accidentally met. I had, a short time ago, a pleasant note in regard to a sketch whose environment is the neighborhood of the Mammoth Cave. In the brief note he alluded to your being there with him two years since and to your mutual churchgoing. I thought it such a cordial, pleasant word that I told Mr. Downs

it was as welcome as a Christmas gift. He leaves behind memories delightful, honorable, and never-failing. By and by you may feel it was better, too, that he went thus suddenly and knew no decay of mind, no feebleness of body.

ANNIE SAWYER DOWNS.

GORHAM, MAINE, July 19, 1891.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." How often have I thought of this in connection with Mr. Richardson. He had no special preparation to make; he was all ready. His work was so faithfully done, so perfectly done, so superbly done! The *Congregationalist* has been for years a paper of phenomenal influence, and Mr. Richardson was the power. There was able assistance, of course, but he had the backbone and soul of it; he more than any other made it what it was, and I miss him in it all through. Of course he will live in it a long time, but his molding hand I miss painfully. Very sad it was, too, to call at the office and not see him there. I am grateful, however, for such a life and for such a friend, and I rejoice in his achievement. Such lives are a revelation direct from heaven, and they reveal heaven. Bible characters interest us intensely, but there is a special vividness and reality in the lives of those whom we know who have a grand, divine mission.

E. B. EMERY.

BOSTON, January 19, 1891.

I was very much shocked this morning on reading the announcement of Mr. Richardson's death in the *Journal*. I personally, with my family, feel a loss in this event. We felt very much as though Mr. Richardson had been a personal friend. I shall never forget one act of friendship of his that was done without ostentation and yet was so great a help to me that it set me upon my feet. I have never forgotten to be reminded of it or to tell others, when occasion arose for me to do so, of the kindness which impressed itself upon my life. I know his life was full

of just such good deeds as that, and it is not always the case that we find a man fitted to live and fitted to die also. I think he will have a royal welcome over on the other side.

Nearly two years later came the following from the same:

This morning as we were talking of the Christmastide I remembered the great kindness of Mr. Richardson in assisting me at a crisis of my business life many years ago, and I thought it might be appreciated by you if you knew we had not forgotten it.

I remember at one time at your house in Chelsea speaking of the service rendered, and you made the remark that if I would do the same to others it would be reward enough for yourselves.

I have found that the inspiration of my life, and many is the young man I've helped financially. Some have been unworthy, and others have been worthy. This year I have so assisted two young men, who give promise of success. And just this Christmas week I have been the salvation of a business man who, with his family, has suffered poverty and would have been financially shipwrecked in two days more but for the timely aid of a few hundred dollars. This *may* be lost, or it may make a difference of a quarter of a million dollars to him. It has been a case of persecution, but with the blessing of God he will now get his just dues.

This may cause your heart to bleed again for the loved one, but let me say he needs no monument. May the Lord make me as good as he was. F.

CHELSEA, January 18, 1891.

I was surprised, amazed, bewildered, when I heard today of the death of your loved and honored husband. It does seem strange to our poor mortal reason that one so active in the Master's service, so essential to the happiness, the comfort, the very existence of others, so useful to society, so, it seems to us, necessary to the development, the improvement, the best good of mankind, that he should be taken away from serving God here to rule and reign with him there. No one knew the value of the Bible and the God of the Bible better than Mr. Richardson. No one appreciated the power and worth of the gospel more than he did.

S. W. MASON.

CHELSEA, April 15, 1891.

Your sorrow is shared by us, to whom a great affliction has also come. I feel at times almost like stepping out of the activities of our church life, the feeling of loneliness is so depressing; yet I know the work must go on though the workers fall while in the midst of usefulness.

W. J. W. STICKNEY.

FRANKLIN, February 3, 1891.

Charles has always showed such a kind interest in all our interests that he has seemed like a brother beloved. From the days of earliest childhood we have known and loved him, and he was my husband's confidential friend ever after his own dear mother was taken from him. No one ever seemed to me fuller of the spirit and temper of Christ and showed it so plainly to every one he met as he did. His very face expressed it in every line, and I have several times during the last summer remarked to my family at home how these words would come to my mind when we sat near him in the Bible class or church, "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright," as though God were saying to us, "'Tis safe to trust him, to love him, to follow his example; he has my work, my spirit." Especially I remember his look of peace while sitting by the side of his mother at that communion service in the old home. It is a tender love that withholds from her the knowledge that he is already with the Saviour, waiting to welcome her there.

A. M. BAKER.

BROOKLYN, January 20, 1891.

My father and mother have welcomed their friend of many years. There has been no severing of an earthly tie that has seemed to mean so much to me since my father's going as the one of this, the friend so closely united to my dearest memories. Mr. Richardson's life has been, and will always be, a benediction to me. . . .

I wish so much that I had ever said to him what I can so truly say of my deepest appreciation of him as the friend of my father and mother and as my friend. Our very occasional meetings gave chance for little more than surface subjects; but I wish I had had the satisfaction of telling him how I valued his cordial handshake last summer when I saw him at Bridgewater, where I chanced to be with friends at the normal reunion. As he shook my hand his "Why, Ella, Mr. Bryant and I were just talking of you," made me feel a glow of pride that he was my friend. What he was to my father no one living knows now as I do. His genial, cordial, brotherly love was one of my father's chief satisfactions, and his firm belief in his integrity made father accept from him suggestions and criticism in the kind spirit in which it was meant on any point where their views were not alike. The strength and comfort of sympathy from you both has meant much to us in our frequent times of sickness and parting. So often the last three weeks has come to me the picture of heaven, the picture I have formed of real people and real interests, and the thought of how truly he, as one of the kings among men, has carried his glory and honor there and is walking in the perfect light of perfect love. Surely we are blessed in the assurance that for those we have so loved, for those we love just as dearly now, there has been an abundant entrance.

ELLA C. HUTCHINS.

January 21, 1891.

How was my heart saddened some two hours ago at dinner time when my daughter put into my hand a marked copy of the *Traveller* containing the surprising intelligence of the death of my very dear, dear friend Richardson. Having a few leisure moments just at this time I embrace them to write you a few lines, that I may be in sympathy with you at this hour while you are paying the last tributes of respect to that noble dead. For who nobler? I need not remind you what you have lost. Friend Richardson was no common man, of whom no one knew better his true qualities and worth than yourself; that Christian character standing out more prominent than anything else. Forty-one

years ago, within a few months, since I first made his acquaintance; as then, so has he ever displayed that same marked Christian character and upright manliness at all our greetings in this long interval of time. I have always felt that I have never had a truer friend than in him. And I have often heard of kind words said to my friends of the true regard he had for me, and I have had still further proofs by his many acts of kindness bestowed and generous deeds done. Though not possessing his deep religious character, I feel that I owe much to him for the religious convictions I have inspired by his example and religious correspondence and personal interviews. And O, how I shall miss him! Notwithstanding circumstances have placed us in different spheres of life for years past, and our correspondence and meetings have been less frequent than in former years, yet when we met or exchanged letters the same spirit prevailed, and I always felt the better for these meetings or letters, yea, more of a man. How my memory goes back to our exchange of visits in the earlier years of our acquaintance! How many pleasant gatherings and meetings crowd upon my memory — the pleasantest of my life — and I shall ever call them to mind with the greatest pleasure, though with a heart full of sorrow that I shall meet with him no more. My last interview with him was at Westfield at the gathering of the alumni; but for his generosity I should not have been there. It followed so soon after my dear boy's death, after the long sickness and heavy expenses incurred, I wrote to him that circumstances were such I should have to deny myself the pleasure. He replied by asking if I was so situated that I could get away, and if so he would take care of the circumstances. It seems to me I was never more impressed with his goodness than at that time. He reviewed old times and associations, and cheered me wonderfully. Imagine my surprise on the day you left when he put into my hands a —— dollar bill, and though I informed him it was much more than my expenses he insisted upon my taking it. What a friend! When I think of this kind act, together with others he has rendered me, I have said he was a friend indeed and in need. But I forbear saying more of his kindness toward me, for in the fullness of my heart there is a welling up that causes the eye to moisten and prevents the pen from doing its bidding. I must not forget to

mention his last crowning act. For years he has sent me the *Congregationalist*, which I have so much prized, and only week before last, I think it was, on looking upon the wrapper I found he had put me on the list for another year.

A.

Woodford's, Maine, January, 1893.

In recalling happy visits in your home there are memories upon which some of Mr. Richardson's characteristics are indelibly marked — his unfailing hospitality, his uniform kindness to every one beneath his roof, his interest in all that interested others, even while burdened with his own heavy cares. I recall vividly his "Good morning" to us all when leaving for the office, his tender parting with his aged mother, his *last* word with you at the door, and, as he stepped into the car, the bright, backward glance toward the home he loved so well; the "Good evening" when he returned weary and worn with the day's perplexities, the half hour he would give us in the evening, leaving the library to share with us all bits of important news or pleasant gossip, presently slipping back to his work in the quiet way so peculiar to him. I recall the Sunday evening prayers between the daylight and the dark; the petitions had a more personal and more tender tone than on week days; from the aged and feeble mother by his side to the "child" then over the sea no needy or loved one was forgotten.

I shall never forget his friendly cordiality when my nephew and I tarried for a night at your pleasant "Bellevue" home on our way to the little parish on the coast of Maine where the young student was going with trembling heart to do his first gospel work, his words of encouragement given out of the experience of years of Christian living, and especially his *prayer* for our journey and our work. He seemed to *realize* every need and hope of the young worker and the grace of God, which alone could carry him through with acceptance. "That perfect prayer" the young man called it afterward, and I know the memory of it was comfort and inspiration. Indeed, in the later years with you I sometimes thought Mr. Richardson more himself, more truly *at home*, in his prayer than anywhere else. In the weekly church meeting

his face seemed to shine, and such a soft look came into it *at times* that had he been called suddenly away the only change must have been from prayer here to praise there !

A. B. C. K.

CHELSEA, February 18, 1892.

When I think, as I so often do, how beautiful and strong was the affection that you and your husband had for each other, I feel that I can realize a little how great your loneliness and your longing, and my heart aches for you. I love to think of the life that you two lived together. How sweet the memory of it must be to you !

H. M. G.

TRIBUTES FROM THE PRESS.

TRIBUTES FROM THE PRESS.

It gives me much satisfaction to be able to write you that the newspapers of Boston and vicinity were unanimous in their verdict that your grandpapa was a rarely influential force in religious journalism. The few excerpts I send will show you their estimate of him and his work.

GRANDMAMMA.

[*Editorial in the Congregationalist.*]

The announcement of the death of Mr. Richardson, the managing editor of this paper, will be tidings of sincere sorrow to many who from personal relations have known and loved him. But multitudes who have never seen his face owe him a debt of gratitude greater than they know. We strive to write dispassionately, and to restrain the expression of emotion in the sudden and great grief which has fallen on us. Yet we cannot repress the thought that this good man's life and labor have ministered with quiet conscientious purpose, and without desire for fame, to many thousands of readers for many years; to men and women and children whose lives he has made happier and better by the messages that have come to them through his hands; to the churches whose interests were ever dear to his heart; and to the kingdom of God in which, though not set apart by formal ordination, he was a faithful minister of Christ. O brothers, sisters, let his work grow and extend through lives quickened and hallowed by his noble, though often unthought of, service.

[*Editorial in the Congregationalist.*]

CHARLES ADDISON RICHARDSON.

Within hardly more than two months from the time of Dr. Dexter's death, and with the sorrow connected therewith still fresh and poignant, the *Congregationalist* is called upon to part

with one who has been equally identified with its past and no less instrumental in making this journal what it is today. Charles A. Richardson, the managing editor for thirty-five years, died last Sunday, after an illness of less than four days, at the Hotel Bellevue in this city, where he had boarded with his family the past two winters. For the previous fortnight his health had hardly been up to its usual level, but he had fulfilled his customary duties, and as late as Wednesday forenoon was at his desk. That afternoon he was seized with a sharp illness, which developed rapidly into peritonitis accompanied with pneumonia. Toward the last heart failure supervened, and at half-past two on Sunday morning he passed into the other life.

Mr. Richardson came of sturdy New England stock. His native place was Franklin, in this State, where his mother is now living at the advanced age of nearly ninety-six. He also leaves a wife; one married daughter, Mrs. W. F. Ray, of Franklin; and a younger daughter, Miss Alice; besides five grandchildren. He was born October 9, 1829, and his early years were spent on a farm, where he was a hard-working lad, anxious for an education, and picking up what little learning he could obtain in the local schools and academies. His meager resources and ill health induced by too severe study together forbade the realization of the longings which he ardently cherished for a collegiate education and for a ministerial career; but by dint of his economy and his persistency he managed to attend the State Normal Schools in Westfield and Bridgewater. He then taught school for several years, and earned high praise for his success in this vocation in Medway, Franklin, Montague, Everett, and Dedham. The years 1854–55 found him clerk in the then famous bookstore of John P. Jewett & Co. in this city.

In January of the year 1856 Mr. Richardson acquired an interest in the *Congregationalist*, and his personal history in the thirty-five years since that date is intertwined with the history of this journal. Its growth in circulation, its enlargement, and its improvement in every direction, the grafting on of new departments, its steady progress toward the ideals of excellence — these things are due in great measure to his far-sightedness and inventive genius. Starting in as a proprietor and managing editor, Mr.

Richardson threw the whole strength of his vigorous young manhood into its advancement, coöperating with Mr. W. L. Greene — now in California — in the business department, while at the same time performing the duties of office editor, Dr. Dexter undertaking the general editorship in connection with his pastorate. As the force of workers was increased Mr. Richardson concentrated his efforts more exclusively upon his particular department, yet it may be truly said that the influence of his personality continued to be felt in every fiber of the paper's life. His special work was to make up the paper week by week, deciding when and where every article should find its place; to pass judgment upon communications; to project new features; and, in short, to attend to all the multiform details connected with the editorial management of a great journal. With it all he wrote a great deal, and through the Civil War prepared a weekly summary of its progress, which was so ably and discriminatingly done that it reflected great credit upon the paper. Perhaps the fact that his brother, A. D. Richardson, the well-known war correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, was at the front all through the strife led him to follow the windings of the conflict with peculiar interest.

Mr. Richardson's general journalistic ability was of the first order. He possessed in a remarkable degree both that instinct for news and that sense of proportion in setting it forth which characterize the born editor. Grasping easily matters in their detail, he never became so immersed in relatively trivial and subordinate affairs as to lose sight of the great movements of our time. The qualities which he strove to cultivate in others, and which he exemplified in his own style, were accuracy, clearness, and condensation. His eye was quick to detect mistakes, and he was facile in applying remedies. The careful oversight which he gave to every column of the paper before it went to the printer accrued to the interest of the reader as respects both the external appearance of the sheet and the arrangement of its contents. The average reader, who thinks that papers put themselves together, may hardly appreciate the need of such painstaking care, but its absence would be speedily perceptible. He had the rare gift of discerning what the religious public want to know, and of distinguishing between temporary excitements and permanent undercurrents of religious movements.

Mr. Richardson pursued religious journalism as his one vocation, and intermitted his editorial labors only when his health required a change. He made two trips to Europe and two to California, and these, as well as less extended journeys, were not for the sake of recreation purely, but to broaden his range of observation and to store his mind with knowledge wherewith he might better serve the paper.

This single-minded devotion to his work necessarily circumscribed the field of his activities. Had he allowed himself to be pressed into service in various directions he would have held many responsible positions, since his judgment and business sagacity were greatly prized. He always had a keen sense of the sacredness of his church duties. The scene of the greater part of his labors of this sort has been the First Church in Chelsea, of which he remained a member till his death, though he sold his residence in that city last April. In previous years he has held there the offices of superintendent of the Sunday school and deacon. He has been for many years one of the directors of the American Congregational Association, which controls the Congregational House property, and he was a director of the Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society. The presidency of the Westfield Normal School Alumni and a vice-presidency of the Boston Congregational Club were other public offices he has held. He was moderator of the State Association at New Bedford in 1885. He received from Dartmouth the honorary degree of Master of Arts.

Mr. Richardson's sterling character, his keen sense of honor, his remarkable conscientiousness, his scrupulous endeavor to be perfectly just and fair, his deep spirituality, left their impression upon all who touched him closely. No Puritan ever cherished higher ideals of conduct. He, like Mary Lyon, could truthfully say, "There is nothing in the universe that I fear but that I shall not know my whole duty, or shall fail to do it." Strong and positive in his beliefs, he was not inhospitable to new ideas and he did not walk with his face toward the past. Marvelously patient and considerate amid the countless interruptions and irritations incident to a busy newspaper office, and serene and trustful amid the greater complications which thirty-five years' experience in

journalism could not fail to bring, Mr. Richardson succeeded better than many men in putting the spirit of his Master into the warp and woof of his daily life. He found his place in the world; he filled it well. He has finished the work which the Father gave him to do.

The personal relations between the group of workers in the *Congregationalist* office are too intimate and sacred to be touched upon here. Two such men as Dr. Dexter and Mr. Richardson cannot go out of the circle without being missed and mourned. Yet it is well known that, in anticipation of the chances and changes of this mortal life, they had some time ago called to their assistance men whom they deemed worthy and competent to carry on their work — men in whose loyalty to Christ and to the things for which this paper has stood they had implicit confidence — men whom they themselves have trained into perfect familiarity with their own methods and purposes. This sacred trust, devolved in the providence of God upon their successors, is accepted humbly yet hopefully. They to whom it is given cherish no stronger desire than that they may do their work, in their day, with the fidelity and consecration which shone out in the lives of Henry M. Dexter and Charles A. Richardson.

[*Editorial in the Congregationalist.*]

Every mail brings to this office letters of condolence and kindly remembrance of the late managing editor, Mr. C. A. Richardson. A large number of those who have corresponded with him in furnishing articles or news of the churches refer to the warm friendship which has grown up with him in this interchange of thoughts, and to their high estimate of the value of his counsels and of his Christian faith. He enjoyed the confidence and lived in the affections of a noble company of those who have done much to make the world happier and better, though many of them have never seen his face. No worthier tribute could be desired to the memory of a good and useful life. We make this public acknowledgment because it is not possible for us to reply by letter to each one of those who have written us, whose sympathy and encouragement are most welcome and highly prized.

[*From the Congregationalist.*]

FUNERAL OF MR. RICHARDSON.

Very tender and impressive was the simple family service held in Boston, Tuesday afternoon, January 20, at Hotel Bellevue, by the bedside of Mrs. Richardson, who has been prostrated by illness since last Christmas. Dr. Dunning read the Scriptures, and Dr. Plumb, the faithful pastor who had ministered to them in their early married life when four little ones were removed by death, offered prayer.

The public exercises were at the First Church in Chelsea, with which Mr. Richardson had been connected nearly thirty-five years. Its membership was very largely represented in the audience, which filled the body of the house. The delegation from the Congregational House included all his associates on the *Congregationalist*, officers of the American Board, of the Home Missionary and Publishing Societies, and representatives of the American Congregational Association. There were also present scores of individuals occupying high positions in religious, literary, and business circles. A striking group was the row of office boys, conducted by "Mr. Martin," occupying seats directly behind the family pew. This was closed and beautifully decorated by friends in the church and Sabbath school with smilax and exquisite lilies. Flowers of the same kinds were tastefully arranged about the pulpit, but near the casket was placed nothing except graceful, towering palms; on its outside lay two crossed branches of that symbolic tree. Those who stood in closest relation to Mr. Richardson appreciated the significance of this emblem, knowing full well that his quiet life was a constant victory over self and over circumstances. The pallbearers were his lifelong friends, Thomas Todd, J. J. Underhill, C. M. Whittlesey, J. W. Stickney, C. A. Phelps, and one of the editors of the paper, Rev. H. A. Bridgman.

After an invocation and reading of the Scriptures by Rev. G. E. Lovejoy, of Franklin, whose parishioner he was during his summer residence in that his native place and his frequent visits there, brief addresses were made by Drs. Dunning, Plumb, and Quint. They spoke respectively of Mr. Richardson in his public

work as a journalist, of his church and family life, and of his characteristics as a personal friend. In each of these spheres it was shown how a love of righteousness was his dominant trait. Everywhere and under all circumstances, no matter how difficult, the absolutely right course of action was the only one for him to pursue. This firmness gave a touch of severity to his character, but it made him invaluable as an office bearer in the church and Sunday school, as a personal adviser, and especially as the manager of a great religious newspaper. It was inevitable that this unswerving fidelity to principle should sometimes make enemies, but their misunderstanding of his motives was borne in heroic silence and with almost superhuman patience. The closing prayer was by Rev. Lawrence Phelps, pastor elect of the church. The musical selections were in excellent taste. Mr. Richardson greatly enjoyed congregational singing, and one impressive part of the service was when the audience stood and joined the choir in singing the grand old hymn,

Servant of God, well done.

[*From the Congregationalist.*]

It was a sad beginning of the week's secular duties, that Monday morning telegram, "Mr. Richardson died yesterday after three days' illness." More sudden, if possible, and more startling it seemed than did the similar dispatch from Mr. Richardson's own hand scarcely two months before, "Dr. Dexter died this morning." Three or four business notes had come from him within a week — in which, as was his wont, business matters were blessed with the pleasant expression of friendly personal interest — so that it was hardly possible to realize that that busy hand was still, and never another word would it pen either of business or of friendship.

In all these years of our steady correspondence and conference never has a word fallen from him save in kindness, never an act has shown anything but unselfish considerateness of his friend's welfare. All the week it has seemed as if each morning's mail must bring one of his ever welcome missives. And with

every recurring thought of the paper to which he had given his life so long he has been seen as plainly as ever at his desk, with his hand upon the tube connecting with the composing room, and his face wreathed in his expressive smile of welcome turning toward the comer.

Well, he has done a great work for the best of causes, and he has done it nobly. He has been faithful to his divine Lord, who put him in trust with the gospel that he should preach it, not from one pulpit to a single audience, but from his high vantage ground to thousands of hearers. He could well afford to die. He had well earned his rest. It is comforting to think of him as at home in the Father's house, joyfully greeted by him he had loved so well, and whose dying hand he had so lately dropped. What a host of choice spirits with whom he had been familiar here will gather around him there! And what bliss to see the smile and hear the voice of his Beloved: "Well done; enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne!" "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." His time is the best time. Farewell, faithful friend, until we meet again!

HUNTINGTON.

January 23.

[*From the Congregationalist.*]

To those who knew the man no sadder tidings have come for many a day than those which announced the death of Mr. C. A. Richardson, managing editor of this paper. So soon, too, after the departure of the honored and lamented Dexter! How admirably they wrought together! as brothers supplementing each other and making a paper whose influence is felt wherever Congregationalists are found. Associated for a generation in the work of their lives, will it not add to their joy to enter so nearly at the same time upon the service which the Master has prepared for them above? Who that ever met Mr. Richardson, or enjoyed his hospitality, or was connected with him in any way in the work of his life, can help feeling that the world has lost one of its attractions for him in the death of this gifted journalist? What a genius he had for work! How untiring his industry! How painstaking he was! What multitudes of letters he wrote, and

in them all kind, appreciative words, of which the memory is like sweet perfume, and yet introduced so naturally that they seemed to be the words one expected to read! Now that his life is over for this world we can see how noble it was, how rich in good deeds, how magnificent in the aggregate of its accomplishments. To have known such a man, to have been associated with him however slightly, is to have had a privilege which no words of a sorrowing heart can adequately express.

FRANKLIN.

Chicago, January 24.

[*From the Congregationalist.*]

A BUSINESS MAN'S TRIBUTE.

It does not seem to be possible that Mr. Richardson has gone home so soon! On Monday we sat together in our Sunday-School Missionary Committee, he appearing in full health and vigor and taking an important part in the discussion of a matter in which he was especially interested, and on Sunday he is in heaven! As dear friends pass over so suddenly and so repeatedly, how near heaven seems to be to earth! Mr. Richardson was one of the most useful laymen in our Congregational body. He had very rare gifts in some directions:

1. He had a very *clear head.* He comprehended a new question and its relations to other things very quickly, but was careful in giving his opinions. It was a habit of his to ask questions and get out all the light possible first. He did not err, as many do, in giving an opinion first and getting the facts afterwards. He heard all there was to be said, and then gave a mature judgment which rarely had to be reconsidered.

2. He had a *good heart.* I have seen much of him in many ways. I have discussed with him questions and men, and yet through all the troublous times through which we have passed I never heard him speak an unkind or an ungenerous word of those with whom he differed.

3. He was a *broad man.* He had the happy faculty of looking at things from the standpoint of others. He could put himself in another's place. Many men have no patience with those who

differ with them, and show their irritation. Not so with Mr. Richardson. He accorded to all the same honest intentions that he claimed for himself.

4. These qualifications made him eminently a *wise adviser*, and caused his opinion to be sought by many. He had a great knowledge of men all over the land, and could measure their value and gauge their ability with great fairness. He never made the mistake, which is so very common, of indorsing men whom he would gladly help unless he could do it with a clear conscience. He had courage with his convictions, and put always the interests of the church above that of the individual.

Sadly will he be missed in many a little circle and upon many a committee, where he always spoke so kindly, but so earnestly and thoughtfully, with regard to the interests of Christ's kingdom here on the earth. The Master surely has large service yet for him in another world, where to rest is to work and where work is always rest.

SAMUEL B. CAPEN.

[*From the Congregationalist.*]

ANOTHER.

I remember a large clump of tall pine trees standing close together in the Southern land. They were stretching upward toward the sunlight. They seemed to be a protection to each other. But when men began to cut some of the outside trees, not a great many, a strange result followed. Every now and then we were startled by the crash of some tree falling by its own weight. Each seemed to have lost the sheltering help of the other, and when the breakage began it was clear that they had been trying to reach the heavenly air and had little root in the earthly soil.

I wonder if it is so with men. Is it necessary to put everything upon the level of statistical averages in insurance tables? No. If my thought is a fancy, it is a kindly fancy. I see together various men who, a few years ago, were variously united. They had similar, and often common, interests — interests which rose above selfish considerations and made them grow up toward heaven. They were not firmly rooted in earthly soil.

The departure of Charles A. Richardson, in this line of departures, should have its passing notice. The current of affairs will flow on, the special interests which were in his charge will not fail, but some of us are getting to feel lonesome. We miss familiar faces. The silence of the unheard voices is painful. We are turning toward our children, and living our lives largely over again in them. If the sons can make as true men as some of these who have gone, we shall be happy. If the daughters be as true women as those departing, we shall be satisfied. We believe that, in God's ordering, it will be so. Worthy lives all help toward this end. If I were to point out to a young man an example of what can be effected by singleness of purpose, patient continuance in welldoing, and methodical industry, through the course of a life beginning in somewhat adverse circumstances, and closing in high success, both as to conditions and character, I would tell him without a moment's hesitation of our brother who has so suddenly fallen. One of the most helpful, early conditions, however, was beginning in his boyhood that Christian life from which he never swerved, and which, as he realized it, made him honorable and upright. Young men can see in him what a life of honest and well-directed industry, under the government of principle, can secure. He not only succeeded for himself, but, what was more to him, his steady service was an essential constituent in making a great religious newspaper.

I well remember how, in 1861, he kindly pressed me into a half promise to write letters from army life for the *Congregationalist.* I regretted at once even the half promise, and delayed for a long time. To tell the truth, I did not believe that I could write a decent letter of that kind. At last, on his importunity, I wrote him that I would try to have one ready about a certain date. How terrified I was when next week I read in print that the readers might expect a letter from "Chaplain Quint" at the given time! Then there was no help for it. I have been in cordial relations with him ever since. This article is, alas! written in fulfilling a recent engagement made with him. He was providing, unknowingly, for these recollections of himself.

Others know, perhaps, as fully as myself what he was in

his editorial life. No; I have at least the advantage of years, and look farther back upon his calm judgment, his cautious survey of any question on its every side, and his sagacity as to what was needed to promote the great Christian object of the paper. But he is now in my mind far more as the man than as the editor, in his inner life than in his official chair. He was a man who did not wear his emotional nature outside. There were glimpses of it every now and then. What did that row of past and present office boys at his funeral mean? They knew that the calm, sedate man had a heart. Others knew it also, and I knew (for he consulted me as to method) where some of his benefactions went to personal help. Perhaps, also, it was a glimpse of his tender faith when, after the death of one of his several children who died — a babe only of days — he printed in the paper the simple words, "One day is with the Lord as a thousand years."

No one may think that he knows a man because he knows an editor. At least it would require a subtle instinct which few possess. Even then the fitting occasions to draw out certain features of character are wanting. One needs to be in a person's church and somewhat in social surroundings, and especially as a welcome guest in his house. I was for quite a number of months, by his arrangement, in charge of the prayer meeting and Sunday services of the church in which our friend was an officer. No one will be surprised at my saying that no more exact and punctual man ever lived. He was superintendent of the Sunday school, and the opening of the school was exact to a minute. He was always ready, but solely because he planned his work beforehand. If others were not as punctual, he did not fret but he hinted. But I soon came to understand the immovable character of his faith and the riches of his Christian experience, and this in spite of his reticence. His sense of justice was instinctive and his conscientiousness seemed perfect. Repeatedly an inmate in his house, and passing Sundays there, together with the Saturday nights, of course, as I did, one could see, or rather feel, the tenderness and gentleness of his home life. There the real man was thoroughly understood. Those days were always Christian, but not gloomy. He was very kind to a guest, but he never did things in a way or with an air

that said, "You see how kind I am." I do not think it beyond propriety for me to allude to the sweet deference and tender respect which he showed to his aged mother, then cared for and nurtured in his home with the most beautiful affection — a saint who, at the age of nearly ninety-six, is at the time of this writing trembling on the verge of eternal life. Nothing pleased our friend better than to have one inquire for his mother, and he was happy when the Christian guest, whom he thought it wise to invite to that service, would read a bit of Scripture and offer a few words of prayer in the aged mother's sunny room. He was telling me a few weeks ago, with great pleasure, of the Lord's Supper just then celebrated with his mother at her home.

My last words with him were on the first Sunday of this month. It was at the close of the funeral service of a Christian woman of advancing years, a member of the same church with himself, at which I was called to serve. He came to me, and showed far more emotion than usual, and it was with a happy smile that he took my hand in a warm grasp, and said, "Another saint gone home to heaven!" Then he spoke very pleasantly of some writing of mine about "growing old" which he had read that day, and spoke a few minutes about our years to come, and what we might make them. In the following hour I saw him at the communion service, but we did not speak with each other. It was his last communion service on earth, and now he will never grow old. God has some work for him and these other men in the unseen land.

(Rev.) A. H. Quint.

[*From the Congregationalist.*]

FROM A FORMER PASTOR.

I not only loved Mr. Richardson for those personal qualities which won my affection, but I admired him for those abilities which made him so efficient in the duty places of his life What a genius he had for details! I never knew a man who could be trusted more than he not to forget what a man under responsibilities ought to remember. As an officer in the church he was invaluable for this faculty. As deacon and superintendent of the

Sabbath school he was never remiss. And how wise he was! how faithful and gentle in disagreeable duties! and what a loyal heart he had to friends and to causes!

But my thoughts veer round to his personal qualities — those indefinable, persistent, powerful sources of influence upon those who knew him intimately, more conspicuously operative in home and church and friendships than in business, perhaps, but in business too, as shown from business relations with him of various sorts.

JUDSON TITSWORTH.

Milwaukee, January 24.

[*From the Congregationalist.*]

The announcement of the death of Mr. Richardson was a painful shock to all the Washington readers of the *Congregationalist.* It was not known here that he had been ill, and, indeed, the news of his death was first announced to most of his Washington friends through the columns of this week's paper. As it was truly said in the editorial obituary, this sad event causes sincere grief and a sense of personal bereavement in the hearts of many who never knew Mr. Richardson personally. He made himself widely known and respected and beloved through his work as few men ever succeed in doing.

C. S. E.

Washington, January 24.

[*From the Advance.*]

And now, and how soon, Dr. Dexter of the *Congregationalist* is followed into the heavens by Mr. Richardson, his dear friend and associate, who had been joint proprietor and managing editor of the paper for over thirty years. He died at his home Sunday morning. The tidings will bring deep sadness not only to Congregationalists everywhere but to a large circle of intelligent readers in other communions.

The debt which the churches owe to such a man — to such a

life — can never be expressed. Mr. Richardson and Dr. Dexter were in certain respects widely different; but seldom were two men better matched each for his own part in a common work. They both equally needed each other. And with what perfect accord and complete devotion they wrought together and in connection with Mr. W. L. Greene in the service of all the churches, and in building up the great journal which is today their best monument, would, if suitably told, constitute the story of a partnership in a noble enterprise of extraordinary interest. The instinct, the impulse, the inspiration which prompted them to make the venture when and as they did, the special lines of personal discipline which had been preparing them for it, the peculiar providences that favored, the noble friends that were so quick to respond, so ready to cheer and aid — all this makes a history that cannot be fully told, but one which has gone to give impulse, direction, color, and tone to a contemporary religious history so wide that no one can measure it.

Mr. Richardson began life as an educator. As a school teacher when hardly out of his teens he manifested the same traits which have characterized him ever since. His first school was an event in the history of the town. Throughout his after career he has been an educator still. With no special gift of imagination, he had a great and exacting conscience, judgment, sense, the instinct for method, pragmatical enthusiasm, unquenchable determination, and uncommon capacity for hard work. Those who have been associated with him loved him deeply. Nothing could be more genuine and true-hearted than his personal friendships, the sweet memory of which, as the writer cannot refrain from testifying, will be a joy and an inspiration forever. On behalf of not only ourselves, but of the great company of our *Advance* readers, we extend to his bereaved wife and daughters and to those associated with him in the office assurance of warmest sympathy. When our turn shall come to go would that we may be as ready to depart, as sure of the divine welcome, with some reasons for grateful memory still on the part of those that remain.

* * * *

In reviewing the twenty-five years' history of the *Advance* Dr. Gilbert also wrote:

I remained with the *Advance* from that time to this, with the exception of the four years from 1882 to 1886, during which time I was connected with the *Congregationalist* as its Western editor. And, if this were the place, I would like to testify to the exceeding delightfulness of the relationship to that paper and to its readers, especially to the managing editor, Mr. C. A. Richardson, of the value of whose services to the churches no adequate human record will ever be made.

[*From the Pilgrim Teacher.*]

In the death of Mr. C. A. Richardson, managing editor of the *Congregationalist*, this society and all its officers suffer a severe loss. For nine years he has been on our board of directors, and has been intimately associated with its management. Mr. Richardson was most faithful to any responsibility accepted by him. He did not consider his relation to this society a mere honorary one, but, except when away from the city, was prompt in his attendance on the board and upon the committees to which he belonged. He was on two of its most important committees — the Missionary Committee and the Committee on Sunday-School Publications. He therefore had to do with the two prominent functions of the society — its missionary and its publishing work. His interest in the society and his faith in the work to which it is called were great. It has had the advantage of his sagacious counsels and of his timely and powerful help in the columns of the paper with which he was connected. Without the aid he rendered the society would not have secured the confidence and coöperation of the churches as soon as it has. And the officers of the society have each felt that they had in him not merely a wise counselor but a personal friend. Genial, sympathizing, earnest, courteous, thoroughly Christian, he was a man who gripped his friends tightly. Those who knew him best esteemed him the most. A friend drops out and the ranks close up and move on again, but when such a friend falls there is always a vacancy to those who knew him, though the line may seem to be as before without a break.

[*From the Boston Advertiser.*]

He took charge of the *Congregationalist* when it was of little circulation and influence, and is largely responsible for its high standing. He had a remarkable "news sense," and was a very rapid and diligent worker. His whole life was put into the paper, and he was alive to every improvement in the line of religious newspapers, and led the way in originating them. He was a brother of the well-known war correspondent, A. D. Richardson. Following the war more closely on account of his interest in his brother's work, he began a weekly summary of war news for the *Congregationalist* which attracted wide attention. . . . He was highly esteemed among Congregational business men for his practical ability.

[*From the Boston Journal.*]

He entered the *Congregationalist* in 1856 as editor and part owner, and it is as much to him as any one else that the prosperity and success of that paper is due. He developed remarkable newspaper ability, and developed religious journalism along many new lines. He was a man of deep piety and strength of conviction.

[*From the Boston Herald.*]

In the death of Charles A. Richardson of the *Congregationalist* religious journalism loses one of its most devoted and talented members. By hard work, journalistic courage, literary instinct, denominational loyalty, he made the *Congregationalist* in variety, quality, and quantity a weekly feast for every one in a Christian home.

[*From the Boston Post.*]

At the beginning of his labors on the *Congregationalist* the paper had but a small circulation, but Mr. Richardson labored hard and intelligently, and put into the work all the resources of a quick and inventive mind; and it is to him more than to any other one man that is due the high place it has reached

among religious periodicals. He was part proprietor as well as editor, and thus he was able to be instrumental in its success in other ways than by the direct use of his pen. His application to work was very close; his only periods of rest, except the briefest, were two trips to Europe and two to California.

[*From the Chelsea Gazette.*]

While residing in this city he was much esteemed in church and the higher social circles; but he had little taste for politics, though at times many of his admirers and friends desired him for mayor and other offices.

[*From the Chelsea Record.*]

People who know tell me that Managing Editor Richardson was, like the strong, active, persistent news seeker he was, the head and front of the progress of the *Congregationalist* in recent years. No one was quicker to note a good thing or a new thing and to make use of it. He it was who really did most to build up the circulation and value of the *Congregationalist* as a paying property.

[*From the Chelsea Telegraph and Pioneer.*]

He was known and respected as a man of deep piety, always holding firmly to his strength of convictions. . . . Of his life among us, he was honored, beloved, and esteemed for his many noble traits of character, and it was with deep regret the news was received that he was to be no longer a citizen of Chelsea and his place of residence was for sale. Though not a public man in the common sense of the word, he was a good citizen, and always had a warm interest in the success and welfare of our city. He did good and faithful work as a member of the school board during the years 1865 and 1866, and again in 1874, 1875, and 1876; for educational work was one he loved and was best conversant with.

CONCLUSION.

It seems superfluous for me to add anything to the foregoing tributes. It has been my great privilege to assist in arranging them for publication, and in the service I have realized anew the singular strength and beauty of Mr. Richardson's character. Being closely associated with him in work on the *Congregationalist* for more than ten years, a frequent guest in his happy home, and a member of the little party which accompanied him on his second European tour, I had exceptional opportunities for observing the ripening of those noble qualities which made such a deep impression upon all who came in contact with him either in business or as a friend.

He had one characteristic, however, which no one seems to have mentioned, and that is his power of compelling people to do their best. His own standard of achievement, both mental and moral, was of the highest, and he quietly assumed that you, too, could reach it. He could not tolerate slovenly work from any one in his employ, whether office boy or editorial writer, and this led, I think, to a misapprehension that he was austere and a difficult person to deal with. So far from this being the case, it was, to all who responded to his expectation that they would do their "level best," a token that he was genuinely kind and deeply sympathetic.

I recall an instance in my early experience on the paper which will serve as an illustration. It was at vacation time when several of the staff were absent and Mr. Richardson told me to prepare an editorial upon a subject concerning which I knew comparatively nothing. He wasted no words in the matter, but simply took it for granted that I had enough intelligence to post myself upon the assigned topic before attempting to write. The calm assumption on his part that I had the ability to do what then seemed to me impossible was rather terrifying at first, but it proved a positive incentive to both pride and ambition. I felt that I must reach the estimate he had set upon my mentality, whatever sacrifice of time and strength might be involved in the effort. When the article was finished he read it critically and remarked, "You can do

better than that," at the same time pointing out, with the utmost kindness, its weak points and rhetorical defects.

Later the manuscript was submitted to him with a secret assurance that it would meet his approval, but again he said, in the same composed manner, "This is improved, and I think one more effort will make it just right." The third trial, however, did not satisfy him, and not until I had written the article four times was he willing to accept it for publication. The discipline was anything but agreeable at the time, and that firm insistence might easily have been mistaken for fussiness. But I did not so interpret his spirit. It seemed to me a fine expression of determination to print nothing in the paper which did not come up to a certain standard of excellence, and also a unique manifestation of patience with an inexperienced writer. From that time onward I desired rather than dreaded his criticisms, which were invariably wise and reasonable, and many a novice beside myself learned to appreciate his painstaking oversight of our work. His persistent faith in our powers actually strengthened and developed them. All who knew him intimately realized that beneath this apparent purpose to get only the most thorough service from an employee lay an unselfish desire to benefit the individual by enlarging his or her capacity. Whatever success I have attained in my present calling is due largely to his admirable training.

This facility for drawing forth the best in people appeared, too, in his relations as a friend. Being himself the soul of sincerity, incapable of meanness or duplicity, he unconsciously challenged the exercise of the noblest qualities in others. And this, we all admit, is the highest prerogative of friendship, so to dominate another soul as to hold in check that which is base and lead it up by the inherent force of goodness to higher levels. With multitudes of others I count it one of the richest blessings of my life to have come within the circle of his friendship. He exemplified in his daily life better than any man whom I ever knew a beautiful obedience to the apostolic code of morals summed up in the words: "In diligence not slothful; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord; rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing stedfastly in prayer."

FRANCES J. DYER.

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